




THE



# LEISURE HOUR

MARCH, 1887.

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ALMANACK FOR										MARCH, 1887.									
1	T	☾ rises 6.48 A.M.	9	W	Full ☾ 8.34 P.M.	17	T	☾ rises 6.12 A.M.	25	F	Lady Day								
2	W	Venus sets 7.38 P.M.	10	T	☾ least dist. from ☉	18	F	Daybreak 4.15 A.M.	26	S	Venus near ☉								
3	T	☾ 1st Quar. 1.8 A.M.	11	F	☾ rises 6.25 A.M.	19	S	Twil. ends 8.5 P.M.	27	S	☾ rises 5.47 A.M.								
4	F	☾ Clk. bef. ☉ 11m. 56s.	12	S	Saturn S. 7.47 P.M.	20	S	4 SUNDAY IN LENT	28	M	☾ Clk. bef. ☉ 4m. 54s.								
5	S	Saturn near ☉	13	S	3 SUNDAY IN LENT	21	M	Spring Qur. begins	29	T	Leo S. 9.0 P.M.								
6	S	2 SUNDAY IN LENT	14	M	Gemini S. 8.0 P.M.	22	T	☾ sets 6.13 P.M.	30	W	☾ sets 6.29 P.M.								
7	M	Regulus S. 11 P.M.	15	T	☾ sets 6.2 P.M.	23	W	☾ great. dis. from ☉	31	T									
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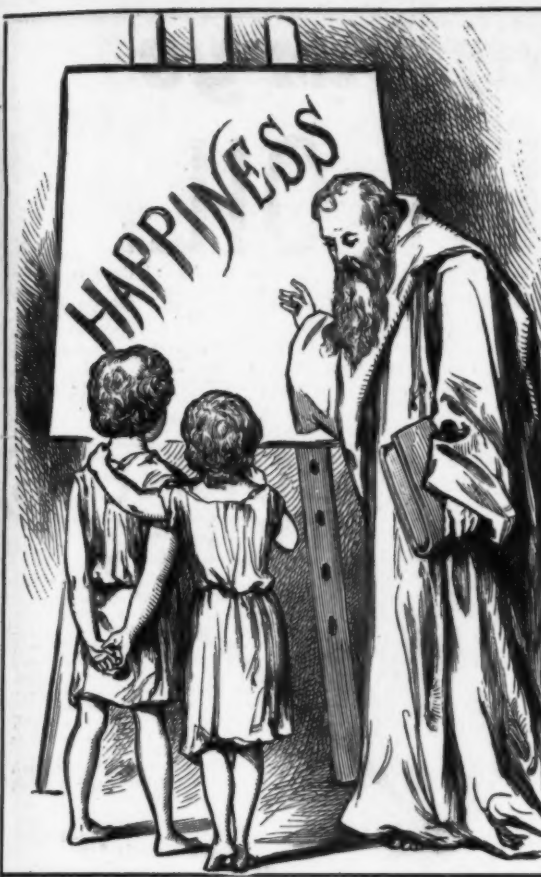
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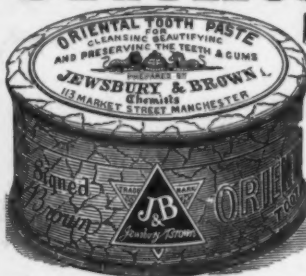
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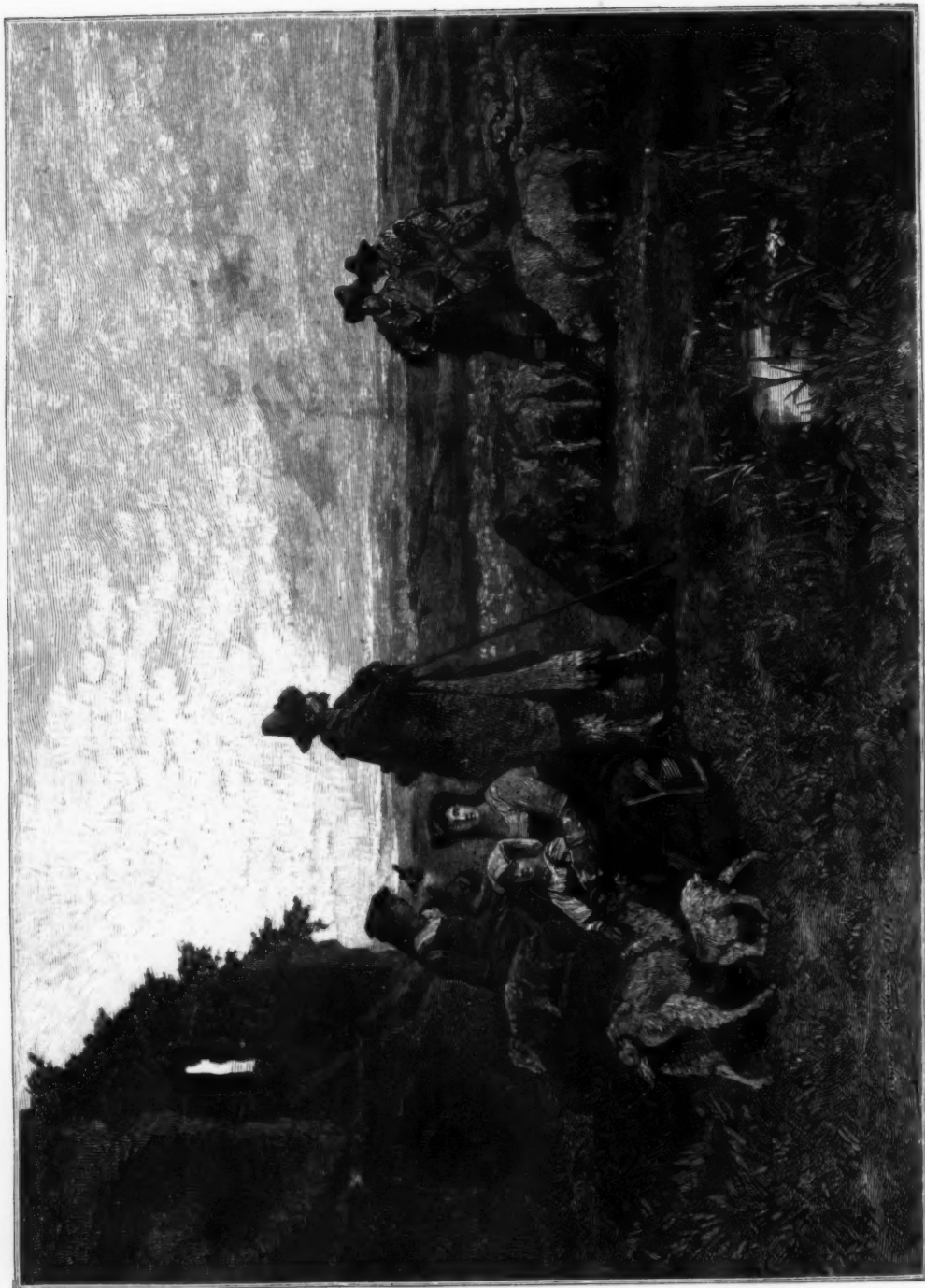
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ROMAN SHEPHERDS-TWILIGHT.

Paris Salon, 1886.]

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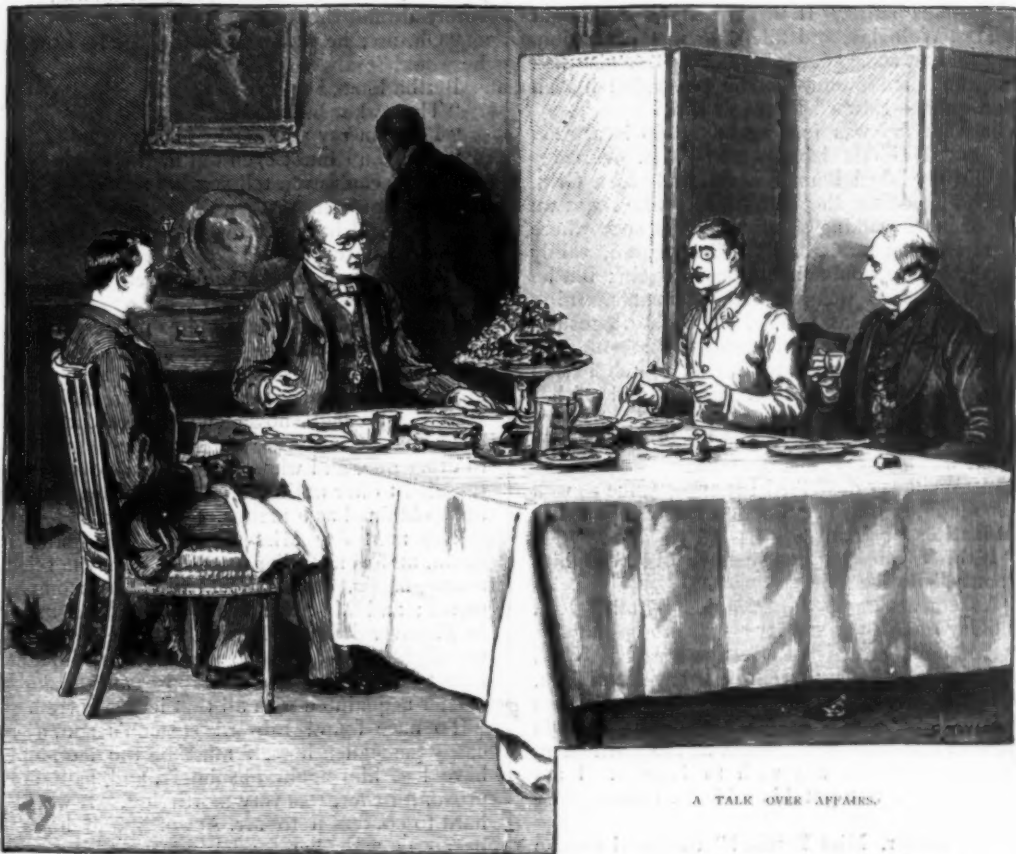


## SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."

### CHAPTER VIII.—WHAT WAS HE LIKE?

Offer me no money. I pray you: that kills my heart.—*Winter's Tale.*



A TALK OVER AFFAIRS.

WHATEVER doubts Mrs. Welladay may have felt, the reader need hardly be told that the Edward Deacon who had disappeared so suddenly after his brief interview with that lady in front of Acme House, although bearing the same name, was not the same person as the Edward Deacon of whom Mr. Acworth was in search. He was a young man, not more than twenty years of age apparently. That alone might have sufficed to satisfy Mrs. Welladay, if she had seen him by daylight, that he was neither the man for whom she took him, nor even his ghost. But she had not been able to examine his features particularly, and her mind had been following a different train of ideas until the moment when he suddenly pronounced his name, a name so unex-

pected at that crisis, and fraught with so much that was strange and mythical.

Therefore, when he disappeared below the seawall, it is not surprising that the idea should have flashed across her mind that this was the Shade of the man who was drowned, and who had retreated again to the depths from which he had emerged, and to which he "belonged."

And although she quickly divested herself of this superstitious fancy, she could not so easily recover from the surprise—"the turn," to use her own words—which the sound of that name had given her.

Had the man been trifling with her? Could he have assumed the name? Was it a hoax, or a practical joke? But then where could he have

heard of Edward Deacon? How could he have learnt that she was interested in such a person? Above all, why should he betake himself to flight the moment that she asked for his address? No, he could not be the man who was drowned; but if not Edward Deacon himself, he might be some one belonging to him, perhaps his son. Tom Pope had told her that he had a son, and that the son was not drowned with the father. Certainly this must be the son. The son might come across the sea with a ticket upon his back directed to Seabright as easily as his father; and the son would do as well as the father for Mr. Acworth, and perhaps better. It was a delightful thought for Mrs. Welladay, and filled her with exultation, that she had succeeded where every one else had failed, and had found—as she persuaded herself was the fact—Edward Deacon's son.

But then he was lost again. Grip is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. Mrs. Welladay had distinguished herself wonderfully as a Grip, but as a Holdfast she had failed. She spent an hour or more walking about near the spot where the mysterious stranger had disappeared, vainly hoping that he would show himself again; but he came not. She was up betimes next morning making inquiries as before, but with no result; and it was with mingled feelings that she presented herself at length to Bertha to tell her in one breath the story of her success and of her failure.

"I am so glad you have seen him," Bertha said. "What was he like?"

Mrs. Welladay described his appearance as well as she could, drawing unconsciously upon her imagination for details.

"I think you can hardly have observed him correctly," Bertha said.

"As correct as the light would permit," Mrs. Welladay replied; "and it was all in a minute."

"And he is gone again; lost, as before! Well, I am glad, at all events, that you have seen him, and that he has heard from your lips that I am not ungrateful. That is all I wanted. I would have told him so myself if—but he is a gentleman, of course, and did not wish to intrude. I am sorry you have not got his address, but—it does not matter."

"Not matter, Miss Bertha!" the good woman exclaimed. "Not matter! Oh, indeed, but it does. Find him I must and will if I look all over the town for him."

"Why, nurse, what does it signify?" Bertha asked, with affected indifference.

"Oh, for reasons, reasons which I cannot explain to you; reasons of my own."

"I suppose he told you his name?" Bertha asked.

"Oh, yes, he told me his name."

"What is it?"

"Well, my dear, if you don't mind, I don't think I ought to tell you; not till I have spoke to your father, at all events."

Bertha's cheek flushed.

"To my father?" she repeated, with surprise.

"Yes, Miss Bertha; not about him and you; oh no, nothing of that sort," Mrs. Welladay said,

getting very much confused. "Oh dear no; a different affair altogether."

Bertha reflected. What could the mysterious stranger have said or done to give occasion for such evident excitement on Mrs. Welladay's part, and for so much reserve?

"A different affair altogether?" she murmured, inquiringly.

"Yes, my dear, business; things that you would not understand."

"Business, with a person you never saw or heard of before! Oh, Mrs. Welladay!" she exclaimed, with a sudden pang of alarm, "you surely are not thinking of a reward?"

"Oh, no; he would scorn the idea! I am sure he would."

Bertha looked relieved.

"Then what business—?"

"I cannot say another word, my dear."

"And you cannot even tell me his name?"

"No, I can't even tell you his name."

"You don't know it? You have forgotten it?"

"Oh, no, I have not forgotten it. I shall never forget it; never, never!"

"Oh dear me, nurse, you are very tiresome! I mean very mysterious."

That was indeed true; and as mystery is always more or less fascinating, especially to young people, Bertha felt herself drawn more than ever to the stranger who had rendered her such signal service, who had shown such a lively interest in her welfare afterwards, whose abode was unknown to every one, and whose name even could not be revealed to her until her father's consent had first been obtained as a matter of business.

The next day Miss Acworth was quite well again, and went to her usual duties in the school-room—music, dancing, and all the accomplishments; and Mrs. Welladay, after a vain attempt to discover Edward Deacon's abode, having not the slightest idea how to set about it, thought it best to return to Hyson House and make her master acquainted with all that had occurred.

To have found Edward Deacon's son, as she easily persuaded herself must be the fact, and to have lost him again, absolutely, and, as it might prove, for ever, was very mortifying. It would be hard to confess it to Mr. Acworth, and he would be angry with her for letting the object of his search slip through her fingers; but of course it must be told. Well, she had done better than any one else after all, that was her consolation. She had found out two things: first, that Edward Deacon the elder was undoubtedly lost at sea, which, by the way, had been pretty well known before; and secondly, that he had left a son, who was now, she presumed, in England, a conclusion which rested, however, upon no surer basis than the fact that she had seen and spoken with a man who had called himself by the same, not very uncommon, name.

The object of all this solicitude, the Edward Deacon of the adventure at Seabright, had been educated as a musician and had come to Southgate-on-Sea in the hope of earning a little money by teaching, while at the same time pursuing his own musical studies. He had some private means,

and being endowed with considerable talent, hoped in time to attain eminence in his profession. He had put down his name at the music shops and had taken occasional organ services at one of the churches; but he had not many pupils. Two things were against him; one that he was English, or perhaps American, by birth, and not German or Italian; that fact alone would have closed the doors of a finishing establishment like Acme House against him; the other that he was young, and not only young, but good-looking. One of these disqualifications might perhaps have been removed if he would have condescended to Italicise his name. "Sigr. Diaconi" would not have looked amiss upon his cards; and he had not only something of foreign character in his features and bearing, but having lately spent some time in Italy, had acquired sufficient familiarity with the language of that country to meet any difficulties that might have arisen, even in the refined atmosphere (acquired abroad) of Acme House. The second objection time only could remove, and time had not yet begun the process, but on the contrary was adding and would continue to add, for some years fresh comeliness and manly grace to the young musician's personal appearance.

In consequence of these defects, incorrigible under the circumstances, Mr. Edward Deacon could not be said to flourish in the musical "circles" of Southgate-on-Sea; and as he could not condescend to the squares and streets, he had at the time of his introduction to our readers made up his mind to try his fortune elsewhere.

The adventure with Miss Acworth, occurring at this juncture, caused him to postpone this intention for a time. After his interview with Mrs. Welladay he had returned to his room in an unfashionable quarter of the town, scarcely less agitated, though from a different cause, than the good lady from whom he had so abruptly departed. Why had he not given his address when asked for it? That was the question that troubled him. He need not have been ashamed of it, though it was but a poor little place compared with Acme House. Of course the young lady would not have come thither herself; but she might have sent to him, might even have sent for him, if only she had known where to find him.

Sent for him! For what? To offer him a reward, perhaps; a present of money! Frightful idea! Or, to thank him with her own lips, with that breath which he had felt for one brief moment on his cheek, to smile graciously upon him, to look kindly at him with those large dark eyes, to offer him her hand or the tips of her fingers, and then—never to see him or think of him again.

These were bitter thoughts, but he did not give way to them altogether. There was Italian blood in his veins, and he had inherited a hopeful temperament from his mother. Edward Deacon had, indeed, many features of the Italian type and character—dark silky hair, large eloquent eyes, a fine classical profile, a lively, animated bearing, a love of poetry and music. The cloud upon his brow cleared away as he reflected that the young lady who had taken such hold upon his fancy or his feelings had not really shown herself so

thoughtless or indifferent as he had at first supposed. It was plain now that she had not only wished to see him, but had taken pains to search for him. She had been anxious to express her gratitude to him in person; she had even been ill, so Mrs. Welladay had hinted, not as a consequence of her accident, but because *he* could not be found. Was that true? Could that be possible? His long fingers twined themselves together nervously as he went over again and again all that Mrs. Welladay had said about her. Her old nurse, too! He loved Mrs. Welladay; he could have embraced her for the message she had brought him. And yet it could not be for himself personally that these pleasant, grateful words had been intended, but for one unknown to her, for the man, whoever he might be, who had delivered her from peril. Only in that character could she have any regard for him. If they had not parted so suddenly after the rescue, if he had waited till the young lady revived, she would have bowed her acknowledgments, perhaps, and neither of them would have thought of the other any more, nor of the adventure which had for an instant thrown them together.

But now where was it to end?

Day after day Edward Deacon lingered at his old quarters, each evening resolving to depart on the morrow, and each morning loitering the hours away, unable to tear himself from the locality. He could not abandon the hope of once more seeing the young girl who had been ill, positively ill, so that dear old nurse had said, from a desire to see and speak to him. He hoped and expected to meet her some day, and watched with a heart that beat rapidly whenever a file of young ladies was seen to approach, taking "walking exercise." He seldom passed near Acme House, except perhaps at night; and never ceased to reproach himself as a fool and a puppy for giving place to those thoughts and visions which kept him lingering still at Southgate-on-Sea. After two or three weeks of such folly and puppyism, he packed his portmanteau, and resolved, without another hour's delay, to break from the spot. Calling at the music shops to remove his cards of terms, he was informed that a gentleman had just been inquiring about him and was gone to his address.

"A pupil at last!" he said to himself; "but too late."

Nevertheless, he made haste to return to his lodging, ready to yield to this new reason for prolonging his stay in the town, and arrived there before the "pupil," who approached the door as he was opening it with his latch-key. The latter did not look like a beginner in the science of music, being a gentleman of middle age and of grave, business-like aspect. Still, he might be the father of a family requiring a professor for his children.

"Am I speaking to Mr. Deacon?" the stranger asked.

Deacon bowed.

"Mr. Edward Deacon?"

He bowed again.

"There are not many of your name in Southgate?"



"Probably not."

"I have looked at the directory and have called on one or two. I hope I am right this time. I am very glad to have found you."

Mr. Deacon wondered very much what could have led the stranger to form so high an opinion of his talents as this persistent search for him seemed to imply.

"It was you, I think, Mr. Deacon, who recently distinguished yourself—"

"Did I?" Deacon asked, doubtfully. He had played at a concert for the benefit of a charity not long before; but no one had taken much notice of him at the time. "He wants me for another charity," he said to himself.

"Was it not you who came to the assistance of a young lady at Seabright?"

The sudden start which followed this question, and the colour which rose to the young man's cheek, were answer sufficient to this question.

"My name is Kenn—solicitor, London. I have had a great deal of trouble in finding you."

"Indeed! May I ask with what object you have sought me?"

"Mr. Acworth, my client, is anxious to see you," said Kenn. "The young lady whom you rescued is his only daughter, his only child: he wants to make your acquaintance and to thank you."

"I don't want any thanks; I did no more than any one else would have done."

"This Mr. Acworth is much afflicted, nearly blind, and alone in his house; it would give him much pleasure if you would go to him."

"Afflicted, lonely, blind. Ah, poor man! If you think it would really give him any comfort I will go and see him."

"He has set his heart upon it. Let me make an appointment for you."

An appointment was made; but Mr. Kenn did not lose sight of his new acquaintance. They dined together and went up to London together in the evening; and the lawyer made the most of his opportunity to find out everything that his companion could be induced to tell him about himself and his belongings. But it was part of the instruction he had received from Mr. Acworth that Deacon, if found, should not be led to suppose that he had any ulterior object in looking for him. The father wished to thank him for the service he had rendered to his daughter, nothing more. It was impossible, therefore, for Mr. Kenn to ask him any direct questions as to his birth and parentage; but so far as he could venture to approach the subject, the information he received was not at all in accordance with the theory that this Edward Deacon was the son of the Edward Deacon lost in the Royal Dane. For this man's father, and mother also, had, it appeared, been living, though many years ago, at New York; and the father's Christian name was not Edward, but Matthew.

The lawyer wrote to Mr. Acworth as soon as he reached London; and it fell to Mrs. Welladay's lot to read the letter to her master on its arrival the following morning. Thus it ran:

"I have succeeded in finding Edward Deacon at Southgate-on-Sea; or, I would rather say, a

gentleman calling himself by that name. He is the person who rescued Miss Acworth; but it does not appear, so far as I can judge, that he is the son of that Edward Deacon with whom you were formerly acquainted. Further inquiry may be necessary to decide that question."

"Further inquiry! I shall manage that," Mrs. Welladay exclaimed, in a confident tone.

"I beg that you will do nothing of the kind," said her master. "Neither you nor Mr. Kenn, nor any one else, must interfere in any way except under my direction. Not a word, not a hint must escape relative to my motives in bringing this man here. He comes to see me as Bertha's deliverer, and in no other character. What else he may prove to be, and what course I may afterwards wish to take, is all uncertain. You promised to keep my secret; I am so helpless. I am obliged to take you into my confidence. My sight gets worse every day. Total blindness would be less worrying, less vexatious."

"Don't say another word, sir, pray," said the housekeeper, moved almost to tears. "You know I would never take advantage of your calamity. I am as secret as the grave, any grave you like to name in a churchyard—or a cemetery even. But I have not finished the letter."

"Go on then."

"I will bring Mr. Deacon to see you to-morrow about twelve o'clock."

"To-morrow? that's to-day."

"Yes, sir; and it's now past eleven."

"Let us have luncheon at one, Mrs. Welladay."

An hour later the two gentlemen arrived at Hyson House.

#### CHAPTER IX.—TOTAL ECLIPSE.

That music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.—Wordsworth.

MR. ACWORTH spent the interval between the arrival of Mr. Kenn's letter and the hour fixed for his visit, accompanied by Mr. Deacon, in a state of nervous excitement, not to say apprehension. Now that the object of his search was at hand, he almost repented having taken so much pains to look for him. What if the young man should prove to be resentful of the treatment which his (supposed) father had received? The charitable feelings which Acworth had lately cherished towards his lost friend, or his representative, had already begun to wane. He had no idea of pleading guilty to any charge that might be brought against him out of the past by any one except himself. He was anxious to satisfy his own conscience, and appease the Nemesis by some sort of restitution or *amende*, but it must be of his own free will, and rather as an act of kindness than of justice. He was not going to admit that any sort of claim could be set up against him: The nearer Edward Deacon's son approached, as the minutes flew by, the less Mr. Acworth was prepared to like him. What if the young man should be a boor, or a cad, uneducated and without manners? A hundred unpleasant suggestions

of this kind offered themselves to Mr. Acworth's mind as he paced anxiously up and down his library, along the familiar broadway which had been arranged for him from one end of the room to the other, clear of chairs and tables. The chief subject of congratulation at that moment seemed to be that the man whom he awaited was still ignorant of the principal reason for which his presence had been desired. He was coming there only to be thanked for having rescued Bertha from peril. If necessary, he could be dismissed after the thanking had been done. Nevertheless, Mr. Acworth's pulse beat more rapidly than usual when a ring at the door-bell announced the expected arrival.

"Mr. Kenn and Mr. Deacon."

Mr. Acworth stood still as Andrew threw open the door and pronounced these names.

The lawyer entered first, but Acworth scarcely looked at him; his eyes were fixed upon the stranger who followed. The form, the step, the gait seemed to be familiar to him; he had pictured these to himself beforehand, and it might be only another accommodation of the sight to the imagination that invested the stranger with the expected characteristics. However that might be, there was in the new-comer nothing inconsistent with the ideal so created.

"I am glad to see you," said Acworth, offering his hand.

"Thank you, Mr. Acworth."

The voice fell upon his ear like the sound of some forgotten melody; it was a clear, musical, soft tone, and every syllable was distinctly audible, no less from the natural pleasantness of the voice itself than from the plainness of enunciation. This was perhaps a consequence of early training as a musician and vocalist, but it had been a peculiarity of the Edward Deacon who was lost, and was the more keenly appreciated now by Mr. Acworth on account of the indistinctness of his sight. This, at all events, was no fanciful resemblance. He had not heard that voice in his dreams, nor evolved such old familiar tones as these out of his own imagination.

The touch of the young man's hand as he took it in his own and felt its warmth made his blood tingle, and he almost let it fall again, but with the following impulse he grasped it firmly and drew its owner towards him, almost breast to breast, that he might examine his features. But though he led him to the light all continued dim and uncertain; the face was as a sealed book to him or a veiled picture. Mr. Acworth sighed, and for some moments was silent. Then he murmured, in tones of emotion, very different from the impatient words in which he had been wont to express himself under such trials, "Thanks, thanks for saving my daughter's life."

"It was nothing," said Deacon, wondering much at the depth of feeling displayed. "He must be very fond of her, poor man," he thought within himself; "and it is no wonder; it would be surprising if he were not."

"You are from America, I think?" said Acworth. "Have you been long in England?"

Mr. Deacon explained that he had spent three

years in Italy since leaving New York, and had only been in England a few months. Many other questions followed, to which he gave ready answers, though he did not understand Mr. Acworth's reasons for such interrogations.

While this was going on Mr. Kenn stood at a little distance, an object of suspicion to Jerry, who walked round him sniffing at his knees in silence, and casting doubtful glances at him. It had not escaped Jerry's observation that the master, being occupied entirely with Deacon, had not taken much notice of the lawyer, nor even shaken hands with him. Turning his attention next to Deacon, the animal approached and sat looking at him, his large brown, liquid eyes beaming with intelligence, fixed alternately upon the face of each speaker, as if listening to their conference and signifying his approval and assent, rightly interpreting it as the language of friendship on the part of his master, reciprocated by his guest. At the first pause in the conversation Jerry raised himself, and, putting his warm soft paw upon Deacon's knee, looked into his eyes with the nearest approach to a smile that a "brute" is capable of, and said, as plainly as it is possible for a "brute" to speak, "I like you, speak to me."

Both the smile and the language were sufficiently intelligible for Deacon, who was fond of all animals. Stooping down he caressed the dog, and the man and the collie became from that hour friends and colleagues.

Presently luncheon was announced. Mr. Acworth, who had hitherto refused all help and guidance in going about his house, took Deacon's arm and suffered him to lead him towards the door and to his place at the head of the table. The dog followed closely, and Mr. Kenn brought up the rear.

They had not been long seated when the door was thrown open, and a gentleman of youthful and fashionable appearance entered the room.

"Oh, Mr. Acworth, how is Bertha? What's the latest noose?"

"Miss Acworth is very well, thank you, Sir Bailey."

"Quite recovered is she? I am so glad. I should have stayed at Southgate-on-Sea, only I had business in town; and I should have gone down again every day almost to inquire after her, only I had engagements of one sort or other, to shoot, and—"

He paused, and thrusting a piece of pheasant into his mouth, was relieved from the necessity of describing more particularly the nature of the crisis which had prevented him from making earlier inquiry about Miss Acworth.

"I wish I had been on the spot," he went on, with his mouth full of bread sauce; "I was not far off, only at the hotel. Some one caught her up, I am told, and carried her away just as the mine exploded. It is a wonder she was not killed. She ought to have lain still, close to the ground; if I had been there I should have told her so. She would have been quite safe if she had been let alone where she was. No doubt the man who lifted her up meant well, but it was a mistake;

he ought to have—" crammed his mouth full of pheasant, apparently, for that was the end of Sir Bailey's illustration.

"I think he did quite right," said Acworth, "and I am very grateful to him."

"Well, if you think so; it don't matter now. Perhaps you are right, only I have seen the place where the event came off. I went and looked at it on purpose, and I can assure you—"

Another mouthful of pheasant here intervened, with bread sauce on the beard, which, having been duly attended to, the baronet said,

"Of course you know, Mr. Acworth, I feel awfully obliged myself to the fellow, whoever he was, for trying to save Bertha. You can understand how I feel about it, I dare say, and if it wouldn't be taking a liberty—"

"Don't say another word, Sir Bailey."

"If you are going to send that man a reward or a present, I should like, with your consent, to add something to it from myself, if it was only a message, you know. Did you speak?"

Edward Deacon, to whom those last words were addressed, had not spoken, but his knife and fork had fallen from his hands, and he seemed about to rise from the table.

"The gentleman who saved Miss Acworth from a frightful accident by his presence of mind, discretion, and courage, Sir Bailey Finch, is opposite to you," said Mr. Acworth, in measured tones.

"I—I—beg—the gentleman's pardon," said the baronet, bowing stiffly to Deacon. Then, recovering himself, he looked across the table at him with a cold distant stare, as if he were gazing at the rooks' nests in the tops of the trees beyond him.

During the remainder of the sitting Sir Bailey did not open his mouth except for feeding purposes; and when the luncheon was over he said he must say good-bye, and said it, addressing Mr. Acworth only.

"I am so glad to hear a good account of Bertha. Tell her so, please, when you write. I may not have time to write to her myself; and if I did, Miss Feathershawe would probably open my letter, as she did once before."

"Once before, Sir Bailey? May I ask on what occasion?"

"Oh, it was nothing," said Sir Bailey, with confusion; "only a little card on her birthday, and— and so on."

And, without waiting for anything more from Acworth, the baronet departed. The dog followed him to the door, sniffing at his heels; and when he had disappeared, turned round with a leap, and frolicked after his master, who quitted the room as he had entered it, leaning on Deacon's arm.

"I must apologise for my visitor," Acworth said. "You are not annoyed, I hope?"

"I have no right to be annoyed, Mr. Acworth."

"Sir Bailey was ignorant of course of the fact that you—"

"Don't say another word, sir, pray."

Nothing more was said; but Edward Deacon, who had from the first conceived a strong antipathy to the baronet, began now to hate him.

What business had he to send letters and birthday-cards to Miss Acworth? What claim had he to speak of a service rendered to her as if it were an obligation conferred on himself? That Bertha could care for such a man he would not believe for a moment. The baronet was not bad looking, to be sure. Deacon had seen a really handsome bust made of wax in a hairdresser's window which was very like him, especially the whiskers. And in social position he was of course very much above a professor of music. For these and other reasons Sir Bailey Finch might, with some girls, have proved a formidable rival. Rival, indeed! What foolish thoughts were these which were constantly forcing themselves into his head—and heart?

Mr. Kenn very soon followed the baronet, his time being precious; but Deacon was detained some while longer. He was invited to look at the books and the oil-paintings, which latter gave him great pleasure; and he spent the greater part of the afternoon with his new friend, to their mutual content. When he went away Jerry accompanied him to the front door, looking up in his face with open mouth as if he would have spoken to him. "Come again soon," he said, in the dumb but sincere language of his eyes and tail—"come again soon; my master likes you—we both like you."

The master had already given a similar but more definite invitation, and Edward Deacon had accepted it.

"I cannot make him out," Mr. Acworth said to his housekeeper after Deacon was gone. "I wish I could have seen his face more plainly."

"I wish you could, sir," she replied, with emphasis.

"Why, Mrs. Welladay?"

"For every reason, sir, but especially because he is the very image. You would say so."

"The very image?"

"Of his father, sir. I could have fancied it was his own self. I remember the other gentleman that evening that he came here, and this gentleman is just his picture."

"Where is that photograph?"

"Here, sir. I have been looking at it. It is as like as like can be; only for the scar on the cheek—he has not got that."

"Of course not. I seemed to recognise the voice," said Acworth. "I don't think I was deceived about that. But you know what Mr. Kenn says: this man's father died at New York not many years ago, and his Christian name was not Edward, but Matthew."

"It's a wise child that knows his own father," Mrs. Welladay observed.

"What do you mean?"

"It's a proverb, sir, and there's truth in proverbs."

"Not always."

"If Mr. Deacon—this one, I mean—was to say downright, in so many words, that he was not his own father's son, I would not believe him."

"Nor I," said Acworth, laughing.

"Well, sir, you know what I mean. He is Mr. Edward Deacon's son, him as you knew, or no



one's. His looks speak volumes. It's writ on his face as plain as an epitaph upon a tombstone. And I would rather trust a man's face than his tongue (for that is a deceitful member), or his epitaph either; for they don't always speak truth, even in the best marble."

"But he would not deny his own father."

"Not if he knew it, I am sure; but he might be mistaken. America is a large place and a long way off. We do not know how people might get mixed up there. There's blacks as well as whites too, which must be very confusing. This is the gentleman you were in search of, Mr. Acworth, I am sure, and as it was I myself as found him, of course I ought to know."

"Well," said Acworth, "the truth will appear sooner or later, I have no doubt. There is one thing, however, that I had almost forgotten. Mr. Deacon's wife was a foreigner."

"An Italian, sir; but she might be none the worse for that," Mrs. Welladay answered, doubtfully.

"Certainly; but, if I remember right, the son was called after his mother, by some foreign name. He was not Edward, like his father. I don't remember clearly, but that is my impression. This man's name is Edward. I wish—"

Mr. Acworth was thinking again of those unfortunate papers which he had burnt. They had been a plague to him while they were in existence, and now it was a perpetual trouble to him that they had been destroyed. He had never looked at them since they first came into his possession; but he felt sure that they would have afforded him the information he required as to the name of the lost Deacon's wife and child.

"It can't be helped," he said, replying to his own thoughts rather than to Mrs. Welladay. "Mr. Deacon must be received here as one who has done me a great service, and without regard to anything else. I have asked him to stay in the house. He has no other engagement at present, and will read to me and write my letters, and, in short, lend me his eyes. You will not be sorry for that, Mrs. Welladay?"

"Indeed, sir, I shall be very glad; for I am not much of a scholar, and I have been saying all along, ever since your calamity began, that you ought to have a companion, or secretary, or somebody."

"Mr. Deacon will be my companion and secretary," Mr. Acworth answered, "as long as I require one, I hope."

The arrangement which Mr. Acworth had made with Edward Deacon at their first interview proved agreeable to both of them, and worked well. The latter found a comfortable home, with liberal remuneration, and had sufficient time for pursuing his own studies, which were just then directed rather to the science and theory of music than to its manual practice. The former gained a pleasant and attentive companion, who, without being in any way obtrusive, was always at hand to give him the assistance he required at home, or to accompany him when he wished to go abroad. Mr. Acworth had been so long without

help, and had suffered so many inconveniences from the independent line of conduct which he had chosen to maintain, that having at length yielded to the force of circumstances, he was no less surprised than pleased at the comfort and alleviation of his troubles which Edward Deacon's ever ready attention brought him.

Deacon's tastes were, moreover, to some extent in harmony with his own. Without being studious, he enjoyed the use of a good library and was pleased, as Mr. Acworth had been, with the mere handling of the volumes, taking down from their shelves those to which the latter directed his attention, admiring the plates, the type, the binding, examining the title-pages, dipping into the contents, reading aloud a few lines here and there which struck his fancy, and making just such use of his eyes on Acworth's behalf as that gentleman would have made of his own.

Books have for most educated persons a charm of their own as works of art, apart from the wealth which they contain for the studious. There is no greater ornament for a room than a range of well-chosen, well-assorted bindings. The possession of rare editions, though in a language which the owner may not understand, is a constant subject of congratulation, and is at least as reasonable as the pride which others take in ancient specimens of china or porcelain which have sometimes little else to recommend them but their rarity and cost. The famous libraries of antiquity, consisting of mere scrolls piled together like paper-hangings in the pigeon-holes of a decorator's shop, must have been but sad and unattractive places compared with the luxurious abodes of the literature of modern times.

It was well for Edward Deacon that he had such opportunities of conferring with the Spirits of the past; for there was but little other society for him at Hyson House; and although Mr. Acworth became more genial than he had formerly been under the brightening influence of his companionship, yet there were times when he gave way to despondency and could not speak amiably or pleasantly to any one. He was naturally reserved; and could not only be morose, but ill-tempered and even rude. Jerry came in for more kicks than caresses at such times; but it made no difference to him. He could always make excuses for his master; or, what was better still, did not even seem to think that excuses were required. Mr. Deacon resolved to be as considerate and forgiving as Jerry. The poor man, he remembered, was blind: and apart from that physical calamity, had cares upon his mind which it was evident he did not wish to entrust to any one. He might have taken the faithful dog into his confidence, if that would have done any good; for it was certain that the poor dumb creature would never have betrayed a secret: but there were evidently some things which he could not communicate to any of his own kind, and which weighed all the more heavily upon his mind for that reason. Especially after he had been to his house of business on Mincing Hill, to which Deacon usually accompanied him, or after he had received a visit at home from Penfold, his head clerk, Mr.

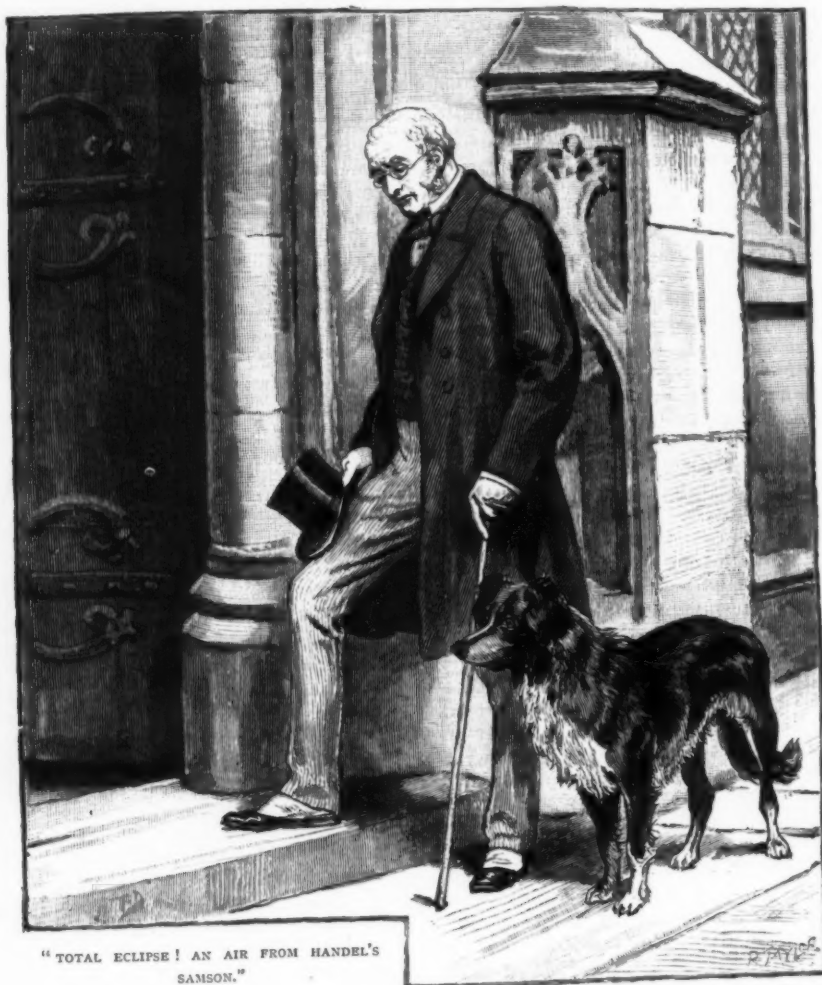


Acworth was observed to be depressed, and, as a consequence, irritable and disagreeable.

"I must go out," he said one day, after he had been closeted for some time with Mr. Penfold and that gentleman had taken his departure: "Where is Mr. Deacon gone? I want him to walk with me. Find him and tell him so. Why is he out of the way?"

variety of its stops. It was a real treasure to Edward Deacon, to whom the organist had given a key, that he might avail himself of it without restraint.

Mr. Acworth bent his steps in that direction, nursing his wrath and meditating some reproof to his secretary for heartlessly seeking his own pleasure at the organ while he was himself so



"TOTAL ECLIPSE! AN AIR FROM HANDEL'S SAMSON."

"Mr. Deacon is gone to the church, sir," said Andrew, to whom this inquiry or complaint was addressed.

"To the church?"

"Yes sir: to the organ. He told me to fetch him as soon as Mr. Penfold was gone. I was just going for him when you rang."

"Does he think I cannot do without him?" said Acworth, perversely. "Get my hat and stick. I will take my walk alone."

The church was but a short distance from Acworth's house. It contained a small but very good organ, remarkable for the sweetness and

worried with business cares. He walked slowly, guiding himself with his stick, and followed closely by his dog.

The church door was open, and Acworth stood at the entrance for a few moments, irritating himself with the thought that Deacon, who ought to have been attending upon him, was seated there at the instrument, in forgetfulness of all else, absorbed, as it appeared, in the harmony to which he was giving expression.

Mr. Acworth himself had never cared much for music, and was in no humour to listen to it then. He waited for Deacon to cease, and was vexed at

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first because the player did not give him the opportunity he wanted of venting his ill-humour; but as he stood there listening, in spite of himself, to the flow of melody, a change gradually came over him. The performer had glided from some high-sounding spirited composition into a softer strain; from a march to a dirge it seemed. The loud tones ceased, and one of the old-world melodies, which Edward Deacon had learnt to appreciate while yet on the other side of the Atlantic, stole through the vaulted aisle with a sweetness and tenderness which touched the listener's heart. Leaning upon one of the seats, his head sunk slowly, and his eyelids closed over the almost sightless eyes. As the stringed instrument of David, the sweet singer of Israel, chased away the evil spirit from the heart of Saul, so that he was refreshed, even so these soft, pathetic strains breathed, like living voices, from the organ pipes, penetrated to the very soul of the blind man, and awakened feelings to which he had long been a stranger.

Impenetrable as he had been hitherto, resenting every expression of pity and sympathy on the part of others, he now yielded to the touching notes which filled the air, rising and falling, trembling, complaining, swelling, and dying away again, as if the player were pouring his whole heart into the passionate, pathetic tones. It was evident that Deacon believed himself to be alone in the church, or rather, had forgotten himself and everything else in the tide of feeling by which he was carried away, and Mr. Acworth, as anxious now to avoid interrupting him as he had been a few minutes before to attract his attention, groped his way silently to a bench near the chancel, and sat there motionless.

When Deacon left the instrument and came near the blind man he was struck with the expression of his features. Sadness, self-pity were there, but tempered, as he had not seen them before, by resignation and patience. Tears had made their way from under the closed eyelids, and the cheeks were moistened with them.

"What is it that you were playing?" Mr. Acworth asked, as they were leaving the church arm-in-arm.

"An air from Handel's 'Samson.' Had you heard it before?"

"I think not. What is it called?"

"'Total Eclipse.' The words are adapted from Milton."

Both of them were silent for some moments.

"Total eclipse!" said Acworth. "It is Samson's lament for his blindness. I must have read it. The music is very touching. Did you know that I was present? Had you chosen it for me?"

"Oh, no! It is a favourite of my own. I should not have ventured to play it, perhaps, if I had known—"

"I am very glad that you did play it," said Acworth. His voice trembled, and they walked on together in silence.

Jerry followed, adapting his humour and his pace to theirs, as usual. Jerry did not care for music, but had sat through the performance without any impatience, and would have waited at his

master's feet if it had pleased him to remain there till to-morrow morning. The dog had been snubbed half an hour ago for some ill-timed expression of affection, but he was happy now, knowing that the music, or something else, had done his master good.

That evening Mr. Acworth told his secretary where to look for a volume of Milton's poems, which he had hitherto valued chiefly for the sake of its fine plates and excellent binding. He had been in the habit of showing it to his friends, not as a Milton but as a Roger Payne. It has been well said that the great poet cannot be comprehended, much less enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer. Milton does not paint a finished picture, nor play for a mere passive listener. He sketches and leaves others to fill up the outline; he strikes the key-note and expects his hearers to make out the melody.

When Mr. Deacon, with his clear musical voice, read out to his blind patron the introductory scene of the "Samson Agonistes," the words of the blind captive came home to him like an incantation, the actors in the tragedy stood forth as living breathing figures; he saw their forms and heard their voices as if they had been visibly before him. Mr. Acworth had never known the force of poetry before. The key-note now struck was in perfect accord with his own restless heart, and the harmony was complete.

"Sight, the prime work of God, to me is extinct.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;  
Irrecoverably dark; total eclipse;  
Without all hope of day!"

Acworth, listening to these words, repeated them in tones of the deepest melancholy.

"You must not say that," Deacon remarked. "There is yet hope for you; there is, I trust, almost a certainty that your sight will be restored."

"They say so; but I cannot feel it. When, when, oh, when? And how terrible meanwhile this state of gloom! Read on, Mr. Deacon:

"Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of men or worm; the vilest here excel me;  
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own!"

"True—true—I know it—I feel it. Oh, how true!" cried Acworth.

"Nay, sir, you should not say that; you must not dwell upon such words; they are not meant for you. It is ungrateful and unjust. Ungrateful I mean to Him who has left you so many blessings, though for a time denying you this one, and unjust to those who—to those who—"

"Unjust to yourself most certainly," said Acworth, "and to others on whom, in spite of myself, I am dependent. But yet there is I fear more

truth in the application than you suppose. Enough of that. Go on, please."

"If it be true  
That light is in the soul,"—

"Light in the soul," the listener interrupted, "what does that mean?"

"The perception, I suppose," said Deacon, "the sensation which the mind receives of outward objects through the eye, and sometimes without the eye."

"Without it?"

"As in our dreams, for instance."

"Dreams! Yes. That is a kind of light which no injury to the eye can impede. But let us not talk of dreams. Light in the soul! Milton knew what that was by experience, for he himself was blind when he wrote those words. And Handel, when he composed his last oratorios. The greatest poet and the greatest musician, blind, both of them! I think I understand now what Milton meant by 'light in the soul.' The soul is not dependent upon any created organ for its perceptions. It can see without eyes, hear without ears."

"It is even possible," said Deacon, "that there may be visions more perfect, conceptions higher and brighter, when the powers of the mind are thus thrown back upon itself, the sight turned inwards, than when distracted by outward and material forms and pictures."

"I can well believe that."

"There is another sense in which light may be in the soul," Deacon went on, speaking with some hesitation—"seeing by faith things that are invisible; looking beyond the bounds of this world to that futurity which eye hath not seen. That is a great help in time of trouble. That, I suppose, was David's meaning when he said, 'Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord.' He looked to Him for help and comfort with the eyes of his soul. So did Milton in his blindness, and Handel also; so may we all, blind or not blind."

"Thanks for your sermon," said Acworth.

"I had no intention of preaching."

"You may preach again whenever you will," the other answered, seriously.

Many a time after that, when the blind man was more than usually depressed, and would have given way to his discontent in violent language, the remembrance of that quiet half hour in the church came over him with a soothing influence. Often when he heard Deacon playing in his own room, where he had his piano, Acworth would approach, sullenly perhaps in the first instance, but, yielding to the charm, would linger near, and go away at length unnoticed yet refreshed. It was the same when he attended divine service on the Sundays. There were some sweet hymn-tunes which he soon learnt to love. In other days he had heard them without paying much attention to them. The words as well as the melodies had become familiar by frequent repetition, but he had not entered into their meaning. Now he began to think them over, and, as in the days of Eli, the Word of God was precious because there was no

open vision; so now, when books were, in a manner, sealed up from the blind man's eyes, every line and sentence which had found a place in his memory, imprinted there mechanically by constant repetition and custom, became a joy and refreshment, a treasury of old things in a new aspect, of which the loss of sight could not deprive him.

Edward Deacon soon learnt to understand this state of feeling, and to accommodate himself to it. He was filled with compassion for the loneliness of this poor man, shut out from all the occupations of his former active life, thrown back upon his own resources, which were not of a kind to meet the terrible strain now put upon them. He understood the reserve, the lingerings of pride and self-reliance, which prevented Mr. Acworth from asking any expression of sympathy, any act even, of friendly attention from his companion, and would anticipate his wishes, playing, when Acworth was near, as if for his own amusement, some plaintive melody or some livelier strain, according to what he judged to be the humour of the moment, in preference to the more intricate classical compositions in which he himself delighted.

If at any time he found his attendance upon Acworth a weariness, and was tempted to consult his own tastes in preference, the faithful dog, who never left his master, but watched him and adapted himself to every changing mood with almost human intelligence, and more than human solicitude, seemed to offer a remonstrance or rebuke. Deacon and Jerry were firm allies, but the former would sometimes acknowledge to himself that of the two the dog was the better and truer friend to their common patron.

#### CHAPTER X.—"WAS IT A DREAM?"

O welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings.  
—Milton.

MRS. WELLADAY having succeeded beyond her expectation in discovering the man of whom her master was in search, or at all events one who would for the present do as well, had leisure now to turn her attention to her old friend and fellow-servant, Catherine Best, whose miserable state, as she had witnessed it in Mussel Court, was seldom absent from her thoughts. That hurried journey to Southgate-on-Sea, and the business in which she had been engaged there, had prevented her from taking any active measures for the improvement of poor Mrs. Best's condition; but at the same time it had afforded her an opportunity of talking the matter over with Bertha, who, if she did not sympathise so entirely as might have been desired with the object of Mrs. Welladay's concern, having cares of her own to occupy her, promised her assistance freely, and pledged her father's help to any extent that might be necessary. For her own part, she could only devote her next quarter's allowance of pocket-money, which was not yet due. "I will do anything I can for her," Bertha had said; "and I



have no doubt my father will help, so when you return to London you can go and see her again, and talk to her about it."

The time had now arrived for Mrs. Welladay to act upon this suggestion. She had thought the matter over, and went to Mussel Court with a well-considered plan, and with means at her disposal for carrying it into effect. Mrs. Best was, or had been, as we have already hinted, a clever dressmaker; she could do anything with her needle. She had good taste and great natural talent in the all-important art of millinery. Mrs. Welladay contemplated taking a shop for her in some fashionable neighbourhood and setting her up in business. There was her own silk jacket and dress, spoilt by the Thames water, to be done something with, and a new one to be made, as that would never be fit to be seen again, do what you would. Then Christmas was not far off, and the servants at Hyson House would all want new dresses for the party which Miss Acworth proposed to give at that season in the servants' hall, for it is well known that no female can dance except in a new dress. Miss Acworth herself would also require a few new costumes, and had agreed to give Mrs. Best a trial. It had even been hinted that some of the young ladies, Miss Finch in particular, might be induced to patronise her if her first experiments should prove successful, and if her establishment were of a sufficiently distinguished character; though, of course, they could not be expected to forsake Madame Sophronie, whose *magasin* was in Bond Street, and who had daily communications with Paris. However that might be, there was work enough for Mrs. Best at present, if only a decent and proper place could be found for her to do it in.

But when these plans were unfolded to Mrs. Best, the poor woman herself, most unexpectedly, made difficulties.

"I have done nothing of the sort for so many years," she said, "I have forgotten how to do it; and look at my hands. I should be ashamed to 'try on' with them."

The hands were indeed discouraging; red, seared, swollen, rough with hard work and constant exposure.

The little house in Mussel Court was clean now; as clean at least as hard labour with soap and soda could make it. The walls had been whitened, the windows polished, the hearth black-leaded; but Mrs. Best's once dainty fingers bore the marks of this and of other workings and scrubblings to which for years past she had applied herself, whenever she could get a day's charing. She had done but little needlework of late, though her own and the children's patched and mended garments showed that she had employed herself with something of her old dexterity. Yet this was very different from fashionable dressmaking, for which she declared herself utterly incompetent.

And then there was something in the background which came out at last. She did not want to leave Mussel Court.

"Not want to leave it!" Mrs. Welladay exclaimed, with amazement.

Mrs. Best shook her head mournfully.

"Home, sweet home! Is that it, my dear?" Mrs. Welladay asked.

"No, oh no!" said the poor woman, looking sadly round her.

"I thought not. Sweet home, indeed!" said Mrs. Welladay to herself. "Well, then, my dear, what is it? What can you possibly want to stay here for? Ah, I know now. It was here that your poor little girl, her that you lost—"

She stopped, unable to express her meaning in terms which should be sufficiently tender for the mother's ear.

"Yes, Mrs. Welladay," the poor creature answered—"yes, it was here that my little Emmie died; but that would not make me cling to the place—quite the contrary. If I could have gone away the very next day after she was carried out and buried, I would have done so, for I believe it was the house that killed her, and I have always lived in terror since then for the boys. Well, thank you, Mrs. Welladay; I will go anywhere, only not too far off. Because, if Best should return, as he will some day, I ought to be on the watch for him. It was here that he bade me good-bye two years ago; and here he'll come back, if he ever does come back, to look for me. And if he don't find me on the spot there's no knowing what may happen."

"We must take care to leave your address with a neighbour, and a letter or a message for him."

"Yes, if he comes—if he comes."

"He will come. Keep up your spirits."

"Sometimes I think I shall never see him again. Do you believe in dreams, Mrs. Welladay?"

Mrs. Welladay might have answered that she did, implicitly; but she would not commit herself until she had heard what Mrs. Best had to communicate.

"I saw him one night not long ago as plainly as I see you now, sitting in that very chair where you are sitting at this present moment."

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Welladay, moving uneasily in her seat.

"So pale, so strange-looking; not sad exactly, but solemn-like, and with a shine about the eyes as if they didn't belong to this world. He looked down at me, as he used to look in those early days when we were first married. I can't describe it. It was like the old times come again. And I felt it all through me—so real, so strong, so deep, down in my heart like. And then he looked at the children, fond and loving, and said something. I knew what it was, although he didn't seem to speak so as to be heard. His lips moved, that was all; and the words came across to me without any sound, but as plain as if they had been spoken. He said—he said—"

"What did he say, my dear?" Mrs. Welladay whispered, drinking in every word that her friend uttered as if it were solemn matter of fact and no dream—"what did he say, Catherine?"

"What did *you* say to me the last time you were here, Mrs. Welladay? 'Trust in the Lord; pray for these little ones.' That was what *he* said."

"Was that all?"



"Yes, that was all," the poor woman murmured; "it was not quite all that *you* had said; he left out one sentence."

"What might that be? I forget."

"Pray for your husband;" and he looked as if my prayers were not wanted for himself—so calm, so quiet and peaceful. And when I lifted up myself and would have put my arms round his neck—for I wanted to do it, though I felt almost afraid—he drew back quickly and gently; so gently that though I woke up I could not tell where the dream ended, and thought I saw him still—I think I did—gradually fading away, with that unspeakable look upon his face, after my eyes were open. You do believe in dreams, Mrs. Welladay, don't you?"

"It don't do to think too much of such—examples," Mrs. Welladay replied, after waiting in vain for a better word.

"But I can't help thinking of it."

It seemed a wonderful and a solemn thing to Mrs. Welladay that the words spoken in the vision should be the same which she herself had uttered. They were good words; but to have them taken, as it were, from her own mouth and breathed forth in the mysterious manner described by Mrs. Best, from the lips of a Shade, was to her mind somewhat awful. She meditated upon the incident for a time, and then came, for a wonder, to the common-sense interpretation of it.

"They were my own words, Mrs. Best, as you say, the same that I spoke and you listened to, so it could only have been an ordinary sort of dream after all. You had been thinking a deal of what had passed between us, I dare say?"

"Oh, yes, I had; I couldn't help it, somehow."

"And you remembered in your sleep what you had been thinking about when you were awake; and of course you were thinking about your husband, whether he would come home soon, and so the two things got mixed up together. You dreamed that you saw him, and that he spoke the same words which you had heard me speak. That's the explanation of it."

Mrs. Best seemed hardly to know whether she ought to rejoice more in the belief that her dream was a revelation, or in Mrs. Welladay's more prosaic and reasonable view of the subject.

"If only he would come back like that, as he was in the old days!" she murmured. "And he may, he may, Mrs. Welladay; mayn't he?"

"Of course he may."

"And that is why I must not go far off."

"You are right, Mrs. Best, I dare say, so put on your bonnet at once and come with me, and we will go and look round in this neighbourhood, if there is ever a house to be had that will do for you. There must be some good houses near, and rents will not be high hereabouts. Let us see what we can do."

When Jack came home from the printing-office he found a heap of buns waiting for him, and a huge pork-pie, which Mrs. Welladay had brought. But that was nothing compared with the good news, when Mrs. Welladay and his mother returned from their search, that the move from Mussel Court had been resolved upon, and that a house

likely to suit had been found in a more open and respectable neighbourhood. It was near the river, commanding a splendid view of the shipping from the upper windows. It was old-fashioned, but as large as three of the Mussel Court houses. Mrs. Best had got the offer of it, and would have taken it without further inquiry only for the rent, which was rather higher than she had thought of paying.

"We shall either have that or another near it," Mrs. Welladay said; "and your mother will be able to stay at home, Jack, and will get her living by the art of dressmaking, instead of going out charring and leaving the house destitute and comfortless. As for the rent, if the upper part of the house could be let off, as no doubt it may, the rent would be nothing. No. 5, Coromandel Walk, will be the house for you, Catherine; and I hope you will go to-morrow morning, the first thing, and settle it. Good-bye. I must get home now as quick as ever I can." And Mrs. Welladay went her way rejoicing.

But although the good lady had consented for Mrs. Best to remain in the East End of London, and had found a suitable habitation for her in that quarter, it was not without regret that she gave up the more ambitious plans which she had conceived for her advantage. She would have established her in some fashionable neighbourhood, in a *magasin* with a plate-glass window. She had pictured to herself a stylish shop-front of black and gold, with the word "Modes" in queer-shaped capitals, and the name "Mrs." or perhaps "Madame Best," written over it. A row of fascinating dummies, artfully constructed of wire, were to have been arranged in tasteful costumes, with gauzy caps and ribbons upon their wooden skulls, and improvers where improvers ought (or ought not) to be. A pair of muslin curtains should have served as a background to the picture, and shut out from profane gazers the mystery of the retreat beyond. Pleasant as the house in Coromandel Walk appeared to be after Mussel Court, it was a great come-down from Mrs. Welladay's previous conception. The shop-front had an aged and mean appearance, being divided up into several rows of ordinary window panes; and the building itself was of red brick, substantial enough, but wholly devoid of ornamentation.

Mrs. Best had, however, shown her good sense by declining the more ambitious proposals of her friend. She was conscious of her unfitness for the distinguished line of business suggested, and would be only too thankful if she could maintain herself by work of a coarser, but not less necessary, kind among the tradespeople of the East End. But, apart from every other consideration, she could not, for reasons already hinted at, bring herself to remove anywhere to a distance. It was with difficulty that she could be persuaded, even at the last, to leave her dingy abode in Mussel Court, though she loathed it. John Best would, she trusted, come back all right, and would go straight to that place to look for her. She could leave instructions, of course, with the next tenant, and with her friend, Mrs. Brees, over the way, so

that her husband need have no difficulty in finding her. But there was no knowing what might happen; delays were dangerous, and it would be the wisest and best course, if it were not even an absolute duty, for her to be found waiting and ready to receive him at the place where he had left her, and to which he would come first to look for her.

Yet, on the other hand, to receive him in such a home as that in Mussel Court, would hardly, it was urged, be the way to keep him. "Home sweet home!" Mrs. Welladay must have been in a satirical humour when she said that. Such homes as Mussel Court can only drive men away from them to the public-houses, leaving the unfortunate wife, who has home duties, if destitute of home comforts, to suffer and toil alone. Sweet home? Foul home, squalid home, fever-stricken home, home of penury and cold and hunger! Such the dark and loathsome little place had been to Mrs. Best. True, it had worn a less repulsive aspect, in some respects, since Mrs. Welladay's visits. A change had come over the spirit of its tenant; faith and hope, which had been almost eclipsed, had begun again to shine in her heart, and the light had shed its rays outwardly upon her surroundings, so that even those dingy rooms wore a brighter appearance. For the children's sake the poor mother had aroused herself from a state of apathy due quite as much to physical depression as to spiritual indifference. The word spoken in season, spoken in the evident kindness of a Christian heart, had clung to her thoughts, had been re-echoed in her dreams, had worked like leaven in her soul, silently, secretly (men know not how), and had made even the darkness of her miserable home to be light about her.

And now the same kind, Christian friend had come once more with new offers of help, to take her away from that vile place to a home in which her children could be decently brought up, and in which her husband might, if he should return, find happiness and comfort such as they had not experienced together since the days long past, before the demon of intemperance had taken possession of him; when he was always "right," and they were always happy.

It was a new centre of hope for her, and would be a fresh starting-point for him. She was a new creature herself, and if he should return—yes; she would accept Mrs. Welladay's generous assistance, hoping to repay her some day. She had agreed to do so and would not go from it.

Mrs. Best gave thanks upon her knees, on the evening of Mrs. Welladay's visit, for the good prospects opening out before her; and the next morning went to Coromandel Walk and concluded an agreement with the landlord to take the house as a yearly tenant, and posted a letter to Mrs. Welladay to say that she had done so.

#### CHAPTER XL.—ENGAGED.

This is miching mallecho; it means mischief.—*Shakespeare.*

THE young ladies of Acme House usually took their walks abroad immediately after break-

fast, if the weather happened to be favourable, before settling to their arduous studies in the schoolroom. The parade was then less thronged and the pavements more available for the procession which, at a sober pace, advanced and retreated along what might have been called the Acme Ladies' Mile. It was not usually said of these young ladies that they walked, rode, or drove. They took exercise—walking exercise, carriage exercise, horse exercise." There was more of reason in this description of their movements than the uninitiated might have supposed. Dignity, propriety, and grace were the chief objects aimed at in their expeditions. The daily walk by the sea-wall was as much an exercise in those important elements of finished female education as the fingered scales upon the piano or the written sentences in Italian, French, and German. Their style, their bearing, the movements of their feet, were as much a study as the march-past of a regiment of soldiers. They did not walk with the light, free step of thoughtless girls, but with a consciousness of being under inspection, to which, if it were forgotten for a moment, they were immediately recalled by the voice of authority, if not of Madame Fée herself, the professor of dancing, who sometimes accompanied them as a sort of drill-sergeant.

Conversation at such times, though not entirely forbidden, was strictly limited to unemotional dialogue, each young lady conversing (they never "talked") with the companion who took walking exercise by her side, and with no other. To speak in loud tones, to gesticulate, to exchange sentences with those who moved before or those who followed in the procession, was punishable by fine, and was helpful to the missionary or hospital funds patronised by Miss Feathershawe, though not always conducive to charity.

Bertha Acworth was, sad to say, a frequent offender in this respect, and had sacrificed a small fortune for one in her position by her frequent contributions to these funds. But though now reduced to a state of absolute impecuniosity, she was as unladylike and incorrigible as ever. "It does not signify," she would say; "they cannot fine me any more, for I have not sixpence left. In three weeks we shall have done with this and go home for the recess. How I long to break away and stretch my legs! What would Minerva say to that expression? and what would Madame Fée say, Clarissa, if you and I were to start off now and run a race along the parade?"

"It would be good fun—but don't speak so loud, Bertha, and don't look so wild, as if you were really going to do it."

"I know what would be said about me," Bertha went on. "There's one of my advertisements—that would account for anything!"

She pointed as she spoke to a poster recommending every one to "try Acworth's tea, sold only in catty-cases of one pound and upwards, at 2s. 6d. per pound."

"There's my badge—my banner, if you will. I am not a bit ashamed of it. I should not much mind making a sandwich of myself between two of them as we—take exercise."

"I wish I had such a banner," said her friend. "Tea is becoming quite fashionable."

"I suppose it is," said Bertha, "but not in pound packets; and advertising is not genteel. Weighing it out by the ounce is one thing, selling it by the shipload is another. You have to keep a shop—don't you see?—and sell over the counter. In the other case we call it a warehouse, and talk of commerce. It's like manslaughter."

"Manslaughter! What can you mean?"

"Why, if you kill a man, only one, you will be hanged for it; but if you take an army along with you and shoot down several thousand soldiers or savages, either will do, you are all right; great rewards and honours are lavished upon you. So it is in trade. It's the quantity that makes the quality."

"Anybody may sell tea," said Clarissa. "My brother, for instance, talks of going in for it."

"Sir Bailey?"

"Yes; Bailey ought to manage without that, being the eldest; but he would not object to it if—"

"If he could only sell enough of it," Bertha suggested.

"Yes," said Clarissa, slowly; "or if—if he had a good partnership, such as he would like beyond everything else in the world. Oh, Bertha!"

Bertha made no response to this apparently unmeaning exclamation.

"I dare say you will see a good deal of Bailey in the holidays," Clarissa went on, after a touching pause. "'Recess,' I believe, is the proper word."

"I suppose he will come to see you while you are at Hyson House," Bertha answered.

"To see me? Yes, if you like to put it in that way."

It had been arranged that Clarissa Finch was to spend the first part of the approaching vacation at Mr. Acworth's. It was to be expected, therefore, that her brother, the baronet, would be a frequent visitor there.

"You do like Bailey, don't you?" Clarissa asked.

"Like him? Oh, yes; very well."

"He is very nice."

"I should like him for your sake, Clarissa, at all events."

"You will like him for his own sake when you know him better. You know, of course, how much he admires you."

"Nonsense, Clarissa. I have told you before that you should not talk like that."

"There is Madame Fée coming to tell me the same, I think. Or else it is you that she is looking at. You should not toss your head in that way, it is not ladylike."

"Too much like tea, I suppose."

"Don't be vexed, Bertha; you know I was only joking. You used to like Bailey; but ever since that accident at Seabright you have quite changed. I wish Bailey had been there at the moment, instead of—"

"At the hotel."

"Instead of that other man. After all it was no great thing that he did. Bailey thinks that

there was no real danger if the man had only let you alone. Bailey says—"

"You have already told me what he thinks and says; pray don't repeat it."

The young ladies were again called to order at this juncture. They were talking too loud and with too much action; and as the subject of their conversation was one on which they could seldom agree, and they were, apart from that particular contention, dear friends, they passed by mutual consent to some other topic.

Breaking-up day arrived at last. Miss Feather-shawe received her pupils in the drawing-room, where she solemnly took leave of them, giving them some good advice for themselves and some complimentary messages for their friends at home. Miss Julia passed the greater part of the day upon the stairs, running up and down with each young lady to see that they were properly accounted with all necessary wraps for a cold winter's journey, and bidding them "Good-bye, dear," with tears in her eyes for those who were not to return, and good wishes for all—"A merry Christmas and a happy new year" reciprocated by most of them cheerfully and heartily.

Bertha and her friend had arranged to travel together by an afternoon train; and as most of the party had departed earlier, Miss Julia signified her intention of accompanying them to the station. They had not bargained for this, but could make no objection; and, the luggage having been sent forward *en masse*, they entered a fly together and drove to the terminus.

A gentleman met them there and opened the carriage door for them.

"Your brother, my dear, is it not?" Miss Julia exclaimed, addressing Clarissa. "I did not know he was at Southgate. Is he going up to London with you?"

Sir Bailey answered for himself in the affirmative. He might have added that he had but just arrived from London, whence he had travelled only for the pleasure of going back again in their company.

Miss Julia was disconcerted. It would have been all very well for Clarissa to have travelled with her brother, but for Bertha to be of the party was quite another thing. Sir Bailey had already become an object of suspicion with the lady superior of Acme House. He had taken off his hat to Bertha when meeting her on the parade. He had even shaken hands with her and walked by her side, talking to her under pretence of conversing with his sister, during their morning promenade. Miss Feather-shawe had heard of this and had remonstrated with her younger sister on the subject, as if it had been her fault. Such improprieties ought not to have been allowed, and must not be allowed, she had said, in such decided and serious tones that poor Miss Julia almost felt as if she had been guilty of permitting or encouraging them. Here was a new impropriety; but how was it to be prevented? Bertha added to the complication by allowing Sir Bailey to take her fur cloak, her carriage rug, and her umbrella; laden with which, he proceeded to a compartment labelled "engaged," and in which



his own personal belongings, in the shape of a "Punch" and some other papers, were already bestowed.

"Engaged!" cried Miss Julia, with increasing alarm, as she read the legend. "Engaged!" It was evident that the word was to her anxious mind suggestive of a great deal more than in this case it actually meant. "Oh, my dear Miss Acworth, you must not, you ought not, really, you know, to travel in that carriage!"

"Why not? It is as good as any other."

"Yes; but alone—alone, my dear!"

"Oh, no; Clarissa will be with me, and her brother."

"I don't know what Miss Feathershawe would say, I am sure."

"We won't tell Miss Feathershawe," said Sir Bailey, smiling, and with something which, if she could have believed it, was very like a wink. "We won't tell anybody."

"Not tell any one. Oh, dear! That makes it worse. Do take another place, Bertha; here is one in the next carriage."

But Bertha did not seem to hear her, and the guard coming up looked at the tickets and closed the door.

Miss Julia made as if she would have opened it again, being minded to go to London herself rather than allow those three laughing, light-headed, inconsiderate young persons to travel together without any other companion. It was evident that the meeting had been arranged between them. Sir Bailey did not appear to have any luggage of his own, not even a handbag. Could he have come down by the express, expressly for this purpose? If so, it was Bertha's company that he desired, of course. He would not have been so attentive to his own sister.

To make matters worse the poor lady remembered that her lady superior had spoken slightly of Sir Bailey. He was poor, very poor. They had made a reduction in their terms for Clarissa on that account, her brother being a baronet and the connection creditable; while Mr. Acworth was reputed to be rich, and Bertha herself would be an heiress, thanks to the catty-cases. What would Mr. Acworth say to them? Or was he also to be kept in the dark? "No one should ever know it," Sir Bailey had said. Oh, she must go with them.

But she had not got a ticket, and while she was yet distracted and undecided the train moved out of the station.

## MEDICAL REPORT ON CENTENARIANS.

IN a recent number of the "British Medical Journal"<sup>1</sup> appears the report of an "Investigation Committee" of the British Medical Association on the subject of Centenarians. In response to circulars of inquiry throughout the medical profession, details were sent of fifty-two cases of alleged ages above a hundred years. The authenticity of all these cases is not vouched for; in fact, only eleven were fully authenticated by registers and other official documents. But in the majority of cases there were reasonable grounds for assuming that the individuals had attained nearly if not fully the age. The reports were all made by medical men, most of whom were well acquainted with the persons about whom they wrote. Elaborate tables are given in the Journal. We extract a few of the remarks of Professor Humphrey in presenting an analysis of the various contents of the report.

The inquiries embrace every possible condition as to habits, tastes, occupations, station in life, height, weight, failings, and other details, as to the sixteen males and thirty-six females reported.

It is satisfactory to find that the exercise—even

the full exercise—of the various powers, mental and bodily, is not merely compatible with, but is conducive to, great age.

France has lately celebrated the centenary of a philosopher and a chemist, M. Chevreuil, who the same night occupied the President's box at the opera; and we are told that a Chinese centenarian recently passed the examination which qualified him to enter the highest academy of the Mandarins. Delightful was the account of Lady Smith, in whom a bright intelligent mind and a brisk healthy body had been in uninterrupted harmonious action for a hundred and three years, and who to the last took a lively interest in the world's political and other movements.

Among the centenarians in our own list, the intellect is stated to have been high in eleven and low in five only; twenty are reported as strong, sixteen of average strength, and twelve only as feeble. Several were remarkable for mental and bodily activity and energy during their long lives. Many had been engaged in hard bodily toil, or mental work, or, successfully, in various occupations, and, in different ways, had played their parts effectually on the world's stage to the end of the long drama in better plight than the poet has represented them. We often wish Shakespeare had lived to give a brighter version of his seven stages, and to portray the old man not lean and slippered, but well-favoured and booted, keen in life's interests, and happy in promoting the welfare and enjoyment of others. Even in the bed-

<sup>1</sup> Supplement to the "British Medical Journal" for December 11th, 1886: In the "Leisure Hour" for June, 1873, several authentic cases of centenarians are given, besides those admitted by the eccentrically sceptical Mr. Thoms, who omits the well-known instances of Lady Smith, widow of Sir J. E. Smith, the celebrated botanist; Mrs. Smith, mother of Mr. Smith of Jordanihill, N.B.; Miss Wallace, sister of Mr. R. Wallace, M.P. for Greenock, and several others about whom no doubt was ever suggested. The omission of these notable cases showed that no confidence could be put in the statements of Mr. Thoms's book.



ridden state, of which the tables give seven examples (four males and three females), one of whom had been bedridden for seven years, all is not cheerless. The quiet coziness, the even temperature, the freedom from exposure, and the reservation to the vital organs of nerve-energy and nutritive material, consequent on the diminished use of the muscular system, contribute to prolong the lives of some feeble persons who still retain the pleasures of intellectual occupation and social intercourse, to say nothing of the enjoyment of sleep and the gratification of the appetite; and it is curious, though not unfrequently to be observed, that persistence in bed actually increases both sleep and appetite. Some aged people lie in bed in the winter; and in the dull routine of the workhouse many old people drift into the bedridden state.

In our tables, as usual in records of longevity, the women preponderate over the men (thirty-six to sixteen) in spite of the dangers incidental to child-bearing. This is obviously, in great measure, to be attributed to the comparative immunity of the woman from the exposure and risks to which man is subjected, as well as to her greater temperance in eating and drinking, and her greater freedom from the anxieties attendant upon the world's labour and business.

Of the thirty-six women, twenty-six had been married and eleven had large families; and it may be some consolation to young mothers and their friends to find that eight of the twenty-six married before they were twenty—one at sixteen and two at seventeen.

The tables and the analyses of present and past condition yield nothing striking or even novel or unexpected. The average centenarian qualities are precisely those which might have been anticipated: a good family history, a well-made frame of average stature (5 feet 8, which is rather above the average, in the male, 5 feet 3 in the female), spare rather than stout, robust, with good health, little troubled with ailments of any kind, with good digestion, regular daily action of bowels; active, capable of much exertion, with the restorative advantages of good sound sleep permitting or inducing early rising; good vocal organs; a good appetite moderately indulged, with little need of and little consumption of alcohol or animal food; an energetic yet placid temperament; a good intelligence; the hair holding its ground and its colour well; the organs of sight and hearing performing their functions well and long. Our centenarians afford, in short, good examples through life of the *mens sana in corpora sano*; and in by far the greater number there was a total absence of any evidence of rheumatic or gouty affection, past or present, in the joints of the hands and fingers—a condition which is not unfrequently regarded as one of the heralds of old age, and which, doubtless, like many other local maladies of which it may be taken as a sample, is often prophylactic against other more serious maladies. To have a vent for such humours may be good, but it is less good than to be without them. Of the eight in whom those joints were stiff or deformed, it may be observed that one (1), a man, always

"drunk as much as he could get;" a second and third (6 and 21 in the list), poor women, had been subject to much exposure, and had a rough life, following the army in various parts of the world; of the case of the fourth (20), also a female, in whom these joints were stiff, we had no account of the habits. The fifth (29), a female, appears to have been a temperate person in comfortable circumstances, in whom no particular reason for the deformity of the joints can be assigned; and the same may be said of the sixth and seventh (30 and 39), except that the latter was in the habit of partaking rather freely of animal food; and also probably of the eighth (49), though we have not much information as to her past habits. It is rather remarkable that all of these, except the first, are females; of these females, three were poor and the others in comfortable or in affluent circumstances.

Twenty-four of our centenarians had no teeth, some had been without them many years, and the average number retained was only four or five, which in many instances we may conclude to have been of little value. The artificial substitutes were used in so few instances that we cannot from them form an estimate of the aid afforded by these appliances in the prolongation of life; but that they do contribute to the maintenance of health and the prolongation of life can scarcely be a matter of doubt.

It is somewhat remarkable that, though as many as twenty-eight used glasses, thirty-five, including many who used glasses, are reported to have been in the enjoyment of good sight. Old age does not seem to be associated with, or to be a prelude to, inconvenience or impairment of sight beyond that which may be corrected by glasses. These had been used by some forty or fifty years; and in three it appears that the defect was spontaneously rectified, and that as they grew older they became able to dispense with glasses.

That the majority of centenarians are content, as we find them to be, with three meals in the day, and are moderate or small eaters, partaking of little animal food and little alcohol, is in harmony with the lowered activity of the muscular and other organs, and the consequent lowered demand upon the nutritive processes and the nutritive supply.

The sleep duration, averaging nearly nine hours, indicates also a slowness, a feebleness, of the restorative processes. Repair is tardily and with difficulty striving to keep pace with wear. We know that it is one element in the developmental law of growth and decay that it should not quite do so in the aged frame. Up to adolescence repair has the mastery, and the body gains in weight and strength; in middle age repair is about equal to wear; but in later life its gradual failure, attended with diminishing weight and strength, conducts the body slowly along its normal course to dissolution. Long good sleep does something to put a drag on the downward course, and is a great sustainer of the aged frame. Much difference in sleep-duration is noted in the tables. In some sleep is said to have been short and indifferent, or bad, perhaps owing to peculiar

disturbing causes; but in thirty-two out of forty-four it is said to have been good.

The maladies of these old people range themselves chiefly under the head of weakness, evinced by inability to put forth or maintain much effort of any kind, bodily or mental. The weakness of the brain evinces itself in impairment of memory, in slowness of apprehension, in inability to fix the thoughts long on one thing, and the tendency, therefore, to wander from one subject to another, and to travel to and fro, which may pass on to want of control, or imbecility, or even to dementia. This last, saddest state of all, was witnessed only in two of our centenarians. Indeed the brain in many held out as well or better than other organs, which may be regarded as one of the bright rays, if not the brightest, in the centenarian landscape.

Though the majority had suffered little from illness at former periods, some up to the very end of their long life, yet it is not unsatisfactory to find that the effects of illnesses, even when severe, do not always preclude longevity. There are also instances of recovery at great age.

Most interesting and important of all are the life-habits of these old people, among which activity, out-of-door exercise, and early rising, with moderation in diet and alcohol, stand out in strong relief, and are evidently among the important factors in longevity. At the same time we perceive that most of them may be regarded as the attributes of the well-wearing body—that is to say, they are the resultants of health as well as the promoters of it. The healthy vigorous body can scarcely be otherwise than active, in one way or other; and few things tend to promote health and vigour more than activity—activity without excitement—an activity which is not forced beyond the measure of good and easy repair—an activity which does not wear the body out.

Upon out-of-door activity, with the refreshing influence of open air, stress should be laid, for it must not be supposed that exercises and athletics indoors, where they are much more exhausting, are a sufficient substitute, especially in the case of young and growing persons.

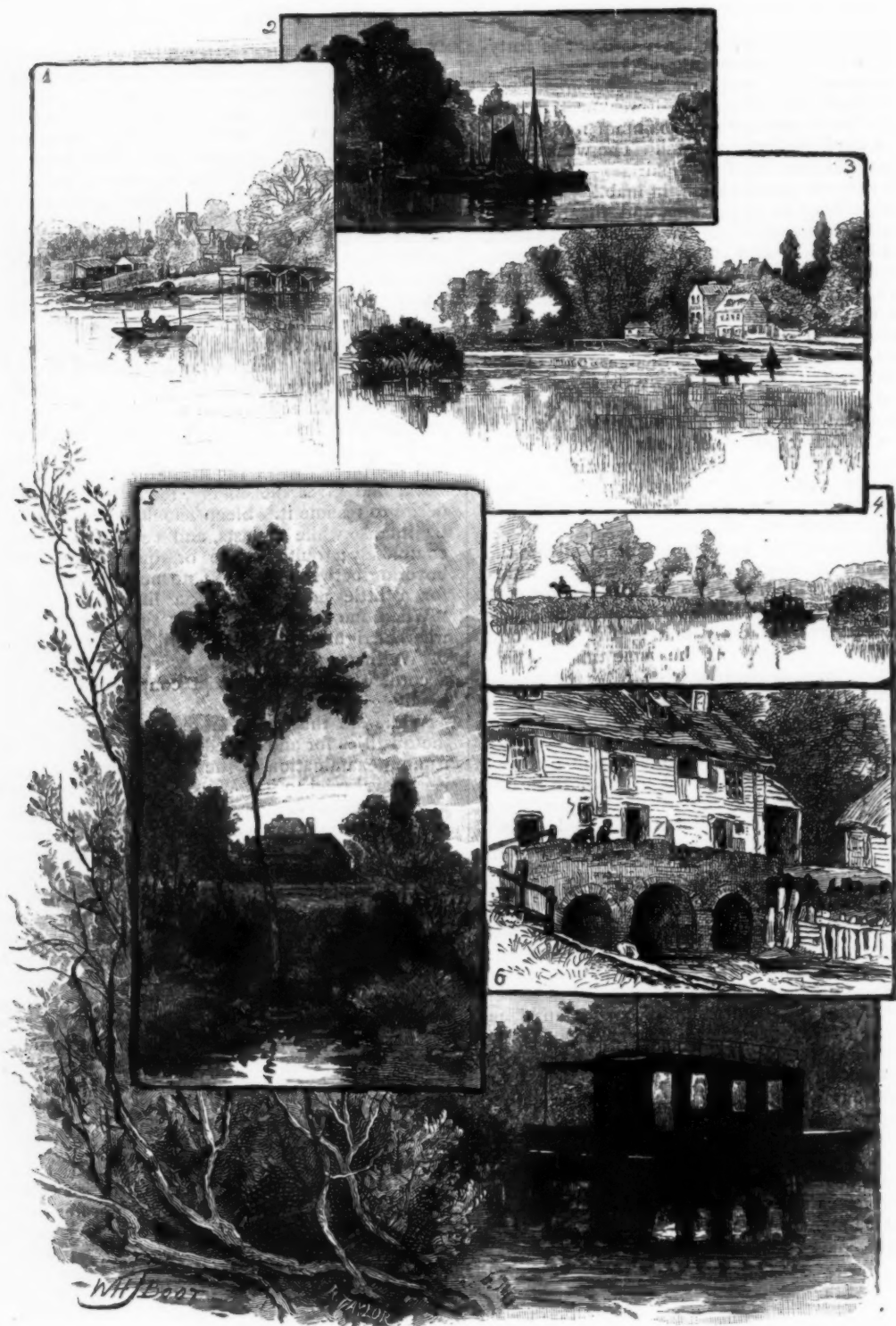
The temperance in all things of our centenarians has, without doubt, been one great means of keeping order in their nutritive system, and preventing aberrations into morbid processes. Few more mischievous notions have found their way into common acceptance than the idea that strength is proportionate to the amount of food taken; and it is accepted and mischievous, no doubt, in a greater degree than it would otherwise be because it rests upon the basis of truth that strength cannot be maintained without a sufficient supply of food.

The total abstainers will not fail to observe that twelve of our centenarians had been through life, or for a long period, in their ranks; that twenty took little alcohol; that this was in the case of some of them *very* little; and that eight were moderate. No. 8, it is true, often drank to excess on festive occasions; No. 14 was a free beer drinker; and No. 35 "drank like a fish during his whole life," which probably means when he could, for it is added that "he could not usually get much." The exceptions, therefore, show little against the rule. It is perhaps scarcely less important to note that our centenarians were, for the most part, small meat eaters.

The early rising was in many of the instances necessitated by their occupations. Still, this habit must be regarded as an associate or sequence of the healthful activity just mentioned, and of an activity pervading the reparative work which has to be done in sleep, an activity which quickly and thoroughly refits the body for its next day's work, and gives the energy, the willingness, the desire to resume it. Sleep should come quickly, be intense while it lasts, and cease quickly and completely; quite awake or quite asleep; no hovering between the two; no need of or desire for a little more slumber, a little more sleep. "When one turns in bed, it is time to turn out," whether rightly or wrongly attributed to the Duke of Wellington, is a saying worthy of him, and accords with the energy that contributed to make his life great as well as long.

While we thus gain more clear knowledge of the qualities for and the adjuncts to centenarianism, an examination of the table shows that there is no royal road to it. We see that it is attained under a variety of conditions, and that few persons can be said to be excluded from the prospect of it. With regard to certain of the important requisites we cannot alter our position. No one can make his family history better than it is, or make his body to be wound up for a longer period than its normal life's span; but it is the duty of each to endeavour to make it cover that span, and to go as long as its appointed time. The uncertainty as to that term, as it is one of the greatest blessings of life, so should it be one stimulus to us to ascertain and to follow the means most suited for prolonging life, especially as we find the result of our investigations to be that those are the means best calculated to turn it to good account and to make it happy, and we may add, useful: remembering always that to live well is of more account than to live long.

Many other details will be found in this valuable report, some of them specially for professional information, but most of them affording useful hints for all readers



# A CRUISE IN A HOUSE-BOAT.

1. Shepperton.
2. Evening at Kingston.
3. Walton.
4. Being towed.
5. A Sketch at Chertsey.
6. The Abbey Mill, Chertsey.
7. Snug for the Night.



## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

AS HE APPEARED TO THE MEN OF HIS TIME.

IT is now twenty-two years since the whole civilised world was thrilled with horror at the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. In one sense this was a fitting close to a noble life. Lincoln had given all his energy of brain and heart to the service of his country through four years of unparalleled anxiety and toil. The moment of triumph had come. The greatest civil war in the world's history had been brought to a successful close. His countrymen had begun to recognise how great a man they had had as executive chief through those terrible years, and just when all fear of such a calamity seemed removed, he fell by the hand of a cruel and dastardly fanatic. The nation turned from its rejoicings over peace to lamentations over its martyred President.

Lincoln possessed one of the attributes of greatness, one which he shares with men like Tyndale, Cromwell, Washington, and William the Silent—namely, that the high quality of his character and the permanent value and results of his work are more and more recognised as the years pass away. The only full and complete story of his life is now forming the central feature of one of the best and most successful magazines of the day. It has occurred to one who knew him well to bring together into one volume the reminiscences<sup>1</sup> of twenty-three men who knew him more or less intimately. The list ranges from General Grant to Frederick Douglas, the escaped slave, from men who knew him most intimately, like Senator Washburne, to others who knew him but slightly and yet whose judgments are full of interest, like Walter Whitman.

In this paper we purpose trying to catch a few of the glimpses into the heart and mind of Lincoln which are thus given us.

Lincoln was a Western man, and no true idea of his character and qualities can be formed without some knowledge of the conditions of Western life. He was "an evolution of family isolation, of battles with primæval forces and the most savage races of men, of the loneliness of untrodden forests, of the absence of a potent public opinion, of a state of society in which only inherent greatness of human character was respected; in which tradition and authority went for naught, and courage and will were alone recognised as having rightful domination."

These Western settlers, unlike the dwellers in the Eastern States, were not English colonists. They had broken away from all English traditions and developed a free, bold, unfettered life, in which the ordinary canons of social and intellectual life counted for little. "As their life developed the

utmost freedom of creed and individuality, he whose originality was the most fearless and self-contained was chief among them. Among such a people, blood of their blood and bone of their bone, differing from them only in stature, Abraham Lincoln arose to rule the American people with a more than kingly power, and received from them a more than feudal loyalty."

From the very humblest grade of life sprang the man who was to attain to this exalted rank in the nation's esteem. His was a lonely boyhood. His education was almost wholly self-acquired; he was taught to read and then left severely to himself. His library was limited, but of excellent quality. It consisted of the Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress, Æsop's Fables, a History of the United States, and a Life of Washington. These books he read and re-read, and the ideas they suggested and the thoughts they started, pondered over in his lonely hours, had no small influence in developing his power of sustained thought and his clear political views.

He was trained also in the school of hard manual toil. For many years of his early life it was a hard fight to get even the barest necessities of life. But the discipline bore good fruit, and the habits of self-reliance and close application thus formed were, all unknown to him, fitting him for the awful strain of the last four years of his life. He once told an intimate friend how he earned his first half-dollar. He had persuaded his mother to allow him to build a flat boat in which to take the little produce of their garden down to New Orleans. When the boat was made, two men wishing to go out to a passing steamer asked him to row them out, which he did. "They got on board and I lifted their trunks, and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar (25¢) and threw it on the bottom of the boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me; I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

His early life was chequered. He was successively the master of a Mississippi flat-boat, a small shopkeeper, the captain of a volunteer company in the Black Hawk Indian war, a county surveyor, a member of the Illinois Legislature, and finally the leading member of the Illinois Bar.

It was while making his way to the foremost

<sup>1</sup> "Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln by Distinguished Men of his Time." Collected and edited by Allen Thorndike Rice, editor of the "North American Review."



position in his profession that he became widely known as the best story-teller in the State, a reputation which only widened as in later years the sphere of his influence enlarged.

In the "Reminiscences" there are naturally many references to this side of his character. Mr. Washburne, afterward the United States ambassador at Paris, who knew him intimately during his legal practice, says: "His *penchant* for story-telling is well known, and he was more happy in that line than any man I ever knew. But many stories have been invented and attributed to him that he never heard of. Never shall I forget him as he appeared almost every evening in the court-room, sitting on a cane-bottom chair leaning up against the partition, his feet on a round of the chair, and surrounded by many listeners. But there was one thing, he never pressed his stories on unwilling ears, nor endeavoured to absorb all attention to himself. He never repeated a story or an anecdote, nor vexed the dull ears of a drowsy man by thrice-told tales; and he enjoyed a good story from another as much as any person."

An amusing instance of his love for a good story occurred at one of his Presidential receptions at the White House. As the file of guests were slowly making their way towards Lincoln to give the formal shake of the hands, his tall form was seen to lean forward while he whispered into the ear of a guest, and then listened intently to a reply that lasted nearly five minutes. Every one within sight was consumed with eager desire to know what great State matter had stopped the progress of a thousand guests for five minutes. The friends and acquaintances of the lucky individual pounced upon him only to learn that, having told the President a first-class anecdote a few days before, the President, having forgotten the point, had asked him to repeat it then and there!

In his legal capacity we are told that Lincoln "argued great causes in which principle and property were involved, logically, and with wonderful ability. Trifling causes he met with ridicule, and often by an anecdote, in the use of which he was unsurpassed, the cause would be abandoned in a gale of merriment, the losing party being neither provoked nor angry." On one occasion he was defending a man charged with assault. The plaintiff, whose appearance justified the statement, told a dreadful tale. When Lincoln came to cross-examine him he felt that his only chance was to break down his story, as he had no rebutting evidence. He had come to the conclusion that the plaintiff was bumptious and proud of his skill at repartee. So, after scanning him carefully for some time, he said, "Well, my friend, how much ground did you and my client here fight over?" The fellow answered, "About six acres." "Well," said Lincoln, "don't you think that this is an almighty small crop of fight to gather from such a big piece of ground?" The jury laughed, the court and district attorney and plaintiff all joined in, and the case was laughed out of court.

In later days he often parried awkward questions, replied to deputations, and conveyed hints

by means of an apt story or a quaint turn. In 1862 there was a scare lest some of the Confederate cruisers might attack New York, and a deputation of fifty gentlemen, representing, as they pompously gave out, \$100,000,000 in their own right, waited upon the President to urge him to fortify the city. Having heard them attentively, he pointed out that, as the Government was then situated, he could furnish neither gunboats nor funds; "and," he added, "in this condition of things, if I was worth half as much as you gentlemen are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gunboat and give it to the Government." That deputation left, considerably shrunken in their own estimation. On another occasion a member of Congress, very bald and with a perfectly smooth face, called to protest against the way in which Congress was kept in the dark as to the President's policy. "I demand to know," he said—"I think I have a right to ask and to know—what is the present situation, and what are the prospects and conditions of the several campaigns and armies?" Mr. Lincoln looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then said, "Ganson, how clean you shave!" Most men would have been offended, but Ganson was too broad and intelligent a man not to see the point, and retire at once, satisfied, from the field.

The constant worry of Lincoln's life, and one of his heaviest burdens, was the incessant and pertinacious way in which he was pestered by applicants for posts, inventors of marvellous patents, and friends who proffered requests on behalf of others. He is said to have remarked when suffering from small-pox that at last he had something which he could give to everybody who asked him. A delegation waited on him one day to ask on behalf of a friend the appointment as Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, supplementing their testimony as to his fitness for the place by the remark that, as he was in bad health, a residence in that balmy climate would benefit him. Lincoln closed the interview with the words, "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man." A politician of Illinois, whose weakness had been an overweening vanity, died, and his funeral was very largely attended. "If General — had known how big a funeral he would have had," said Lincoln to a friend, "he would have died years ago."

With Lincoln, as with other great men who have come rapidly and unexpectedly to the front in a nation's history, there was reluctance in many parts to admit his transcendent abilities. Several members of his Cabinet, and notably Seward, had far greater reputations, and it was frequently stated on the platform and in the press, that Seward and not Lincoln was the brain and will of the administration. That this was far from the truth is known now to all who have any accurate knowledge of the facts.

"I have often heard the Attorney-General say," writes one well qualified to judge, "on his return from important Cabinet meetings, that the more he saw of Mr. Lincoln the more was he impressed

with the clearness and vigour of his intellect, and the breadth and sagacity of his views;" and he would add: "He is beyond question the master-mind of the Cabinet. No man could talk with him on public questions without being struck with the singular lucidity of his mind and the rapidity with which he fastened on the essential point."

The original draft of a very important despatch sent to Mr. Adams, the United States ambassador in London, in May, 1861, has recently, for the first time, been made public. It was written by Seward after Lincoln had been in power only three months, to set forth to Mr. Adams, for his guidance in dealing with the British Foreign Office, the views of the Government on such questions as the recognition of the Southern Confederacy by England, the blockade of Southern ports, and the conduct of the war. There are numerous erasures and alterations in Lincoln's handwriting, some of them most important, and all of a kind to show that he appreciated the bearing and conduct of the whole delicate transaction even more accurately than Seward himself.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, who was in closest relations with Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet during the crisis of the Civil War, states that "the relations between Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying kindness; but though several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this is true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton—and though there was nothing of selfhood or domination in his manner towards them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates." An instance of his power to bend even Stanton to his will is given by General Fry, who was then Provost-Marshal-General for enrolling the national forces. Stanton, who in this instance, but not always, had the better arguments on his side—the matter was a technical arrangement which need not here be described—said, "Now, Mr. President, these are the facts, and you must see that your order cannot be executed." Lincoln sat upon a sofa with his legs crossed, and did not say a word until the Secretary's last remark. Then he said, in a somewhat positive tone, "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order." Stanton replied with asperity, "Mr. President, I cannot do it; the order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eye upon Stanton, and in a firm voice, and with an accent that clearly showed his determination, he said, "Mr. Secretary, *it will have to be done.*" Stanton then realised that he was overmatched. "He had made a square issue with the President and been defeated, notwithstanding the fact that he was in the right. Upon an intimation from him I withdrew and did not witness his surrender. A few minutes after I reached my office I received instructions from the Secretary to carry out the President's order. Stanton never mentioned the subject to me afterwards, nor did I ever ascertain the special, and no doubt sufficient, reasons which the President had for his action in the case."

With regard to the question upon which the war technically turned—State rights—and the even yet greater question of slavery, which lay nearer still to the heart of the mischief, Lincoln pursued an even and independent course both before and after his election. "If our Southern friends are right," he once said, "in their claim, the framers of the Government carefully planned the rot that now threatens their work with destruction. If one State has the right at will to withdraw, certainly a majority have the right, and we have the result given us of the States being able to force out one State. That is logical." In his first inauguration address on March 4th, 1861, he said: "No State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; resolutions and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances."

His views on slavery have been much misrepresented because he did not issue his famous emancipation proclamation at the beginning of the great struggle. His brain and heart were both sound enough on the question, and he delayed taking this extreme step not from any love for slavery, but from true love of his country and from the desire to make it when it came as effective and powerful a weapon as possible. He had to bear public abuse and private misrepresentation; friends fell away from him and for a time his influence in the country seemed on the wane; but the fuller knowledge in this, as in other matters, only tends to impress afresh the conviction of his sagacity and foresight upon our minds.

As President his first and paramount duty was to preserve the Union, and it was this which led him to say in a famous letter to Horace Greely, "If I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it—and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that." He came to see that the former alternative alone was possible, and he saw it long before, in his judgment, the whole country was ripe for the proclamation.

In his contest with Douglas in 1858—the intellectual strife which paved his way to the Presidential Chair—he went to the root of the matter. He maintained then such positions as these: "If slavery is not wrong nothing is wrong." The sacred right of self-government was perverted, he held, to mean this: "That if any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object." Douglas maintained that if a community wanted slaves they had a right to have them. Lincoln rejoined, "So they have if it is not wrong. But if it is a wrong you cannot say people have a right to do wrong."

He thus tersely describes the position of those in the United States—and their name was legion—who held that slavery was wrong, but who were willing to let sleeping dogs lie. "You never treat it as a wrong. You must not say anything about it in the Free States, because *it is not here.* You must not say anything about it in the Slave States, because *it is there.* You must not say any-

thing about it in the pulpit, because that is religion, and has nothing to do with it. You must not say anything about it in politics, because that will disturb the security of my place. There is no place to talk about it as being wrong, although you say yourself it is a wrong." In the same series of debates he uttered a prophecy which he was himself to fulfil. "Slavery is doomed, and that within a few years. Even Judge Douglas admits it to be an evil, and an evil can't stand discussion. In discussing it we have taught a great many thousands of people to hate it who had never given it a thought before. What kills the skunk is the publicity it gives itself. What a skunk wants to do is to keep snug under the barn in the daytime when men are around with shot-guns."

Many serious, and some amusing, incidents happened to the President prior to the publication of the proclamation ending slavery in the United States. In June, 1862, a deputation of Friends waited upon him. It was a time of great anxiety, when matters were not going well with the army. He bore with them as patiently as he could, and answered them. A few days later a Quaker lady preacher waited on him, and, in deference to her earnest request to be allowed to expound her views on the burning topic, he said, "I will hear the Friend." She elaborated a lengthy parallel between Deborah and the President, and when she paused he asked, "Has the Friend finished?" Having received an affirmative answer, he said, "I have neither time nor disposition to enter into discussion with the Friend, and end this occasion by suggesting for her consideration the question whether, if it be true that the Lord has appointed me to do the work she has indicated, it is not probable that He would have communicated knowledge of the fact to me as well as to her?"

In September, 1862, a deputation of ministers from Chicago came to demand a proclamation of emancipation. After posing them with the question which had greatly troubled him—although at the very time the proclamation was written, and nine days later was issued—viz., "If I cannot enforce the constitution down South, how am I to enforce a mere Presidential proclamation?" they turned to depart. He had hoped for some light, but apparently they had none to give. Yet as they were going one of them said, "Mr. President, what you have said to us compels me to say to you in reply, that it is a message to you from our Divine Master through me, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free!" Mr. Lincoln replied instantly, "That may be, sir, for I have studied this question by night and by day for weeks and for months; but if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that the only channel He could send it by was that round-about route by that awfully wicked city of Chicago?"

Lincoln, while not claiming to rank among the great orators, has yet won an enduring place in American classic oratory by means of such addresses as his first and second inaugurals, and

his superlatively touching and lofty speech at the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. He had the not common merit of clearness and point.

He spoke seldom during his one term as member of Congress, but one or two scenes are remembered. At that time the Whigs had been accused of deserting their principles and "sheltering under General Taylor's coat-tails." This roused Lincoln, and, taking the phrase "military coat-tails" as his text, he obtained permission to speak from a desk on one of the alley-ways in aisles radiating from the Speaker's chair. "At first he spoke from his notes, but as he warmed up he left his desk and notes to stride down the alley towards the Speaker's chair, holding his left hand behind him so that he could now and then shake the tails of his own rusty-black broadcloth dress-coat, while he earnestly gesticulated with his long right arm, shaking the bony index finger at the Democrats on the other side of the chamber. 'Sawyer,' asked an Eastern representative, 'how did you like the lanky Illinoisian's speech? Very able, wasn't it?' 'Well,' replied Sawyer, 'the speech was pretty good, but I hope he won't charge mileage on his travels while delivering it!'"

Few images are finer in their use than the close of his speech on the steps of the Capitol on March 4th, 1861: "The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chords of the Union, when again touched—as surely they will be—by the better angels of our nature."

His second inaugural address, delivered on the same spot, March 4th, 1865, dwelt mainly upon emancipation, and in it he made two remarkable references. One was to the question of slavery as a legacy from the past. "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'" The other was an anticipation of the spirit in which he hoped to re-unite in the future the two hostile sections of his nation. "With malice toward none, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, with charity for all, let us strive to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

But his highest point as a speaker had been reached on November 19th, 1864, at the consecration of Cemetery Hill—over which one of the most sanguinary battles of the war had raged—as a National Cemetery for those who had fallen. The speech is the outward expression of Lincoln's



inner manhood at the period of his highest development :

"Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is, rather, for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain ; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom ; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Lincoln's character had much that was fascinating about it. Self-reliant, clear-headed, direct in view and in statement, he was a born ruler of men, and in political foresight and in the capacity of judging public opinion and the drift of events, he had no rival in his day. He was great also in his power of sympathy, in his love of home, in his susceptibility to impression, and in his quickness at reading the faces and the minds of all whom he met.

He had a strong love for children, and when, at one of the places where the train conveying him to Gettysburg stopped, a little girl handed in a bouquet of rosebuds, saying, with childish lisp, "Flower for the President," he bent down to the child and kissed her, saying, "You're a sweet little rosebud yourself. I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness."

Of his tenderness of heart many examples might be given. The part of his enormous power as supreme head of both the civil and military departments which he most loved to exercise was his ability to pardon, if he wished, those condemned to imprisonment or death for military offences. A woman whose prayer he had been able to grant, on her way out of the White House startled her friends by crying, "I knew it was a lie! I knew it was a lie! The neighbours told me I should find that Mr. Lincoln was an ugly man, when he is really the handsomest man I ever saw in my life."

A letter like the following needs no comment.

"Dear Madam,—I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory

of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

In the terrible strife he knew what it was to lose friends dear to his heart. In October, 1861, he was at McClellan's headquarters. The aides could hear the telegraph clicking and the President and McClellan talking. Suddenly he came out with bowed head and tears in his eyes, his face pale and wan, and with his hands pressed upon his heart he walked away, not even noticing the sentinel's salute. He had just heard that Colonel Baker, one of his oldest and most intimate friends, had been killed at the front. It was incidents like these that made him so often lean to the side of mercy, even against the opinion of the generals as to what was requisite to keep up the discipline of the army.

Among the most interesting of these recently-published "Reminiscences" is the sketch of Lincoln given by Frederick Douglass, the escaped slave and negro orator. After mentioning various instances of the President's personal kindness to him, he says: "While I felt in his presence I was in the presence of a very great man, as great as the greatest, I felt as though I could go and put my hand on him if I wanted to, to put my hand on his shoulder. Of course I did not do it, but I felt that I could. I felt as though I was in the presence of a big brother, and that there was safety in his atmosphere."

With all his love of the humorous and his enjoyment of racy anecdote and story, there was a deep substratum of melancholy in his nature. Those who knew him best and watched him closely saw this increase year by year during the period of his great toil and responsibility. It furrowed his face, it spoke through his eyes, it manifested itself in his curious fondness for his favourite poem, and the frequency with which he would quote it.

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,

He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

\* \* \*

"The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,  
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink ;

To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;  
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

\* \* \*

"Yes, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;  
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge."

Steadily, resolutely, Lincoln kept on his way until he had achieved his great ambition, until he had led his nation successfully to the end of a gigantic struggle, and even in so doing he

"built better than he knew," for in the crucible of that fiery trial, the United States as a nation were purified, and to a large extent recreated. And in the very moment of his triumph he was struck down. The writer well remembers being in New York when the news of the crime arrived there, and although that great city had never been among the most ardent of Lincoln's admirers, its grief and sympathy were second to none. The whole city hung itself in black, and demanded that the body of the martyr should pass through it on its way to its last resting-place.

One of his friends gives a vivid picture of how the fell tidings spread over the great continent. He was on his way to Iowa, and just as the train started from a station a friend jumped on the step, and had time to say, "News has just come by telegraph that Lincoln has been assassinated." Hours passed before the next telegraph station was reached, long after midnight. "I hurried to it. A little crowd of villagers and working men stood half-dressed, many in shirt-sleeves, around the open window, listening with faces in which suppressed wrath and sorrow were mingled to the click-click-click of the telegraph register. As the words were spelled out slowly, one after another the operator repeated them, rehearsing with painful distinctness the assassin's shot, the leap on the stage floor, the falling head of the great patriot and martyr, the oozing wound, the escape of the guilty. It was the heart of the people throbbing with the pulsations of the passing vitality of their hero, in the deep darkness and silence of the night."

The crime of Wilkes Booth, though it cast a great nation into the deepest sorrow, placed the martyr crown upon a life of noble self-devotion to the welfare of his country. The great President

at the last, like so many who had fought nobly and died bravely in the field, gave his life for his country. One who looked upon the dead face with the eyes of devoted friendship wrote: "Death had not changed the kindly countenance in any line. There was upon it the same sad look that it had worn always, though not so intensely sad as it had been in life. It was as if the spirit had come back to the clay, reshaped the wonderfully sweet face, and given it an expression of gladness that he had finally gone 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' The face had an expression of absolute content, of relief, at throwing off a burden such as few men have been called upon to bear—a burden which few men could have borne. I had seen the same expression on his living face only a few times, when, after a great calamity, he had come to a great victory. It was the look of a worn man suddenly relieved."

We have sketched a few of the characteristics of this man as he seems to his contemporaries, looking back through the years which have passed since his death. The facts seem to justify Lowell's estimate of him in the beautiful Ode written for the Harvard Commemoration of 1865, that in him "one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face."

"Great captains with their guns and drums

Disturb our judgment for the hour,

But at last silence comes;

These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,

Our children shall behold his fame,

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,

Sagacious, patient, dreading praise not blame,

New birth of our new soil, the first American."

R. LOVETT.

### A Friend's Hand in Mine, Lads.

SOMETIMES 'tis May, lads,  
The sky soft and bright;  
We sing on our way, lads,  
With brave hearts and light.  
But May cannot last, lads;  
With great clouds rolled,  
The skies are o'ercast, lads,  
The world turns cold.

A friend's hand in mine, lads,  
A kind hand and true,  
In rough ways and dark days—  
It helps a man through.

We've small gifts to give, lads,  
A poor purse to show,  
But what man can live, lads,  
With nought to bestow?  
A word of brave cheer, lads,  
A warm grasp and strong,

Beats all your gear, lads,  
To help hearts along.

A friend's hand in mine, lads,  
A kind hand and true,  
In rough ways and dark days—  
It helps a man through.

Do what you can, lads,  
And do it with might;  
God isn't man, lads,  
To judge by the sight.  
Pence pounds outweigh, lads,  
When wills are right good,  
And, oh! to hear Him say, lads,  
"He's done what he could."

A friend's hand in mine, lads,  
A kind hand and true,  
In rough ways and dark days—  
It helps a man through.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

## MORMONISM AS IT IS.

BY THE REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B.

### III.—POLYGAMY AMONG THE MORMONS.



THE TABERNACLE.

THERE are few things in Mormonism more offensive or more ominous than the practice of polygamy. A healthy home-life is the nucleus around which the virtues gather. It is the germ out of which the true church springs. The welfare of every nation depends upon its sacredness; for while other institutions, political, social, and ecclesiastical, vary among different peoples, and in different ages, the home is permanent in its influence upon national character and habit. Anything, therefore, which defiles its sanctity, or mars its peace, deserves the sternest reprobation; and polygamy is guilty of both these offences.

The subject is one upon which it is almost impossible to get trustworthy information, except by personal visitation among the Mormons in their own territory. There is much reticence observed by their missionaries in the addresses they deliver in European countries upon this topic and upon other doctrines which are likely to arouse hostility among the Gentiles. For example, when Elder John Taylor, who is now the President of the Church, was engaged in mission work at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in France, it was urged against his teaching that "the Saints" practised polygamy. He boldly replied that the report was false, indeed, was "too outrageous to admit of belief," that "the Book of Doctrine and Covenants" expressly denounced polygamy; and that, in his own opinion, the practice would be un-

deniably wrong. Yet at that very time he had left five wives behind in Utah; and one of his companions had not only married two women, but two who were related to each other as mother and daughter. No doubt Taylor would justify this false statement on the ground that it was made in the interests of the church; for Mormonism, like Jesuitism, upholds the principle that men may do evil that good may come. And he might further urge that his declaration was partly true, for in the Book of Mormon Joseph Smith expressly condemns what is now a cardinal doctrine of his followers. No words could be more explicit. Indeed, it was not until 1843—nearly twenty-four years after his first revelation—that he is said to have received a new communication on the subject of what is called "the Patriarchal Order of Matrimony," and nine years more passed before this secret revelation was publicly proclaimed. On the 29th of August, 1852, Brigham Young produced in a public meeting in Salt Lake City a copy of the revelation said to have been made to Joseph Smith at Nauvoo, in which he was commanded to take as many wives as God should give him.<sup>1</sup> Apostles and saints eagerly availed themselves of this licence, and now the practice is common, although not

<sup>1</sup> In justice to Emma, wife and widow of Joseph Smith, it should be stated that she denied that he had any wife but herself, and declared that Young's "New" revelation was a fraud. She withdrew to Nauvoo, where she and her four sons founded a monogamic Mormon community, called Josephites.



universal. Sometimes even "a saint" finds one wife and family as much as he can manage, and sometimes the wife raises strong objections to the intrusion of another woman into her little kingdom, and resents it successfully. We met with an amusing example of this. A man, who showed us some courtesy, told us, in answer to our inquiry, that he was not a polygamist, although he approved of polygamy in theory. We afterwards learned that a few years ago he informed his spouse that he had received a revelation commanding him to take to himself a second wife. He did not appear in public for several days, and when he did there were sundry marks on his face, painfully evident signs of physical conflict, or of marital chastisement; and it was observed by his acquaintances that his proposed second wife was not taken, and that his "revelation" was never heard of again.

The Latter Day Saints, sometimes meet Gentile objectors by stating, or at least insinuating, that actual marriage does not take place with the second and third wives. They refer to their doctrine of "celestial marriages," and declare that the saints have spiritual wives, with spiritual relationship, who are "sealed" unto them. According to them a Mormon may have a wife sealed to him for this world only, or for heaven only; or both for this world and the world to come. Similarly a woman may be "sealed" to some particular saint whose consort she wishes to become in the celestial state. If her choice falls, as it sometimes does, on Joseph Smith, or on Abraham, or on any man who is already dead, she can be sealed to him by proxy, through becoming the wife of a living saint.

It is, no doubt, perfectly true that many such arrangements are made which do not imply actual marriage here; but we must not be deluded into the belief that it is not the Mormon practice for a saint to live with more women than one. Unfortunately this iniquitous practice is wide spread; although we could not get accurate statistics as to the proportion which polygamous marriages bear to those which are monogamous. Indeed, we were surprised that we were able to obtain so much information as we did, seeing that during the time of our visit the United States officials were vigorously prosecuting all the leading polygamists.

We visited one of these gentlemen, who lived in a comfortable villa on the outskirts of the city, and spent more than an hour in close conversation with him. We inquired if it was customary to have more wives than one. To this he gave no very definite answer, declaring that it was impossible to state how many exercised this privilege; but he added, "We are polygamists on moral and religious grounds. No doubt there are wicked men amongst us, as there are amongst you, but polygamy is not intended to gratify them. It is for the 'saints,' who, as we believe, thereby build up their celestial kingdom." Our host was one of the ablest leaders of the Mormon church, and is suspected of being ready to make terms with the United States Government. When we saw him he had only recently returned from three

months' imprisonment which had been inflicted in addition to a fine of 500 dols., because he refused to dismiss two of the three women with whom he now lives. His defence before the court was bold and effective, and in these respects was a striking contrast to the poor show made by some other ecclesiastics. Knowing as he did that he had only to assent to separation, in order to escape both fine and imprisonment, he said, "I married this woman when she was young. She is now grey. She is the mother of my children, and has proved a good and faithful wife. I love her, and she loves me. To your demand that I should give her up, I say I will not, I would rather die first."

There is no doubt that the present rigorous action of the law involves great hardship, especially to the women. The court does not recognise that any woman except the first wife has a claim upon the husband, so that all beside her are turned adrift without means of support unless the man of his own free will chooses to assign them something. One judge, moved by this consideration, granted alimony in a certain case, but the Supreme Court at Washington reversed his decision, and removed him on the ground that his judgment admitted the validity of the second marriage, and technically that is true. But the sense of justice is offended in a people when they see a woman cast adrift penniless, after living for years as a wife according to the custom and the ecclesiastical law of the territory, and this feeling is intensified by the fact that the children are regarded as legitimate, while their mothers are not recognised as wives.

The Latter Day Saints defend their practice of polygamy on various grounds. They urge that it is patriarchal, and quote as examples the conduct of Abraham, David, and Solomon—forgetful of the fact that these are not set before us as patterns of what we should be, but were men of like passions with ourselves. It would be as fair to argue that it is right to tell lies from the fact that Abraham told them, or to maintain that slavery is a divine institution, because Paul said, "Slaves, be obedient unto your masters according to the flesh."

The materialistic views of heaven taken by the Mormons also do much to foster this pernicious practice, as we have already seen. If blessedness in the world to come depends on the number of wives and children with which the saint builds up his kingdom, then the larger the number of both the better. But the whole theory rests on the fallacious assumption that natural relationship is more important than spiritual—a notion which is diametrically opposed to the teaching of our Lord. No son ever loved his mother more intensely than He loved Mary, but when one said unto Him, "Behold Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with Thee," He answered and said unto him that told Him, "Who is my mother, and who are my brethren?" And He stretched forth His hand towards His disciples and said, "Behold my mother and my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister and

mother." In other words, spiritual relationships, not natural, are those which abide in heaven.

A third argument advanced in favour of polygamy is that it is a preventive of vice. We had too much evidence to the contrary to be able to accept this statement. I need not specify facts in illustration. It seems to us that the power of the priesthood, the secrecy of the Mormon ceremonies, the pernicious doctrine of the sealing of wives, and the ease with which polygamists take to themselves new consorts, all tend in the direction of profligacy, and that the moral condition of the city is far from being what it is declared to be by church authorities. Nor can we shut our eyes to the evils likely to arise from the intimacy necessitated among young people who are the offspring of mixed marriages. It is true that they are not always resident in the same house. In small homesteads outside the city we noticed an arrangement which to some extent kept families apart. Two or three smaller houses surrounded the central home, and we were informed that a separate family was kept in each. But even under these circumstances—still more where two or three families live under the same roof—the relationship is not favourable to morality.

And what shall be said of the misery and heart-burning caused by this peculiar institution? One lady resident in Utah told us the touching history of a poor woman who supplied her every week with eggs, poultry, and garden produce. She had been married to a Mormon, and had twelve children. They lived together happily enough until he took to himself a young girl as a second wife. From that time there was nothing but misery, unfulfilled, unable to bear it longer, she left him and laboured hard to support herself. She often spoke with bitter tears of her sorrows and struggles to this kindhearted Gentile lady, who assured us that she felt nothing but burning indignation at this iniquitous system.

We are perfectly aware that bold statements are frequently made by Mormon leaders as to the tolerance, and even the preference, felt by the women themselves for polygamy. On the 28th January, 1879, a mass meeting of women was held in Salt Lake City, at which it was estimated that two thousand were present, and by a unanimous vote they declared their admiration for polygamy. The lady president (we will not call her chairwoman) said, among other things, "Polygamy is as essential to woman's happiness as to her salvation." Another lady, who was seventy years old, and therefore not without experience, said, "I thank God that I am a polygamous wife, and that my husband is a polygamist," and declared that she had a "feeling of great pity for those who did not enjoy this good blessing." We are not prepared to say that these women were insincere. On the contrary, we believe that most of the Mormon women are earnest, and, in their fashion, devout, but we submit that they conquer their natural and divinely-given instincts under the influence of a great delusion. Holding, as they have been taught to do, that the joys of heaven will be increased by a practice which demands from them a sacrifice of feeling, they make

that sacrifice, and glory in their shame. If the women of Utah are joyously happy wives and mothers, their woe-begone faces belie their real feelings. One grain of fact, however, is worth a whole ounce of theory. A gentleman whose friend told us the story had the following experience. He was happily married, and had as bright a home as could be found in Salt Lake City. He was to be advanced to higher dignity in the Church, and in view of this some of the officials pointed out to him the desirability of taking a second wife, which, as we have seen, would increase his honours in the kingdom which he, as a good Mormon, was building up unto himself. He thought over the matter seriously, and broached it to his wife. She, animated, as she believed, by religious motives, assented to his taking the step, and this was the easier to her because she was herself the daughter of a polygamous marriage. But from that time there was no more peace. The experience was so bitter that the second wife was dismissed with a suitable provision after a few years' misery, and the disillusioned husband subsequently abandoned the Mormon faith. The first wife was asked why she had so strongly resented an arrangement she had allowed to be made. Her reply was a natural one: "When," said she, "my husband paid any attention to his second wife—if it were only handing her a chair or giving her his arm, it stabbed me to the heart, although I should not have minded it if he had done that for any other woman in the world. It was like a sharp dagger plunged into my heart and then turned round in the wound." In other words, the God-given wifely instinct rose in rebellion.

The subject is not a pleasant one for discussion, but as long as Mormon missionaries wend their way to Europe, and hapless converts are beguiled away, it will be necessary to speak plainly. We have written so fully, because there is a tendency to regard Mormonism as a harmless delusion, and many are ignorant of its social, moral, and spiritual perils. We do not wonder that now, when a party of emigrants is made up of Mormon converts, elaborate precautions are taken by the emissaries who accompany them to prevent any access on the part of Gentiles. The specially chartered train is as well guarded against intrusion as were the cars we saw in which were crowded the savage Apaches, just captured as prisoners of war by the United States soldiers.

Our American cousins are fast awakening to the existence of this growing social cancer in the community, and seem resolved to cut it out with a ruthless hand. But their work is not easy, and we are by no means sure that they will succeed by the use of the measures which they are now adopting. Outside Salt Lake City is a camp of about two thousand United States troops, and although the force seems small it is probably sufficient to prevent any attempt at armed resistance, such as might have been successful before the telegraph and the railway broke down the barrier between the Mormon territory and the neighbouring States.

Meantime a judge and public prosecutor are

making short work of some of the Mormon leaders, fining and imprisoning all those whom they can lay hands on. President Taylor and most of the apostles, however, were in hiding at the time of our visit. As one of our informants put it, "They are like the prairie dogs you saw coming across the plain. They sit on the mound as comfortable as can be till you think you can catch them, but next moment they are down the hole, and they have so many burrows you cannot find them." Mr. George Cannon, one of the ablest men Mormonism boasts, was brought before the court and compelled to find bail to the amount of 45,000 dols. Just before our visit "he jumped his bond." The church at once paid 25,000 dols., and are disputing the balance in a higher court; while Mr. Cannon quietly lies low, hoping the storm may blow over. Even when a flagrant offender is caught, unless he chooses to confess the extent to which he is married, it is almost impossible to get evidence. On the one hand the Mormons declare that they have no marriage registers; the wife has no marriage lines; indeed, if she is perverse, sometimes no witnesses are present. If saints are called to give evidence against the accused, they have been taught to defend the good cause by lies, if lies be necessary. For example, one day last summer an ecclesiastic was charged with having more wives than one. The second wife was put in the witness-box, as it was expected by the prosecution that she would give testimony. "Are you married to this man?" asked counsel. "No!" was the reply. "Whose child is that which you hold in your arms?" "I don't know." "Will you swear it is not the prisoner's?" "Yes." Her mother followed on precisely the same lines; and, though the facts were notorious—though the judge was eager to pronounce sentence, and the jury was packed, no Mormon being on the panel—the prosecution broke down. We doubt whether the present administration of the law will succeed in breaking up the system of polygamy; while the air of martyrdom assumed by the leaders increases the loyalty of the community to them and to the system they represent.

Meanwhile the Mormons are increasing in numbers, and the question becomes more difficult and more threatening every year, the more so because of the constitution of the United States. It cannot be too widely known that even now the fundamental principle of the Union is being severely strained. Until a new "territory" contains a certain number of inhabitants it is not regarded as a "State," but when that number is reached it has a constitutional right to claim State privileges. Utah and Idaho, for example, where the Mormons outnumber the Gentiles, are at present only territories, and therefore can be ruled from Washington. But already the former has population enough to be made a "State," and it is justly feared by American citizens, that at some election, when parties are evenly balanced, and reckless politicians are bidding high for influence, Utah will succeed in securing State rights, such as her neighbour California enjoys. Indeed, if the peopling of this territory goes on

at its present rapid rate, it will be a flagrant violation of the constitution to refuse her recognition as a State.<sup>1</sup> And if Statehood be once granted it is irrevocable. No subsequent Congress could interfere with the State of Utah, and the presence of the tribunal now in the Salt Lake City, and of the troops outside it, would be illegal. There would be a State in the Union consisting almost entirely of Polygamists, welded together as only a religious community can be, absolutely under the control of a bold and fanatical hierarchy. Moreover, the constitution of the United States gives each State absolute power over the subjects of marriage and divorce. Any State legislature is perfectly free to permit a citizen to have a dozen wives if he pleases. We know how the Mormons would use this power to-morrow if they had it, and as the neighbouring territories of Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming are becoming infected by this virus, the difficulty is increasing year by year. No doubt there is a strong objection on the part of the Americans against increasing the power of Congress, lest the present federal system should be superseded by the unified republican system of France. But surely this danger may be guarded against, and it would be worth running a certain risk in order to place questions of marriage and divorce under the regulation of the same law for the entire Union, allowing the Federal courts to punish violation of such enactments. These questions affect the whole community alike, and ought to be dealt with, we think, by national legislation. By this change not only would polygamy be stamped as hopeless throughout the entire Union, and the Mormon problem largely solved; but advantages would accrue to other States. Divorce laws are far too loose, even in New York, and in Connecticut, which claims to be "the land of steady habits;" and we are persuaded that such laws which are tolerated in the comparatively small area of a State would not be enacted by men who felt that they were legislating for the whole nation, with the eyes of the civilised world upon them. And not only would moral law thus receive higher and wider sanction, but the practical difficulties which often arise from the prevalence of different legislation in different States would be swept away.

In these days, when people availing themselves of railway facilities move freely from State to State, when it is computed that over ten million American citizens are residing in States other than those of their birth, this is a serious question, especially for women, who often know but little of the marriage law, and still less of its variations, yet carry their social life in their hands as they pass from one part of the Union to another.

Difficult and prolonged as may be the effort to effect any alteration in the constitution of the United States, the change proposed would probably prove for the advantage of the whole nation, and would at least put down the growing scandal of polygamous marriages, and shake to its very foundations the structure of hierarchical tyranny in Utah.

<sup>1</sup> The population of Utah rose from 11,380 in 1850 to 47,130 in 1860, to 86,786 in 1870, and to 143,963 in 1880.



In conclusion, it must be noted here that while this paper was passing through the press, "The Polygamy Bill" was run through Congress without a division. It annuls all Territorial Acts establishing the Corporation known as the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints and the Corporation known as the Perpetual Fund Emigration Company, and makes it the duty of the attorney-general to dissolve them. But the

constitution of the United States expressly provides that Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. This fundamental law makes it appear doubtful whether Congress is within the limits of its jurisdiction in dissolving a religious corporation because its members break the laws. If the Polygamy Bill can be enforced it will sweep Mormonism out of the United States.

### KING JOHN'S JOURNEYS.

PEOPLE of the present day are very fond of talking about the many more miles they travel in a year, and of how much more they see of their own and foreign countries, than their forefathers did; and, so far as most of us are concerned, this is perfectly true. But there is at least one person in the three kingdoms, that person being the sovereign, who does not travel in the course of a year a tithe of the distance travelled by her royal predecessors in days gone by. This is very clearly proved by studying the itinerary of any of our early kings, which may be compiled from the attestations to various instruments found on the rolls of Chancery. Take, for instance, the itinerary of King John, compiled fifty years ago by the Record Commission, and we shall be struck not only by the roving life led by the king and his court, but also by the really remarkable speed with which their journeys were accomplished.

John was crowned at Westminster on the 27th of May, 1199. Here he remained transacting the commencing business of his reign till the 7th of June, and after a trip to Northampton we find him at Canterbury on the 12th, and at Shoreham from the 16th to the 20th of the same month, on his way to France to recover the revolted provinces from Prince Arthur. The day of his departure from England and the time of his arrival in France are not recorded, but he was at Roche-Orival on June the 29th.

It is not part of our design to follow the king through his travels abroad on this or subsequent occasions; suffice it to say that his journeys were as frequent on the other side of the Channel as on this. He stayed in France till about the 24th of February following (A.D. 1200). He was at Barfleur on that day, and on the 27th had reached Portsmouth. He travelled to London *via* Winchester and Windsor, reaching Westminster on the 6th of March. After three days' rest we find him at Woodstock, a very favourite sojourning place of his. From here he journeyed northwards, reaching York on the 28th. In less than a month he was again at Portsmouth (having travelled southwards through the Midlands), and on the 2nd of May was at Valognes, commencing another "continental tour," which lasted till October. On the 6th of this month he was again in England, and stopping at Freemantle, where there was a

well-stocked park, and the attractions of the chase caused him to spend many days here at different times.

He reached London on the 10th of October, but stayed only one day. On the 11th he was at Guildford, on the 15th at Clarendon, on the 19th at Marlborough, on the 23rd at Malmesbury, on the 28th at Berkeley, on the 29th at Gloucester, on the 13th of November at Bridgenorth, and a week later had crossed England and reached Lincoln. From here he went to Northampton, Clarendon, Marlborough, Freemantle, and was at Woodstock on the 28th of December. On the first or second day of the new year (A.D. 1201) we find him starting on the most northern journey he had yet undertaken. Travelling first eastwards, he was at Lincoln on the 12th of January, Louth from the 18th to the 21st, and at Beverley on the 25th. He was at Scarborough on the 3rd of February, Stockton on the 6th, Durham on the 7th and 8th, and Newcastle on the 9th and 10th. He reached Alnwick on the 12th, and, striking south-west, reached Carlisle on the 21st. We now find him again crossing England to York, where he seems to have arrived on the 1st of March, and returned southwards to Nottingham, and thence eastwards to Bury St. Edmunds. He was at Chelmsford on the 21st, but for some reason, instead of returning direct to Westminster, whither he was evidently bound, we find him at Faversham on the 24th, suggesting that he had made for the Essex coast from Chelmsford and taken ship to Faversham. He passed a few days at Canterbury, and reached Westminster on the first of April. Leaving again on the 3rd, we find him travelling westwards to Exeter, and then back to Portsmouth, from which place he evidently embarked again for France, where he resided for about three years and a half, setting foot again at Portsmouth on the 7th of December, 1203. This year he spent Christmas at Canterbury, but meanwhile had gone to Bury St. Edmunds and back.

Thus in little more than ten months (for more than four of the five years through which we have followed him he spent abroad) King John visited the greater part of England, embracing in his excursions the principal towns along the east coast northwards as far as Alnwick, then travelling across country to Carlisle, and from thence to

York, constantly journeying to and fro in the midland counties and stopping at almost every important town or castle from Canterbury to Exeter. Each of his succeeding years he spent in an equally roving fashion, seldom spending more than a day or two at any one place, so that to follow his movements closely any farther would become monotonous. Let us, therefore, consider some of his day-journeys that we may judge of the speed at which he travelled. On the 7th of November, 1204, he went from Canterbury to Winchester; on the 1st of December, 1205, he was at Lambeth, Rochester, and Canterbury on the same day, and at each of these places transacted business. On the 4th of July, 1206, he went from Porchester to Bridgwater; and on the 16th of August following, from the Tower of London to Cranbourne in Dorsetshire. On the 4th of January, 1208, he was at Salisbury, and the following day at Burbage in Leicestershire. On St. Valentine's Day following he came from Writtle near Chelmsford to Westminster. London to St. Albans, or Ongar, or Windsor, or Reading, and back, were ordinary day-trips. Now all this is strange when we remember how bad were the English roads at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Those made by the Romans had fallen to decay, and it was not till the year 1285 that any effort was made to construct new means of inland communication or to repair the old ones. Yet we find King John making day-journeys of over seventy miles. Of course these journeys were made on horseback, but it must be remembered that the king was always followed by his chancery, which must have carried a certain amount of baggage. The heavy luggage, including the royal wardrobe, followed by cart. The *Misæ* rolls afford numerous entries illustrative of the cost of travelling. One of the most interesting is that which records the payment, on the 23rd of May, 1202, for the hire of a boat to ferry the king's wardrobe over the Thames from Lambeth to Westminster because London Bridge was broken down!

There are periods in a king's reign when his movements are interesting from other reasons besides their being illustrative of the distance he travelled or of his rate of progression. Foremost amongst such in King John's case is the period at which he gave his assent to Magna Charta.

Historians have pictured the king, when he had taken the fatal step, bursting into a paroxysm of fury and hastening to the lonely shore of the Isle of Wight to escape the presence and the reproaches of his courtiers. Here, we are told, he conversed only with the poor fishermen, who would not taunt him with weakness in yielding to the barons' demands. All this is a very dramatic picture, of course, but King John, after consenting to Magna Charta, did not go to the Isle of Wight at all. On the morning of the 15th of June, 1215, he started from Windsor to pay the first visit he ever paid to Runnymede, and probably returned that night. He stayed at Windsor till the 21st (paying meanwhile six more visits to Runnymede), surrounded by his court and busily engaged in transacting business. On the 26th he left and

travelled about to various busy towns in his ordinary style. Where, then, is his precipitate flight into seclusion? Towards autumn we find him proceeding towards the south coast, probably to meet the foreign hosts whose services he had obtained for the purpose of oppressing the barons, and annulling the effects of the great charter.

His successful march from Dover to Berwick-upon-Tweed is clearly shown by a study of his itinerary. At Rochester (where he met with such an obstinate resistance) he stayed fifty-five days, the longest stay he ever made at one place. From here he passed through Reigate to Winchester, Iwer, St. Albans, Northampton, Nottingham (where he spent Christmas), Newark, Doncaster, Pontefract, York, Durham, and Newcastle.

In 1210 King John paid his first visit to Wales on his way to Ireland. His route may be taken as representing the usual way of passage to Ireland at that time, and so is curious. He left London on the 8th of May, and travelled by way of Odiham, Winchester, and Marlborough, to Bristol. Here he crossed the Channel, and we find him at Neath, Cardiff, and Swansea. On the 3rd of June he was at a place described as "Cross-on-the-Sea," near Pembroke, a spot evidently to be identified with Milford Haven. Here he stopped several days, sailing for Ireland presumably on the 16th of June. He landed near Waterford, and at once commenced a northward journey by way of Kilkenny, Naas, Dublin, Trim, Kells, Louth, Carlingford, and Downpatrick to Carrickfergus, returning from there to Dublin. His sailing-place on his return journey is described as "near" Dublin. He landed at Fishguard in Pembrokeshire on the 26th of August.

King John's movements during the closing days of his reign are also interesting. The defeated barons had sought and obtained aid from France. London had yielded, and John, who was travelling about the Welsh border counties, hastily crossed England to Lincolnshire. He left Lincoln for the south on the 2nd of October, spent the 3rd and 4th at Grimsby, leaving on the evening of the latter day for Louth. On the 5th he was at Boston; on the 7th and 8th at Spalding; and on the 9th at King's Lynn. A glance at an ancient map suggests that it was between these two places that the accident befel his baggage and his army; and a longer stop than usual at the latter place suggests that he waited for some time in the hope of learning tidings of his loss. The disaster evidently affected his plans, as we find him diverting his course towards London. On the 12th of October he was at Wisbeach. He reached Swinshead the same night. The 14th and 15th were spent at Sleaford (he seems to have been retracing his steps towards Lincoln), and on the 18th he entered Newark, where he closed his unhappy reign, either on or soon after the 18th of October, the last day on which we find him transacting business. King John spent the greatest part of his reign at Winchester; here he passed 170 days. He spent 154 days in London (principally at the Tower), 101 at Westminster, 99 at Lambeth, 75 at Freemantle, and 60 at Corfe. "Royal" Windsor only enjoyed his presence for 96 days.

## THE TEACHING OF THE "DEAF AND DUMB."

A GOVERNMENT INQUIRY.

SOME eighteen months ago, Lord Salisbury, who was then, as he is at the moment of writing, Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, appears to have had a pleasant glimpse of the beneficent possibilities of his great position, and to have contemplated some sort of action on behalf of the unfortunate deaf-mutes of this country. It must have been merely a glimpse. Ever since, continual political change and incessant agitation seem almost to have blotted out all chance of dealing with any of those innumerable minor interests, of which the welfare of deaf-mutes may be taken to be typical, and which, by uniting in harmonious effort, statesmen of all shades of opinion have in times past undoubtedly done so much to soften and sweeten political life.

At a meeting held during the International Health Exhibition, and under the auspices of the Council, it was stated that all over the world there were deaf-mutes educated or in course of education to the number of about 90,000; whilst the totally uneducated, who had never been at school and never could go, because there were no schools provided for them, numbered about a million. Of that million it was stated that about 2,000 were to be found in the United Kingdom. Of deaf-mutes it is even more true than of other people, that they are what education makes them. If entirely without education their ignorance is of course more dense and profound than that of others; they are more entirely shut up to their own resources, and, as it was said in the course of the discussion just alluded to, "they are almost mere animals, under the government of their own passions." It is sad to think of 2,000 people in this kingdom left in so hopeless a condition of darkness and debasement, whereas they might most of them, if not all, become as intelligent and useful members of society as the majority of their fellow-creatures. But, besides the total neglect of these 2,000 deaf-mutes, it has been strongly urged by those specially informed upon the subject, that much more might be done for the benefit of such as are under instruction. Their special affliction renders it imperative that they shall have special training, extending over a longer period than is usual with others, and that they shall have the benefit of teachers who, in addition to all the ordinary qualifications, shall have a long and more or less expensive training for their difficult work. All this involves expense, which the friends of the deaf and dumb are often unable to bear, and it is urged that in the interests of a very pitiable class, their families, and the community at large, public assistance ought to be rendered.

Recognising, it may be presumed, the force of these considerations, and with a kindly desire to see what could be done in the matter, Lord Salisbury addressed a circular to the representatives of the Queen in most of the capitals of

Europe and in Washington, asking for information respecting the numbers of deaf-mutes in the countries in which these representatives resided, and the amount of public aid given towards their education. The answers to this circular have been embodied in a parliamentary paper just lately published, containing a very valuable amount of information on a subject the full importance of which has been recognised only within a very recent period, and which has not even yet received anything like the attention it deserves.

Apart from the main drift of these collected reports there are some curious and interesting facts and opinions to be found in them. For instance, Professor Bell, an authority eminent among American scientists, affirms that recent educational efforts in the interests of deaf-mutes in the United States have had the unfortunate effect of largely promoting intermarriage between them. Before education was brought to bear on them, deaf-mutes hardly ever intermarried. In the various institutions that have been established for them throughout the country they are congregated together both in youth and adult life, and they are more segregated from hearing people than they were. That is the opinion of Professor Bell. Another authority puts the same thing in another way: "The enormous amount of special instruction required to develop the powers of deaf-mutes by any system or method that has ever been devised tends to produce in the majority of the deaf a peculiarity known as 'clannishness,' greatly deplored by the wisest friends and educators of the deaf. This sentimental regard of the deaf for the deaf, while it has its beautiful side, is too often a hindrance to the highest development of the individual, and, at the same time, when men are able to support families, it leads to intermarriages of the deaf, which in certain cases are to be deprecated." They are more prosperous, too, than they used to be, and are better able to set up housekeeping. Marriages are more frequent, and from the statistics given in this parliamentary paper it appears that in five schools there had been up till 1882, 5,738 pupils, and of these 1,089 had been married, and no less than 856 out of the number married deaf-mutes.

Whatever may be pleaded in favour of marriages of this kind, the probability in many cases of the transmission of the defect is a great objection. It is added that the researches of Dr. Peet, Dr. Turner, and Professor Bell, "prove conclusively the hereditary nature of deaf-mutism in many cases. Indeed, heredity may be considered as a principal though indirect cause of deaf-mutism." Though the great majority of the children of deaf-mute parents are not deaf, and many deaf-mutes have no deaf offspring, the proportion of deaf offspring is much greater with deaf parents than with hearing



parents. On the authority of an American Asylum Report is recorded the curious fact that the proportion of deaf-mute children is greater where one of the parents is deaf and one is a hearing person than where both parents are deaf. This, however, another authority contends, does not hold good in cases of "congenital deafness"—cases of persons born without hearing, that is—whatever truth there may be in it with regard to those whose infirmity has come later on. There seems to be good ground for the belief that "the family, rather than the individual, furnishes indications of the probable transmission of the defect." Even though a person be deaf and dumb, the chances of his children being similarly afflicted are but small, if he is the only deaf-mute in his family; but if others of his kith and kin have the same defect, the chances of his transmitting it to his children are serious. "Of 162 deaf-mutes married to hearing persons, 55 hearing deaf-mute relatives had 15 deaf children, which of the 107 who had not deaf relatives, only one had a deaf child."

In considering this particular phase of the great and momentous subject of heredity, it is of course important to be able to determine when deafness is congenital and when it is the disease or accident. But it appears to be very difficult to do this. It is very common indeed for people to be said to have been "born deaf" when in fact they have not been so. The condition of the ear, as observed by skilful aurists, indicates that the ear affections having their origin in inflammation of the naso-pharyngeal mucous membrane, constitute the vast majority of all the diseases of the ear and consequent deafness. Hence it is highly probable that "congenital" deafness is not congenital in fact, but due simply to unobserved chronic catarrh of the middle ear soon after birth or in early infancy.

There appears from these reports to be ample evidence that, as it has just been expressed, heredity is a principal cause of deaf-mutism. That being so, it is not surprising to find that in America, where intermarriage between persons thus afflicted has to a considerable extent been promoted by modern efforts for their welfare, the number of persons deaf and dumb—to use the common expression—seems to be increasing greatly out of proportion to the general increase of population. This advance is said to be very striking.

In 1885 there were in the United States 53 public and 11 denominational and private schools for the education of the deaf. There are nearly 8,000 pupils in these schools, in nearly all of which tuition is free, or practically free, to rich and poor alike, and "in general the only expense incurred by the parents is for clothing and transportation." In the majority of the schools several hours a day are devoted to industrial and technical training. All sorts of trades, and a great many of the professions, are represented by pupils who have gone through these schools; and it is said that, as a rule, the wages earned by the deaf-mutes of the United States are not inferior to those earned by others in the same lines. The

Illinois Institution in 1882 made careful inquiry into the circumstances of 968 living graduates, and reported them as honest, industrious men and women, enjoying the confidence and respect of their neighbours, and performing the duties of intelligent citizens, and bearing their social responsibilities as well as the average of hearing and speaking people. "None of the former pupils are in prisons, gaols, or almshouses." The president of another institution writes: "Forty who have gone out from the National College have been engaged in teaching; three have become editors and publishers of newspapers; three others have taken positions connected with journalism; ten have entered the civil service of the Government—one of these, who had risen rapidly to a high and responsible position, lately resigned to enter upon the practice of law in patent cases in Cincinnati; one, while filling a position as instructor in a Western institution, has rendered important service to the Ewart Survey as a microscopist; one has been an accomplished draughtsman in the office of a New York architect; one has for several years filled the position of recorder's clerk in a large Western city; two have taken places in the faculty of their *alma mater*, and are rendering valuable returns as instructors where they were students but a short time since. Some have gone into mercantile and other offices; some have undertaken business on their own account; while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits in which the advantages of thorough mental training will give them a superiority over those not so well educated. Of those alluded to as having engaged in teaching, one has been the principal of a flourishing institution in Pennsylvania; another of a day-school in Cincinnati, and later of the Colorado Institution; a third has had charge of the Oregon Institution, and a fourth is at the head of a day-school in St. Louis."

These are of course among the more highly educated of American deaf-mutes, but the list is very interesting, and full of encouragement to those who suffer, showing, as it does, in a very gratifying manner, that, although the education of the deaf-mute is a costly and difficult business, results are very valuable, both to the educated individual himself and to the community.

Many of these reports show in a very instructive way that affliction is one of the outcomes of various forms of disease, and that science, in battling with scarlet fever, typhoid fever, scrofula, and other diseases, is really battling also with deaf-mutism. Thus the last census of the Prussian people, taken in 1880, showed a very serious increase in the number of deaf-mutes, as compared with the census of 1870. Detailed statistics showed that this increase was especially observable in East and West Prussia, where out of 10,000 people there were about eighteen deaf and dumb, while in several other parts of Prussia there were only six or seven. The reason assigned for this disparity is that in East and West Prussia there had prevailed an epidemic disease involving inflammation of the brain, and resulting in the loss of hearing by a large number of the population.

Again, in the alpine regions of Italy the percentage of deaf-mutes to the whole population is found to be three times greater than in any other district. This, it is pointed out, can hardly be attributed exclusively to the altitude of the country, since in the Apennines the proportion is smaller than in the plains of the Po. It is suggested that the secluded existence of the mountaineers leads to a prevalence of consanguinous marriages, or, "there may be some special ethnographical influence at work among them." Closer investigation would probably show that here, as in East and West Prussia, special diseases are to a great extent the "ethnographical influences" at work. There is a passage in the report from Italy which speaks of scrofula as being "rather prevalent" among deaf-mutes in that country, and it is added, "in cases where persons have become deaf-mutes in consequence of illness, typhoid fever and brain fever are the chief causes of the affliction."

Disease is itself, however, but an outcome of unwholesome conditions of life. In the Swiss canton of Berne the number of deaf and dumb persons is said to be ten times as great as that of Granbunden, which is about the same size. "Probably a powerful predisposing cause for this excessive number of deaf-mutes in Berne may be traced in the extreme poverty and hard life endured by the Oberland peasants; as also in the meagre diet and habitual use of inferior spirits, which together constitute the curse of the canton generally."

The United States' census for 1880 returns a surprisingly large number of deaf-mutes who are defective in other respects, 245 being blind, 268 insane, 2,122 idiotic, 30 blind and insane, and 217 blind and idiotic, making a total of 2,882 who are doubly or trebly afflicted. These figures would seem to be open to some question. But even an approximation to such a list is very terrible. What an awful isolation must be that of a poor creature who has neither eyes nor ears nor speech! Arrested development of the nervous system appears to be, in the opinion of Professor Bell, a sufficient explanation of the terrible phenomena of deafness combined with other afflictions. Unfavourable social circumstances are also specified as an indirect source of deafness.

In the light of these facts and scientific opinions, what a frightful subject of contemplation would London and any other of our large towns present but for the abounding charity which does so much to mitigate the starvation of children and to ward off the evils of "arrested development of the nervous system" from want of food. Alas! what a frightful subject of contemplation *do* our large towns present looked at from this point of view, even with all that charity is able to do. How much affliction is indirectly entailed by want of food and fresh air, by foul homes and still fouler habits of life.

Among "unfavourable social conditions," no doubt, must sometimes be included unhealthy localities. "In seeking the indirect causes of deafness it has been noted that the geological character of the little hamlet on Martha's Vine-

yard, famous for its large proportion of deaf-mutes, differs from the rest of the island. The surface is undulating, while the rest of the island is flat, and the subsoil consists of peculiar clays not found in other parts of the island." This seems a little far-fetched, yet it is not improbable that the population living on a damp clay subsoil may be peculiarly liable to certain maladies apt to result in deafness. Chronic catarrh has already been mentioned among the very frequent sources of deafness which is often supposed to be congenital.

Some of these reports are chiefly composed of statistical details which could hardly be presented to the general reader in any useful or interesting form. One or two salient facts, however, may be gleaned from each of them. Prussia seems to have no uniform system for the support and management of its deaf and dumb institutions, each province provides for its own deaf-mutes in its own way. In each a certain sum of money is received from the State, and this is administered under the control of a Landes Direktor, who is responsible to the Prussian Home Office. There is in each province a School Board responsible for all that concerns the education of the deaf and dumb, this School Board itself being under the State Ministry of Divine Worship and Education. There is one institution which has a special status. This is the Royal Deaf and Dumb Institution in Berlin, which receives pupils from the whole kingdom, and which educates teachers for the provincial establishments. This latter being a duty which is held to devolve on the State, this royal institution is supported by an annual grant of about 40,000 marks (in English money about £1,750). Altogether there are forty-four deaf-mute institutions in Prussia, and, according to the last census, out of a total population of about 27,200,000 there were nearly 28,000 deaf-mutes.

In Italy the last census showed a population of about 28½ millions, and deaf-mutes were put down at 15,300. It is thought, however, that as regards these afflicted ones the returns are not trustworthy, and that the probable number may be nearly double that stated. Throughout all Italy there are thirty-four establishments for their benefit. Half of them are charitable institutions under Government supervision, three are State institutes, and twelve are parish ones. The course of instruction lasts eight years, and in every institute suitable trades are taught, and in seventeen of them some instruction is added in the rudiments of Art. Several institutes have committees for assisting pupils after they have left school, and the best moral and economical results are said to have been attained. It is explicitly affirmed, however, that south of the province of Naples there is not one deaf-mute who has received the most elementary rudiments of education.

Austria has a population of 22 millions, of whom more than 26,000 are deaf-mutes. There are sixteen asylums altogether, and most of them receive considerable grants from provincial funds, and several are assisted directly by the State. In the other half of the Austro-Hungarian Empire there appear to be only two small establishments, and not much seems to be known of the 15,000

unfortunates in Hungary. The day of benevolence and education has probably only just dawned upon the poor deaf-mutes of this part of Europe.

In Belgium the proportion of this afflicted class of the population is said to be increasing. The largest number is to be found in the low-lying districts of East Flanders and Brabant, a fact, however, which may be set against another mentioned in connection with Austria-Hungary, where the minimum number of deaf-mutes is found in the mountainous province of Carinthia. Belgium has a population of nearly 6 millions, and her deaf-mutes number about 3,000. There are ten institutes, the cost of which is, generally speaking, shared between the provinces and the State. Nothing of any special importance is given in the report from the Netherlands, and pretty much the same may be said of Switzerland, the last census of which embodied no information on the subject of deaf-mutes, the principal reason being the reluctance of parents to supply the necessary information.

From France there is a long and elaborate report, largely made up, however, of detailed information, which could hardly be made to interest the general reader. It is reckoned that they have about 30,000 deaf-mutes in France, and of one sort and another there are some sixty schools. Of thirty-six full particulars are given, and there are three of them which should be specially noticed—the *Institution Nationale de Paris* for boys, a similar establishment in *Bordeaux* for girls, and another in *Chambéry* for both sexes. These are State institutions, the buildings are public property, and they are maintained by large grants of public money. The *Paris* institute is the oldest in France, and is reckoned among the sights of the French capital. It has 280 pupils, who enter from the age of ten to thirteen, and who remain for seven years. They undergo a course of intellectual and moral training and are taught some trade or art. The *State* institute at *Bordeaux* for girls has 200 pupils, who are admitted at from nine till twelve years of age, for a period of seven years, or eight in the case of pupils who distinguish themselves. In addition to a good ordinary education, pupils receive professional training, such, for instance, as instruction in porcelain painting. This establishment is just about a hundred years old. The *National Institute* at *Chambéry* is of more recent origin, and is on a smaller scale than either of the other two. The pupils enter at any age between ten and fifteen, and undergo a course of six or seven years' training, part of which is professional.

These three, as it has been said, are State establishments, the administration of which is carried on under the immediate authority of the *Ministre de l'Intérieur*. Naturally they take the lead, and they give the tone to all the other establishments in France, which in most essential matters appear to correspond with each other pretty closely, though there are some diversities.

In all establishments, with three exceptions, professional training, as well as ordinary education, is given, and a good deal appears to be done also—though very much more is required—by way of oversight and assistance for deaf-mutes after they have left school.

"*Le Français parlé et écrit*"—the French language spoken and written—the report mentions among the subjects very generally taught to the deaf and dumb in France. Not a very great while ago that would have been a grim joke: happily it has now become a veritable fact. The dumb are now being everywhere taught to speak. That is perhaps the most striking fact set forth in this collection of reports. The oral instruction of deaf-mutes has been engaged in a great struggle throughout Europe and America, and as a system it has come out victorious all along the line. It is now a recognised fact that dumbness is invariably due to deafness. Practically it may be said that there is no such thing as dumbness by itself. The loss of hearing is the real and only cause of deaf-mutism, and it has been found to be quite possible to make the eye a substitute for the ear.

A very remarkable fact was mentioned in the course of the discussion at the Health Exhibition. A gentleman who had been the medical attendant of the late Mr. Buckstone, said that this popular actor, twenty years before his death, had told him that he was so deaf that he never heard a word that was uttered on the stage. He entirely depended on the movement of the lips of those with whom he was acting, though probably nobody who heard him ever suspected it. What Mr. Buckstone did it has been found practicable to teach all deaf persons to do. They may be taught to gather what is said to them from the movement of the lips and face of the speaker, and, since they are really not dumb in the sense of wanting any part of the apparatus of speech, they may be taught to speak. That, however, is now very generally known; but up till quite recently the old system of communicating with the "deaf and dumb" by means of signs and gestures has held its ground, and in many quarters has stubbornly resisted the new method.

As illustrating the serious opposition presented to it, it may be mentioned that Professor Leon Väisse, the pioneer of the oral system in France, who died only two or three years ago, was at one time at the head of the great national institution in Paris—a very valuable and highly coveted position. Such was the antagonism with which he had to contend, however, in consequence of his advocacy of the oral system, that he was compelled to retire from his post. But in spite of all opposition the oral method has made its way, and in 1880 a great congress of deaf-mute teachers assembled at Milan pronounced unanimously in favour of the oral system as the best of all known methods of teaching. This has been confirmed by a later assembly at Brussels, and all over Europe and America oral teaching seems to be coming into universal adoption.





## THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF WASOBIOYE.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS THROUGH ETHEREAL REGIONS.

*Adapted from the Japanese by M. Kataoka, Author of "The Japanese Rip Van Winkle," etc.*

### CHAPTER VI.

ONE day, when a larger crowd than usual had gathered about him, he lifted up his voice and spoke thus:

"Good people, as you know, I am Wasobioye, a great traveller, who, having visited many countries, and observed the manners and customs of each, by chance have come among you. In this I see a land larger by far than any I have yet visited; still, I have great pity for you all." Here a hypocritical expression of grief crossed his features, at which his listeners were greatly diverted.

"Now," continued Wasobioye, "the people should be introduced to some doctrine. China has the teachings of Confucius, Roshi, Moshi, and Sousi. In India the doctrines of Buddha show how persons reach heaven or hell by their own choice and actions. My native country has Shintoism [the most ancient religion of Japan]

and the gods. Izanagi and Izanami teach their disciples the honest way of the four principles—viz., humanity, patriotism, reverence for parents, and purity of purpose. If people in my country are ignorant of these things they are not called human beings."

Wasobioye stood close to a small table, and, with many gestures and facial contortions, delivered this harangue, and concluded by offering to lead these giants, whom he sincerely believed to have neither mind nor much soul, into the ways of Buddha; and as the tall men craned their long necks to listen, and smiled often, and, above all, manifested no signs of impatience, he imagined he was doing famously, and in his mind's eye saw himself seated upon a throne with these great men at his feet. So for several days, without fear or shame, he endeavoured to explain and teach, and as he had been an untiring student he was

well versed in both ancient and modern events, and his volubility surprised even himself.

But after five or six days, when a large audience had gathered, a great man, overtopping by head and shoulders the other giants, pushed his way to the front and listened attentively; then, addressing Kochi, who stood in the background, said, "This little man is no better than a parrot, for he chatters without teaching." Then the whole audience laughed heartily, and thereafter treated him as if he were indeed a bird, so that in a short time his self-conceit died a violent death, and he was compelled to own the downfall of his cherished schemes.

One fine morning, when Kochi paid him his usual visit, Wasobioye broke into peevish lamentation over the ignorance of the people and their want of law and religion, winding up his tirade by saying: "Let me leave this country to its own destruction. I honestly strove to show the true way to the inhabitants, yet no single one has understood me. I have never before visited a land where there is no education nor the worship of some deity. Permit me to depart, I pray you; yet, before I go, why are these things thus?"

Having repeated his question twice, Kochi, smiling in a patronising manner, answered: "It is foolish to try to explain to so small a man; still, I will grant your request. First, you could not understand the great size of every object in our land, and, just the same, you cannot understand our minds. We do easily grasp all your teachings. Perhaps a great man appears foolish to a small, conceited man's mind. Your body is only about five feet in length, and because you have travelled much you are filled with boastfulness, and your sight is blinded by your egotism. Have you never reflected that there may be a better doctrine than yours?"

"Great men can see the beginning and the end also; a small man forgets the commencement before he reaches the end. When summer comes you fail to remember the biting winds of winter."

"In your small country there cannot be a learned man without study; no one is satisfied unless he attains the age of Kohaku. Without law your people cannot be controlled; it is hard to be good; the path to wickedness is attractive, and so your gods appoint managers to introduce good things to those who become confused. Now you see such things are necessary for small men."

"Law is the box where small men live, and they are quite ignorant of the outside of that box. We have the greatness which enables us to live on the outside, so that your talk sounded to us like the silly chatter of a bird, who, not thinking for himself, repeats what has been taught him. But law is good for such as you. In our country the people are truly great and able to see far ahead, and so do not commit evil, for they see at the end it is full of bitterness. Now do you understand that we are not quite the foolish people you supposed us to be? And be thankful that you have had the opportunity of visiting us. Pray keep your own way and live your life pleasantly."

"And now," said Kochi, rising and patting Wasobioye's shoulders in a friendly fashion, "I

think you may wish to continue your journey. You will find your stork awaiting your pleasure."

Then was Wasobioye filled with shame and astonishment, and acknowledged his ignorance, and thanked Kochi both for his kind advice and his good entertainment. Escorted by his tall friend he mounted his steed and gave the signal.

The bird rose high into the air and continued its flight for many moons, until at length Wasobioye beheld beneath him the familiar features of his native land, and, amid the wondering exclamations of the populace, sailed slowly over the roofs of Nagasaki, and finally descended into the marketplace.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"WATER takes the shape of the vessel in which it is confined, whether square or round. So man is according to his friend's virtue or vice. Some persons if they hear inferior conversation wash their ears." So runs the Japanese proverb.

When Wasobioye alighted in the streets of Nagasaki he looked about him in open-mouthed astonishment, for the faces were so strange to him and the marts of trade all looked so different. In his bewilderment he called a boy who peddled small articles through the town, and asked him in what direction he must go to find his son's establishment. The boy directed him, and soon the old familiar building loomed up. Entering, he called to the first one he beheld, and said,

"Tell my son that Wasobioye, his father, has returned."

But the young man stared in astonishment at the quaint figure in front of him, and said, "Honourable sir, you must be mistaken. Our master's father is even now with him, engaged in transacting some important business."

"How now!" quoth Wasobioye, "run quickly to your master and deliver speedily my message."

His aspect became so threatening that the lad was fain to obey. After coughing bashfully to announce his presence, he entered the private office where the descendants of Wasobioye were engaged in a deep discussion over the merits of various samples of silks and crêpes which lay scattered before them.

"Well, well!" quoth the elder, impatiently, "what do you want?"

Prostrating himself and performing the respectful salutation, the youth informed him that a man of venerable appearance, who claimed to be Wasobioye, waited outside.

"He is certainly a thousand years old," added the lad.

"Show him in, and quickly," quoth the person addressed; and soon Wasobioye entered the well-known office, where everything looked quite unchanged.

But when he told them that he was Wasobioye, the founder of that house, and inquired for his eldest son, they looked pityingly at him, casting at

the same time significant glances at each other and tapping their foreheads in a knowing way.

When they sought to explain to him that Wasobioye had been drowned while upon a fishing excursion some eight hundred years before, he became indignant and declared himself to be in truth that very Wasobioye; and when he read distrust upon their countenances, he railed at them for unbelieving idiots and went his way to seek his wife and old home, for, strange to say, as soon as his feet had touched his native soil he forgot the length of the journey he had made and the time consumed in the various lands which he had visited, and it seemed but yesterday that he had been driven before the storm in his little boat.

As he trod the old familiar road he missed many landmarks and noted many buildings which appeared new to him. However, he trudged on until he found himself at the familiar bend of the road whence he formerly caught the first glimpse of his home. But a field of waving grass covered the site of it, and the whole place seemed little else than a nest for the foxes. Wondering much at this change, he strode on, and in a short time stood beside the tomb of his ancestors. Alas! the names of his wife and children, and many others unfamiliar to him, were engraved upon the tablet. Slowly he began to realise that the story told him by the old merchant must be true.

"Let me then continue my travels, since no one is left to me," he cried, and looked carefully about for his faithful stork. But that sage bird, having fulfilled its mission in carrying him safely to his native land, had taken wing and at this very moment was travelling rapidly towards its home.

Wasobioye, happening to glance upward, saw far off upon the distant horizon the great wings beating the air like sails of a gigantic ship; then, knowing that his travels for the present were at an end, he accepted the inevitable, returned into Nagasaki, hired a small house, and lived alone, supporting himself by giving lectures upon his journeyings and the wonderful things he had seen. Crowds came to hear him and for a time he was content.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

WASOBIOYE, having spent some years in this fashion, thought to himself that he would never die, for had he not visited the country of Immortals, and there partaken of the life-preserving food? So he became impatient of his monotonous existence, and pined to visit strange lands again.

One day he left his house, fishing-rod in hand, to spend some hours on the shores of the bay. Drowsiness finally crept upon him, and finding a suitable flat rock he lay down upon it and speedily fell asleep. He was aroused by the rock heaving violently, and, as he started up affrighted, saw that he had chosen for his couch the back of an enormous turtle, whose shell was not less than five feet in diameter. But the animal thrust out

his head, and with a wise look at Wasobioye, said,

"Fear not! I know your name, and also your desire to visit other new lands. I am the uncle of the stork who guided you on so many journeys, and now it will give me much pleasure to pilot you still further if you will trust yourself to my guidance."

Wasobioye answered, "Although this is my native land, yet without family or friends life here has become hateful to me; still I may not die because I have visited the Immortal land. I would like to see my good friend the stork once more."

Being agreed, Wasobioye settled himself comfortably upon the back of the turtle, and they started, journeying at a high rate of speed for about three months. Wasobioye hungered not, and, though meeting many storms, passed through them without fear, for, seated firmly upon the back of his guide, he felt as comfortable as in a *kago* (sort of conveyance) in his native land.

Many strange islands were passed, and dissolving views met his eyes every hour; still his guide relaxed not his speed until Wasobioye was sure they had traversed ten thousand miles.

Suddenly the turtle raised his head and cried, "On the left you may observe many buildings, apparently rising out of the sea. That is Shi-yo-jo-ko-ku (Purity). We land there, and I shall refresh myself after this long voyage at yon tea-house. I advise you to do likewise."

So when they had satisfied their hunger his guide told him to pass through the western gate, to examine the city and explore the interior of the temple.

"I will await you here," he said.

Wasobioye acquiesced in this arrangement, and passed leisurely along the road.

"Upon second thoughts," said the turtle to himself, "I will follow him, for in a new country harm might befall him."

So he followed after at a distance. Wasobioye sauntered on, and finally paused before a large temple, beautifully painted in various tints. Around it many curious trees were planted. On one of these a peacock perched with outspread tail, and a phoenix hovered above the entrance, whence issued the sweet savour of burning incense.

Wasobioye stood near the doorway examining the interior, when he was interrupted by a priest dressed in a bright-red robe, who, gazing on him with astonishment, cried, "Who are you? and wherefore do you come defiling the purity of this our temple?"

Then, calling another priest, he ordered Wasobioye to leave the spot at once.

But his fellow *bonze* (priest) interfered, saying, "Whence came you?"

"From Nagasaki," was the prompt reply. "I have travelled for, lo! these eight hundred years, but never have I seen so peaceful a spot as this! It is paradise! Permit me, I pray you, to remain here, and to learn from your lips the secrets of the sages. I am foolish by birth, but, believe me, I am capable of understanding these secrets. Take



me and make me as one of yourselves, and I shall be happy."

But the priest looked gravely upon him, and answered, "Know, then, that the study of the secret is easy, but you must fast often, and take upon yourself the vow to eat no more for ever, either meat or fish. I shall then recommend you to the high priest."

But Wasobioye reflected. "I have always eaten anything I wished, but this priest says no more fish nor meat for ever. For my stomach's sake this is impossible to me." So, while the priests sought their chief he hurried away, and when they returned with their superior no trace of the stranger was to be found, so these pious men concluded that a vision had been vouchsafed to them, and Wasobioye's appearance and speech became a subject of conversation amongst them for ever after.

He walked hastily towards the western gate, where the turtle watched for him.

"I have awaited you a long time," he said,

hoarsely. "How do you like the country? Would you wish to remain here?"

"No! a thousand times, no!" cried Wasobioye. "The temple was fine—the interior decoration of gold, silver, and precious stones I cannot describe with my short tongue, but can one dine off them? No meat—no fish! What is life if a man cannot eat what he desires? And the incense made me feel quite ill. I do not care greatly to have even the wisdom of the sages at the expense of my stomach. Oh for a long draught of good wine! but alas! in this country it is impossible to obtain it."

And the turtle answered, merrily,

"No, master, not in this country; but if you are ready to depart I will conduct you to a land where you may find that which your soul craveth."

"Quick, my good comrade, let us go!" cried Wasobioye, and scrambling upon the turtle's back, they plunged into the waves and directed their course due south.

## RECENT LIFEBOAT WORK.

NO storm of recent years is likely to be held longer in remembrance than that of last December, when the two Lancashire lifeboats lost their crews. The story of the wreck of the Mexico is a striking one. Three boats go out to a ship in distress. Two of them meet with disaster; the third is successful; and now that the excitement has subsided and the facts are known, the success overshadows the failure, and the wreck has become chiefly remarkable for so forcibly reminding us of the dangers run by our lifeboat men even when seemingly armed at all points against the storm.

To many it came as a surprise that the boats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution could capsize, while others refused to believe that a self-righting boat could by any possibility remain keel uppermost. Such were the facts, however, and they were known to all familiar with lifeboat statistics. But the rarity of their occurrence was such that the chance might almost be disregarded, for, including even these much-talked-of accidents to the boats at Southport and St. Anne's, there had been recorded during the last thirty-two years only 41 capsizes, 23 of which were unattended by loss of life; in the remaining 18, 88 lives had been lost, and of these 88 76 were lifeboat men. This 76 represents less than a quarter per cent. of the men employed on service, and the proportion is made to look much smaller when we remember that the boats had been out over five thousand times, and had saved over twelve thousand lives. In most cases, too, the cause of the disaster had been ascertained—the boats capsized either from being overpressed with sail or being allowed to broach-to; and in the few cases where they did not right themselves it was owing to their having

been anchored bottom upwards, as was done with the Southport boat. What happened to the St. Anne's boat may for ever remain a mystery; she went out into the night, far away over the angry waves was seen the gleam of her danger light, and at noon next day she was found on the beach, with three of her men hanging downwards from her thwarts, dead. She may have capsized many times, or she may have turned over only when she drifted into the shoals in which it was impossible for her to right again.

An awkward shore has this western bight of the Irish Sea; the mile-long stretches of sand, with the swift-rushing tide, render it peculiarly dangerous in a storm; and in such a storm as we had on the 9th of last December the danger was at its greatest. The tide was at half-ebb, streaming out in the teeth of the gale, and working into greater fury the furious sea which the continuous bad weather had been daily making worse.

It was about nine o'clock when the signals of the stranded Mexico were first seen at Southport. The crew were soon assembled, for the night was so boisterous that the men were all expectant of being called to duty. The signal showed the vessel to be a little to the northward of the town, and to take advantage of the tide the horses were put to the carriage and the boat run along the sands for some three miles and a half towards the estuary of the Ribble. She was then to the westward of the wreck and could go out to her on the tide with the wind on the starboard bow. At a quarter-past nine the signals of the Mexico were seen at St. Anne's farther to the north on the other side of the Ribble estuary. In about an hour the lifeboat from that station was afloat and on her way steering south with the wind on the

starboard quarter. It is important to notice the difference in the courses of these boats, for although both came to grief, the conditions under which they were sailed were not the same. The Southport boat had been on service eleven times before, and had saved fifty-two lives; the St. Anne's boat had been out on five occasions, and had saved six lives. Both were therefore tried boats and had the confidence of their crews. Of the St. Anne's boat, which had the longest and most dangerous course, nothing is at present known, all her crew have gone. The Southport boat got to windward of the wreck about one in the morning, and was just about to anchor and veer down, when a heavy breaking sea struck her, and, as she fell off, capsized her in eighteen feet of water. The anchor was being let go at the time, and consequently fell overboard with about twelve feet of cable. The boat never righted, and was found on the beach three miles to the westward of Southport about two hours after the upset. Four of her crew were living when she came ashore, but two of these died shortly afterwards. The two who survived came in under the boat; with these were three dead companions, the rest being scattered on the beach. They lost their lives owing to the boat being struck by a most violent sea at the most critical moment of her management; had she been upset an instant earlier or later she would probably have righted as usual.

In the Ribble estuary, between Southport and St. Anne's, is Lytham, where the signals of the barque in distress were noticed about half-past nine, or later than they were seen at the other stations. The boat, however, was afloat first, and on her way to the wreck in a little over half an hour. Her course gave her the wind and sea abeam, and being a new powerful boat, only a fortnight old and out on her first service, she made rapid progress, though the waves came leaping aboard her and filled her four or five times. When a quarter of a mile from the Mexico the sails were taken in and the masts lowered. As soon as the oars were out a heavy sea struck her, throwing her gunwale under and breaking three of the oars, but she got safely alongside and rescued the crew. This was a great achievement, but it would have been passed by almost without comment had it not been for the fate of her companions revealing the extent of the danger which she took as a matter of course.

There is no doubt, however, that she was the best boat of the three. She was of the type of all the newer boats, being water ballasted and having larger air-cases along the sides above the deck, and was thus of greater stability and righting power than the others. It is easy to understand how this self-righting power, of which we have heard so much, is obtained. The boat is built with considerable sheer, that is, with great curve of gunwale, so that her bow and stern are nearly two feet higher than her centre. The space within the boat, at either extremity to the distance of some six feet from stem and stern posts, is, to gunwale height, enclosed by a sectional bulkhead and a ceiling, and converted into a water-tight

air-chamber, the cubical contents of which, from the thwarts upwards, are sufficient to bear the whole weight of the boat when she is placed in the water with her keel in the air. The keel is of iron, and when it is uppermost if it is not balanced by a weight below, such as an anchor, it is of course the centre of gravity, and unstable equilibrium is the result. The boat cannot remain in such a position, but falls to one side or the other and turns right way up, the water she may have shipped finding its way out through the "relieving tubes" in the floor, which are so constructed as to run it off without allowing any to enter. The water ballast is in tanks at the boat's bottom, and comes in to the aid of the iron keel, the air-cases having to be increased so that there may be no loss of floating power. By increasing the ballast and the air-spaces both stability and righting power are increased, but a limit is put to these by the necessity of the room in the boat not being unduly curtailed. A lifeboat is in fact a compromise between eight requirements, all of which must be fairly satisfied. These are buoyancy, self-discharge of water, ballast, self-righting, stability, speed, storage room, and strength. Lifeboats, like everything else, are susceptible of improvement, and though the outward shape is retained the newer boats are always in advance of those they replace. It is a mistake to suppose that the Royal National Lifeboat Institution selected a boat about the time of the 1851 Exhibition, and has merely gone on copying ever since.

The boats have to be designed for coast service, not sea service, and hence the lifeboats carried by our passenger ships are of different construction. These are generally of the White build, in which stability is the main feature. Some extraordinary experiences are told of these boats. One of them was out practising in Valentia Harbour about twenty years ago, when a huge wave swept in extending right across the bay. As it neared the boat the water shoaled from seven to ten fathoms, and rising to meet the wave became a rushing cliff of water. Never were six men in more desperate circumstances; cheering them forward, the steersman headed the boat straight for the wave and glided into it on an even keel. Like an arrow she entered the roaring avalanche, whose overhanging crest towered five-and-twenty feet above her. The inspecting coastguard officer, who was steering, and the chief boatman, who was pulling stroke oar, were hurled headlong over the boat's stern by the falling sea. Pressed bodily fathoms down, she was borne astern at lightning speed. The crew were bent over their oars, each man on the thwart in front of him. The bowman alone was stunned, the others retained their consciousness and kept their eyes open, though all around was total darkness. They felt as if they were being whirled in an express train through a railway tunnel. At length a faint dawn of light reached their eyes, increasing rapidly, and they were conscious of rising through the green waters. At last they emerged through the broken foam sitting each man in his place. The first object that met

their eyes as the boat rose to the surface was the buoy of the Kay Rock close alongside. The buoy is by measurement over four hundred yards from where the sea had struck their boat, and they had been shot nearly a quarter of a mile under water, and the boat had risen in the same position as when she had entered the sea. A spare rowlock and a pair of boots were lying loose in the bottom, showing clearly that she had not once turned over during her remarkable submarine voyage.

And other instances might be given, showing how either one or other of the requirements of our life-service has been met. These requirements are, however, not all easily satisfied; and it is the judicious blending of somewhat antagonistic merits that has produced our admirable Institution boats, which, take them all round, are the safest in the world.

And the work they do is great; but let those who know how the wreck-dots strew the chart say if there might not be more of them! "We were wrecked on the English coast," said the foreign sailor. "How did you know it was the English coast?" asked the magistrate. "Because a lifeboat came out to us!" May the shipwrecked foreigner never be left without such an excellent means for our recognition! And may there not only be boats enough, but adequate funds to keep them all in efficiency, and up to the latest date in model and appliances!

In 1886 601 lives were saved by the boats, and the total for which the Institution since its foundation now takes credit is 32,671. The number is so great that we may be tempted to think too little of the effort such noble work required. The rescue of a shipwrecked crew on a stormy night is always a perilous undertaking, but we are apt to minimise successful bravery. The three hundred boats round our coasts do their work so well and so constantly that it is forgotten how a lifeboat never goes out unless the danger is great, and how the danger to the crew of the boat is often as great as that to the crew they go to save. That this is so we may as well show by a few instances from the records of the last half-dozen years.

The next station north of St. Anne's is Blackpool. In February, 1880, the boat there was launched on service; her full crew, like that of most boats, numbered thirteen—coxswain, assistant, bowman, and a man at each of the ten oars—but only eight of the men could be mustered, and the coxswain accepted the offer of three landsmen volunteers. The boat went out under sail, and when near the wreck took to her oars. After two hours' pulling in the terrific sea she got within ten yards of the ship, which was breaking up and shedding off spars and wreckage, swept and hurled about like matchwood by the heaving surge, barring all approach. The lifeboat men, keeping on the edge of this ring, threw a line on to the ship, and one by one dragged the crew off to safety through the water. This took some time, for the shipwrecked men had to wait for clear spaces among the logs before jumping overboard, and the boat had to be manœuvred so as

to fend off the wreckage which tossed and leaped around her. As she made her way back the sea broke right over her stern, filled her completely, and drove her like an arrow for a quarter of a mile through the rollers. Then she broached to and was thrown on her beam ends. One of the men was pitched out; but the others, jumping to the weather side, brought her to a level keel again. Then she was brought round head to sea, and the man overboard was rescued; and then, with the bucket out instead of the drogue she had lost, she safely reached her station. The ship was the *Bessie Jones*.

The same month the *Alpheus Marshall* went ashore on Atherfield Ledge, in the Isle of Wight, in a fog. In the heavy sea and furious southwester that sprang up, the *Brightstone Grange* lifeboat went to the rescue. The ship lay head to sea with only the starboard side of the poop above water, and had begun to break up. The crew of fourteen were taken off man by man from the spanker boom, having to be hauled through the water in the same way as the *Bessie Jones* men; and during the whole time the lifeboat was almost submerged, the waves racing over her so that her men could with difficulty prevent themselves from being washed out. On her return the sea was so heavy and the shore so steep that those on the land could not hook the bow as she beached, and she swung round, and a huge sea threw all the twenty-seven men into the water. Some were nearly washed out to sea, but all were saved.

In 1881 there was a strange scene in Dublin Bay. When day dawned on the 28th of October there was sighted not far from Pigeon House Fort the rigging of a wrecked schooner rising from the waves, and two figures were clinging to it. The weather was too bad for any ordinary boat to dare the rescue, and so the lifeboat was got out. But the coastguardsmen who form its crew were away on training, and the boat had to be manned by volunteers. There were few sailors, but plenty of soldiers, and the redjackets soon had her ready to launch. But it was no easy matter to get her afloat. It was terrible work giving her a start among the pile heads that bristled on the beach where they took her; again and again was she dashed up and down on to them; at last she was badly stove, but off she went all the same, carrying amongst others a lieutenant of the Scots Greys in command, an army doctor, an artilleryman, a transport man, a private of the 57th, and three sailors from a ship—"all together." Off they went, yawing much, but quite clear as to their object, reached the men, and brought them back to the soldiers on the beach, who carried them up in their arms to the barracks, where they nearly killed them with kindness.

Next year, in October, a signal rocket from the Gunfleet lightship called out the Clacton lifeboat. The wind and tide were dead against her, and she fortunately found a passing steamer that towed her as near the wreck as the captain dared risk his vessel. The lifeboat got to within twenty yards of the weather side of the wreck, dropped anchor, and veered out towards it. But the sea took the wreck and lifted it bodily farther away on



the sand. More cable was paid out, and a line had just been thrown over the doomed ship, when another wave swept her still farther away. What was to be done? There was no more cable to let out. Was the rescue to be abandoned? The lifeboat men resolved to dare the terrible risk of charging down on the ship. The cable was let go, and the next wave took the boat and threw her right on to the deck of the unhappy *Madeleine* of Boulogne. The lifeboat, damaged in her rudder and tackle, and with an oar broken, was then pitched off to leeward, and into her one by one the Frenchmen jumped or fell. One man was saved by seizing the beard of one of the boatmen; one poor boy, starved with the cold wind, fell into the sea and was fished out with a boat-hook.

In March next year there was a fierce northeasterly gale raging on the Durham coast. At half-past eight at night signals of distress were heard out on the Long Scar rocks off Seaton Carew. In the thick snowstorm the lifeboat went out, but no trace of the wreck could be found. Then the coxswain and one of the crew determined to land on the dangerous reef and search, for it was impossible to take the lifeboat among the rocks in the darkness. They leaped into the shallow water, and, with the sea breaking over them, scrambled on to the slimy weeded rocks in the ceaseless snow. The crew waited, listening for the shout of discovery to reach them on the roaring wind. The delay seemed long, and the brother of the man who had gone with the coxswain went off to see what had happened. As he scrambled up the rocks he heard the coxswain's shout that the wreck had been found. They hove a line over the vessel's stern—she was the *Atlas*, of Drammen, in her last hour—and brought her men on to the rocks. The coxswain heard a voice in the sea, and rushed in just in time to save the drowning mate. Lifting and leading the exhausted Norwegians, the three boatmen crossed to the lee side of the slippery reef, and then through the sea they took them to the boat. It was after midnight when the green light of the lifeboat gleamed out through the snow and told the watchers on the beach that the voyage had not been in vain.

On Christmas night next year the *Walton-on-the-Naze* lifeboat was signalled out from the Sunk lightship. First she went to the light-vessel ten miles away, then through the heavy surf she had to go to the Long Sand, nearly nine miles farther off.

It was not till daybreak that she found the wreck, and, anchoring, veered down under her jibboom. One after the other—twenty-five in all, and a large dog—her passengers and crew were taken into the boat. The sea was running high, and with such a crowd on board the handling of the boat was anything but easy. As she crossed the Long Sand it seemed as though the waves would sweep her clear; but at last she got home all well, twenty-five hours after she started.

Sometimes the boat has to remain out for hours waiting for the darkness to lift. The 20th of last April was a thick foggy day in the Downs, and the lightships were hidden from the shore. About five o'clock in the afternoon the fog lifted, and the owner of a powerful telescope at Deal made out a man running wildly to and fro on the Goodwins. The glass was handed to others, who declared there was no mistake; there was evidently some one on the sands. Almost immediately afterwards the East Goodwin lightship began to signal a wreck. The wind and tide were then running in the same direction on to the shore, so that it was useless to think of getting the boat out then. All that could be done was to wait until the lee tide had ceased to run. A telegram was sent to Ramsgate, but the boat could not go out, and Walmer and Kingsdowne were more hopelessly to leeward than Deal. At half-past nine it was decided to try what could be done, and off went the boat, and about two o'clock in the morning she arrived near the wreck, and anchored waiting for daylight. The wreck was a brig, the *Auguste Herman Francke*, heavily laden with ice. She had struck at eight o'clock in the morning, and as the tide rose it had lifted her farther on to the sand and smashed her down so as to shake her mainmast out of her. Of her crew of seven all were swept away except the captain, who when the tide fell had got out on to the sands and ran backwards and forwards waving a piece of canvas on a pole. He thought he had not been seen, and the fog closed in, and the tide rose and covered the sands, and he had to retreat and lash himself to the stump of the foremast. There he passed the night alone, thinking no help was near. Judge, then, of his joy when, as the shadows cleared away, a little patch of red and blue and white appeared in the mist, and gradually took the shape of the anchored lifeboat that had been waiting for him for hours, although he knew it not! Here is an allegory for the poet and the preacher!

W. J. GORDON.

## THE FIRST ROYAL REGIMENT OF FOOT.

FEW who meet in the streets of the Scotch capital men wearing the uniform of the "Lothian Regiment" are ever conscious that these soldiers can trace a direct regimental pedigree to a corps formed on the banks of the Rhine two and a half centuries ago by an amal-

gamation of the remnant of the Scottish veterans of Gustavus Adolphus and the Scots Guards who fought in the ranks of King Henry of Navarre. And fewer still ever stop to think of the influence exercised on the succession of events in Europe by those brave men who left their island home in

quest of adventure on the battle-fields of Germany at that time.

Military chronicles relate that at the close of the ninth century a bodyguard of twenty-four Scots was formed to protect the person of Charles III of France, and that nearly four hundred years later this number was increased to one hundred by Louis IX, whose life was twice saved, once in France and again in Egypt, by the gallantry of his attendant Scots. Thus a series of brilliant services so incorporated the Scottish soldiers with the French nation that when, in 1415, Henry V of England was declared heir to the French throne by Charles VI, the guard of Scots left the court and joined the army of the Dauphin. So materially did the various companies of Scottish soldiers subsequently contribute to the expulsion of the victorious English from the soil of France, that after the successful battle of Bangé, in which the Duke of Clarence and one thousand English were killed, the king raised the number of his Scottish guards to two hundred; and again twenty years later, in further recognition of the valour of that nation, he gave his Scots Guards precedence over the other troops in France. In this way did this guard of Scots become a permanent establishment in the French court, protecting the person of the monarch in each successive war, and especially signalling themselves by their heroic devotion in dying almost to a man in an unsuccessful effort to defend the king when the famished garrison of Pavia, bursting at midnight from the beleaguered city, swept the French and Swiss armies from their entrenchments, and carried back Francis I a prisoner, to be ransomed a year later by an immense territorial surrender. From this time more than half a century had passed, when a body of infantry was sent from Scotland to aid in holding the throne of France for King Henry of Navarre against the powerful opposition of all the Roman Catholic princes and nobles that were leagued for his overthrow. The command of these newly-arrived levies is inferred to have been given to the experienced veterans of the Old Guards, and it is argued that thus a link is established between the latter and the Scottish soldiers of Henry IV, from whom, without doubt, the royal regiment of England can claim to be in part descended. But from another and still greater champion of the Protestant cause can this regiment also claim to have received its baptism.

A band of Scottish soldiers, who on the revolt of the Protestants of Bohemia had served under the Count Palatine up to the disastrous battle of Prague, entered, about the year 1622, the service of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, and received from his hand their first colonel, the gallant John Hepburn. Under his leadership they first distinguished themselves at the relief of Mew, a town near the conflux of the Rivers Versa and Vistula. "They climbed a steep and difficult eminence to attack the Poles. When Hepburn gained the summit he found the Polish soldiers strongly entrenched; but after two hours' fierce fighting the Scots were victorious, and Gustavus Adolphus entered Mew the same evening," there receiving from Hepburn's Scots the first earnest

of a long series of victories to be won by their aid.

In 1629 the Emperor Ferdinand II commenced measures for the extirpation of the Protestant religion in Germany, and Gustavus Adolphus, abetted by England, France, and Holland, interposed to protect the Germans. The first undertaking of Hepburn's Scots in the new campaign was the rescue of another Scotch regiment under Colonel Munro, which accident had placed in a perilous position. This regiment had in the month of August embarked at Pillau for the purpose of joining the main army under Gustavus Adolphus; but, being overtaken by a storm on the Pomeranian coast, was shipwrecked near the town of Rugenwald, which was strongly held by a garrison of the Imperialists.

Cast ashore in a destitute state, under the very walls of a hostile fortress, with eighty miles of an enemy's country between them and the army they had set out to join, without ammunition, and having only their swords and pikes to depend on, no body of men can ever have found themselves in a more hopeless condition. Native resolution, however, sustained by faith in the cause they served, lent to their councils a confidence which all outward circumstances forbade. It was decided to lie in close concealment during the day, and to attempt at night the forlorn hope of carrying the town by sudden assault. Throughout the long hours of that hungry day they all lay hidden till the dusk of evening enabled them to approach the fortress unobserved, and the rising harvest moon showed to the handful of desperate men the weak places in the defences of the unsuspecting garrison. At a preconcerted signal from their trusted commander, the regiment dashed with irresistible determination at the walls of the town.

To the senses of the terrified garrison every group of assailants became magnified into a column of an army; and before the weakness of the attacking force was made apparent the Imperialist soldiers were flying from the town in hopeless confusion.

The absence of pursuit, however, gave them time for reflection, but when the day broke, Munro's regiment had become the defenders of Rugenwald, and Ferdinand's soldiers the besiegers.

For nine long weeks did these Scottish heroes maintain the unequal struggle, till, at the expiration of that time, their relief was effected by the arrival of Hepburn's regiment.

Soon after reaching the army Munro's regiment, with two others, were united with Hepburn's Scots to form the famous "Green Brigade," the whole being under the command of Colonel Hepburn.

In March, 1631, when Gustavus Adolphus commanded in person at the storming of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, the forlorn hope was composed of these gallant Scots, who left for their perilous enterprise with the king's words sounding in their ears, "My valiant Scots, remember your countrymen slain at old Brandenburg." The stoutest resistance which they encountered was from an Irish regiment in the Emperor's service, com-

manded by Walter Butler, but it was of no avail; the Scots remembered old Brandenburg, and Frankfort surrendered to the King of Sweden.

Hepburn's Scots then accompanied the king to Berlin, and assisted in the close investment of that city which compelled the Duke of Brandenburg to declare in favour of the Swedes.

In the meantime the Imperialists, under the Count de Tilly, had made a successful attack on Leipsic, and captured that place; but on the 7th September, 1631, Gustavus Adolphus reached the scene, and encountering the veteran Tilly, the hero of thirty-six successive victories, inflicted on him such a defeat that his whole force must have been annihilated had it not been that the action was fought on ground that was dry and newly-ploughed, so that the movement of the troops and a high wind raised a dark cloud of dust and thus favoured the escape of the fugitives. To Hepburn's Scots belonged the largest share of the glory of that day, and this was acknowledged by the thanks of the king rendered in a public audience in view of the whole army.

During the remainder of the year 1631 and up to the autumn of 1632 the Green Brigade accompanied Gustavus Adolphus through the siege of Donawerth, the defence of Nuremberg, and the many battles that made up his successful campaign; till after the retaking of Rayn in the month of October, this brigade was found to be so exhausted by service and reduced in numbers that it was left to winter in Bavaria, its commander, Hepburn, having previously gone on private affairs to England. This was the first time that the Green Brigade had been detached from the king's personal command, and it proved to be their final separation.

A month later the victory of Lützen was won, but at a cost that made the world poorer. The champion of Protestantism had laid down his life for the cause. It was the first general action fought without the assistance of the Green Brigade, which had been so often thanked in the hour of triumph; and the reflection must naturally present itself whether, had the brigade been present, the victory might not have been easier, and the need for exposing the king's life in the ranks of battle never have arisen. How much darkness and cruelty might apparently have been spared to Europe had the current of events been altered by a charge of the Green Brigade!

On the death of Gustavus Adolphus the brigade served for a short time under the Elector Palatine; but, after many wearying and indecisive movements under second-rate commanders, it found itself a year later at Donawerth, on the Danube. The pay of the troops being in arrear, dissatisfaction spread through all ranks, and the army to a great extent melted away. The Scots nevertheless, in contradiction of the propensity attributed to their nation, remained at their post; and, forming part of the force commanded by Marshal Horn and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, took part in the disastrous engagement fought near the town of Nordlingen on the 26th August, 1634, when, for the first time in their history, they suffered a total and crushing defeat, leaving Mar-

shal Horn a prisoner in the hands of the enemy, and being obliged to retreat precipitately under the Duke of Saxe-Weimar to the town of Worms, on the left bank of the Rhine.

The roll-call after the battle showed that of Munro's full regiment there remained but a solitary company. By the loss of this battle the Protestant cause in Germany would have been utterly broken had not France undertaken to sup-



UNIFORMS OF THE FIRST ROYAL REGIMENT OF FOOT AT THE DATE OF ITS FORMATION.

port it; and, strange to say, one of the first regiments that approached the Rhine in the van of the relieving force was a Scotch corps under the command of Sir John Hepburn, the former colonel of the Scots in the army of Gustavus Adolphus. "Thus the few remaining veterans of Hepburn's Scots of the Green Brigade, and Hepburn's Scottish regiment in the French service, were brought into contact to fight together in the same cause, and the two regiments appear to have been incorporated into one," which thereupon passed into the French service.

Soon after this the regiment formed part of the force under Cardinal de la Valette, which, under the guidance of this ecclesiastical dignitary, met



with such signal reverses that it had for a time to subsist on roots and leaves, till finally, having buried its cannon and burned its baggage, it escaped through the mountains, and reached the town of Metz.

During the summer of 1636 the regiment was engaged in the siege and capture of the town of Saverne in Alsace; and here the gallant Sir John Hepburn, the hero of so many hard-fought fields, and the survivor of innumerable dangers, was killed while surveying the breach through which the assault was to be delivered.

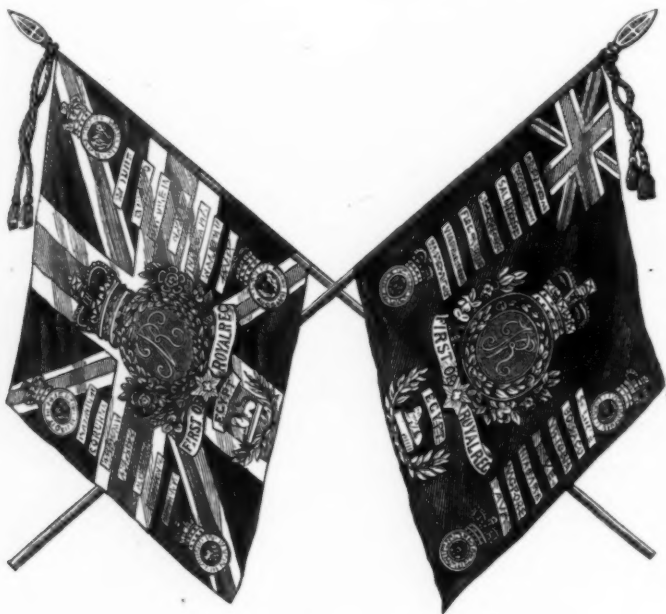
The regiment then became Douglas's regiment, and fought against the Spaniards who had invaded France in the reigns of Louis XIII and of Louis le Grand.

time found themselves serving side by side with the soldiers of England, and doubtless little thought that they were in future years to take so prominent a place in the roll of British warriors.

In 1659 peace was concluded between France and Spain by means of the Treaty of the Pyrenees, and Dunkirk was ceded to England.

Two years later, when the Fifth Monarchy men took up arms against the Government, Douglas's regiment was brought over from Flanders to England to suppress the revolt, and thereby obtained its first rank in the British army.

In the year following, however, it was again sent back to France, but when four years later the French took part with the Dutch against England



COLOURS OF THE FIRST ROYAL FOOT.

During this time, too, civil war was raging in England, and many of the defeated Royalists fled to France.

An insurrection at last broke out in Paris, and on the retirement of the court to St. Germain part of the army, including Douglas's regiment, was recalled to besiege the capital. These internal dissensions in France caused a considerable reduction of the revenue of the country, and the pay of the troops fell much in arrear. This gave to Charles II of England, then an exile, an opportunity of proposing to the corps of Scots that they should accompany him to Scotland and attempt from thence the recovery of his realm, but Louis XIV refused to part with these troops, and engaged to make good the deficiency in their pay. Thus they continued still further in the French service; and when in 1655 Cromwell, having made a treaty with the King of France, sent troops to co-operate with the French against the Spaniards, Douglas's regiment for the first

the regiment was finally ordered to quit the French service, and accordingly landed, eight hundred strong, at Rye in Sussex, during the short respite between the Plague and the Great Fire on June 12th, 1666.

Yet two years had scarcely elapsed when, on the conclusion of the Peace of Breda, the regiment was again sent back to France, but this time as a part of the English force which was to form the allied army under Marshal Turenne to operate against the Dutch.

A chance cannon-shot at Sassbach closed the career of the successful general who mortgaged his religion to ambition, and showed no mercy to the vanquished. His loss as a leader was soon felt; reverses befell the allied troops, but Douglas's regiment still held out in Treves. When their French comrades mutinied within the walls, and tried to compel the governor to surrender, the regiment, with true soldierly instinct, upheld authority and maintained a bold defence of the

town under the most desperate circumstances till, on the 5th of September, 1675, capitulation became inevitable.

For nearly three years the English troops continued to serve with their French allies, but at length the British Parliament became suspicious of the ambition of Louis XIV. Charles II accordingly concluded a treaty with the Dutch, ordered the British troops to return to England, augmented the army by twenty thousand men, and declared his intention of engaging in war with France. Thus Dumbarton's regiment, as it now was, was relieved from service in France, and from this period was borne permanently on the British establishment.

The first service rendered by the Royal Scots to an English king was when they withstood the night surprise at Sedgemoor, and gave time for the troops to take up the necessary positions to save the royal camp. In the defeat and pursuit that

followed, the Royal Scots gained a memorable trophy in the capture of the Duke of Monmouth's standard, bearing in letters of gold his motto, "Fear none but God."

From this time onwards the history of the regiment is the history of the greatest achievements of the British arms, in most of which it bore a distinguished part.

In 1751 the regiment was by royal warrant styled "The First, or Royal Regiment of Foot." More than half a century afterwards this was changed to "The First Regiment of Foot, or Royal Scots," which reverted again in ten years to the original title. Now, however, the numerical distinction has been for the first time lost, and, to meet the requirements of the territorial scheme, the public will have to learn in future to attach the traditions of the "First Royals" to the less distinctive name of the "Lothian Regiment."

N. A.

## FAMOUS HOAXES.

HOAXES are to humour in action very much what puns are to humour in speech. They are a play upon actions as puns are a play upon words. They have thus, it must be confessed, rather the appearance than the essence of humour, and a long course of them would undoubtedly prove depressing.

Detestable as the practice of hoaxing has often proved, occasional hoaxes, so long as they are played in good-nature, not involving injury to any one, may lay claim to serving a useful purpose in a funny sort of way. They teach caution; they warn us never to believe all we hear, to look before we leap, to ask whether things told us are possible. They prove the gullibility of the public, and give an insight into human nature which we might not be able to gain otherwise. And they do all this with mirth—and mirth, according to the best authorities, is one of the best medicines for prolonging life. It is clear then that a more plausible apology may be made for hoaxes than merely that we are none the worse for a few mountebanks in society, just as monarchs long ago kept jesters, for the purpose of brightening dull courtly routine.

Hoaxes are sometimes played with a purpose beyond the mere extracting fun out of them. In too many cases they have been started by ill-nature and malice, with the object of making other people look ridiculous. It was a disgraceful hoax, for example, that Theodore Hook played on "Romeo" Coates when he sent him a spurious invitation to a grand *fête* given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House, which resulted in poor "Romeo" driving there in all his splendour and being turned back ignominiously when he had almost reached the prince's presence. The only excuse that Hook could possibly have made for himself is that there are some people whose style

and manner create an irresistible desire to play a trick on them—people like the consequential gentleman to whom a wag went up in the street one day and said, "I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask are you anybody particular?"

Even when they originate in nothing but good spirits hoaxes are very often highly objectionable. Nothing can be said in favour of a hoax played quite recently on the managers of a bazaar who received the offer of a horse and trap, and when one of the committee, duly advised by telegram, met the train by which the gift was expected he had the pleasure of receiving a clothes-horse and a mousetrap. What annoys our neighbours should always be avoided, and this hoaxers have frequently lost sight of, as well as of the wise saying, "In time of mirth take heed."

We propose to give here a few notes descriptive of hoaxes which, either for their originality or their magnitude, or because of the people on whom the tricks were played, have attracted attention in past times and deserve still to be remembered. It is worth noting that they all represent men in mischief. Women have seldom taken to hoaxing as a pastime—we do not say never, lest some delightful mystifications by the weaker and less humorous sex should be brought up in evidence against us.

Our first is a Parisian hoax of rather over a hundred years ago. In December, 1783, a letter appeared in the "Journal de Paris" professing to be written by a watchmaker—he did not give his name. The writer asserted his ability to walk on water faster than a horse could trot on land, and proposed to exhibit his abilities on the River Seine between the Pont Neuf and the Pont Royal. The only condition was the payment to him of two hundred louis—merely, he put it, to cover his expenses. Immense interest was excited, sub-

scriptions poured in, and the universal subject of conversation was the wonderful watchmaker. A few were bold enough to question whether he could perform what he promised, and to satisfy them he advertised a description of his apparatus, which consisted, he said, of a pair of wooden shoes joined by a thick bar, each shoe being one foot long and seven inches high. If necessary, he was to hold in each hand a bladder filled with gas. He would have no difficulty, he added, in going over the proposed course fifty times an hour. There seemed no longer any room for doubt. These were the first days of balloons, and was it more wonderful that a man should walk on the water than that he should fly through the air? The city began the erection of scaffolds for the convenience of the subscribers, and the day was fixed, and being looked forward to with eagerness, when the hoaxer, a M. Combles, confessed that the watchmaker and his apparatus were a pure invention, which he had set on foot only to discover how many simpletons still lived in Paris.

Thousands of people one day in 1807 lined both sides of the canal a great part of the way from Wigan to Liverpool to see a fine sight promised in an advertisement which had been placarded on all the hoardings in the district. A splendid model of a ninety-eight gun man-of-war, magnificently decorated, said the advertisement, was to reach Chisenhall Street Bridge by canal from Wigan. There was to be a band on deck to play "Rule Britannia," the words of which were to be sung by the celebrated Madame Catalani, and the model man-of-war was to be preceded by a beautifully adorned barge, containing "Polito's hippopotamus," one of the show sights of the day. The public had their half-holiday for nothing, for the promised show was just a hoax.

Five years later a somewhat similar hoax was tried at Wimbledon. A report was extensively circulated that a grand military review was to be held on the common there, and about twenty thousand people came from all quarters to see it. The local authorities, observing people pouring in by every road and footpath, stationed men at different points to tell the real facts of the case, but no one would believe them. When the day wore away without any signs of a review the people grew mischievous and set the common on fire, and they had at last to be dispersed by a detachment of footguards.

A handbill was circulated in Norwich in 1826, informing the public that Signor Carlo Gram Villecrop, "the celebrated Swiss Mountain Flyer," would, on St. James's Hill, on the 28th of August, "exhibit, with a Tyrolese pole fifty feet long, his most astonishing gymnastic flights, never before witnessed in this country." He promised first to show his remarkable strength by running up the hill with the fifty-feet long pole between his teeth, after which he was to perform various feats, such as climbing the pole with the swiftness of a cat, and standing on his head on the top, and walking on his head up and down the hill, balancing the pole on one foot. The performance was to conclude with repeated

flights up and down the hill assisted only by the pole, with which Signor Villecrop engaged to jump the astonishing distance of forty or fifty yards at a time.

When the evening of the 28th of August came, an immense crowd of people assembled at the foot of the hill, but no Signor Carlo Gram Villecrop came to fulfil the promise of the advertisement. The public were hoaxed again.

In 1860, about the close of March, when one might think the approach of All Fools' Day would have rendered people suspicious, a great many residents in the metropolis received by post a card with an official appearance produced by a seal marked by an inverted sixpence at one of the corners. The words on the card were:—"Tower of London. Admit the Bearer and Friend to view the Annual Ceremony of washing the White Lions, on April 1st, 1860. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the wardens or their assistants." The trick is said to have been exceedingly successful, cabs rattling about Tower Hill all the morning vainly trying to discover the White Gate, as great a myth as the White Lions.

A hoax known as the "Bottle Hoax" attracted great attention in 1749. A person advertised in the London papers of the first week of January of that year that on the evening of the 16th of the month, at the Haymarket Theatre, he would play on a common walking-cane the music of every instrument then in use; that he would on the stage get into a tavern quart bottle "without any equivocation," and while there sing several songs, and allow any spectator to handle the bottle; that if any spectators should come masked he would, if desired, declare who they were; and that in a private room after this performance he would produce the representation of any person dead, with whom the person requesting it should converse some minutes as if alive.

On the night fixed the theatre was crowded; the audience including no less a personage than the Culloden Duke of Cumberland. They waited for some time, but no conjuror appeared; then they grew irritated and a scene of confusion followed. Quiet folk stole away home, but the riotously disposed remained behind to dismantle the theatre and use the broken woodwork to make a bonfire in the street. Of the conjuror nothing was ever heard, and the motive that prompted the hoax has never been satisfactorily explained.

A still more famous and more audacious piece of mischief was the "Berners Street Hoax," contrived by Theodore Hook. It originated in this way. Hook was walking down the street one day in 1809 with a companion, and noticing a quiet house, the residence of a respectable shopkeeper's widow, the idea suddenly occurred to him to bet that in a week he would make it the most talked-of house in all London.

The bet was taken, and in the course of the next four or five days Hook had written and sent off a thousand letters conveying orders to tradesmen of every sort, all to be executed on one particular day and as nearly as possible at one fixed hour. Everything was thought of,



from waggons of coals and potatoes, to books, prints, feathers, ices, jellies, and cranberry tarts.

Nearly all obeyed the summons. Carts came with upholstery, vans with pianos, sweeps with their brushes, tailors with clothes, pastrycooks with wedding-cakes, undertakers with coffins, fishmongers with eels and oysters, and butchers with legs of mutton.

But others were written to and came besides tradespeople. Doctors were there, and surgeons, and lawyers, and to crown all the Lord Mayor drove up in his state carriage, followed by the Governor of the Bank of England, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Lord Chief Justice, a Cabinet Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. To these learned and illustrious personages the most ingenious reasons had been given for requesting their attendance.

Hook and two of his friends occupied a window in the neighbourhood, and the tumult of which they were spectators may well be imagined. In the confusion serious damage was done, glass and china being smashed, baskets of fruit overturned, coach panels driven in, and the contents of wine and beer barrels made free of by the assembled crowd.

A fervent hue and cry arose for the detection of the wholesale deceiver, but so carefully had precautions been taken that inquiry proved entirely fruitless. Hook found it convenient, however, to be laid up for a week or two by a severe attack of illness, after which, till the storm blew over, he promoted convalescence by a country tour.

This trick gave rise to countless imitations both at home and abroad. An original variation was a cat hoax at Chester, in August, 1815. It had just come to be known that Napoleon Bonaparte was about to be conveyed to St. Helena; and one morning a number of handbills were distributed through Chester informing the inhabitants that the island being dreadfully infested with rats, the Government had resolved that it should forthwith be cleared of the obnoxious animals. The advertiser had therefore been deputed to purchase cats and thriving kittens, and he offered "sixteen shillings for every athletic full-grown tom-cat, ten shillings for every adult female puss, and half-a-crown for every thriving kitten that could swill milk, pursue a ball of thread, or fasten its young fangs in a dying mouse." An address was given—it was that of an empty house—at which the cats were to be delivered.

This advertisement was responded to by the owners of nearly three thousand cats; men, women, and children laden with sacks and baskets crowding into the town from all the surrounding country. The scene before the door of the empty house is said to have baffled all description. When the hoax was discovered most of the cats were liberated, and on the following morning no fewer than five hundred dead cats were counted floating down the River Dee.

A funny hoax was once played by Rabelais. He happened to be desirous on one occasion of getting from Marseilles to Paris, but a difficulty

stood in the way—his purse was empty. It struck him, however, that by exercising a little ingenuity he might perform the journey free of expense.

He got a quantity of brickdust and put it in three phials, labelling one "Poison for Monsieur," another "Poison for the Dauphin," and the third "Poison for the King." Having made this provision for the royal family, he laid the phials where he knew they would be discovered.

Everything turned out as he wished; he was conveyed as a traitor to the capital. As soon as he was brought up before the authorities he was recognised, and the powder, on examination, proving very innocent, Rabelais was set free, and the jest occasioned universal merriment.

Lord Brougham once hoaxed the public by putting in circulation an account of his own death. The false announcement was first made in October, 1839, in a letter from a friend at Brougham Hall to another in London. Brougham was well aware of its being the practice of editors of London newspapers to keep ready-written memoirs of distinguished persons in their pigeon-holes; and the aim of the frolic probably was to discover in what terms they proposed to speak of him, and particularly what would be said by Mr. Barnes, the editor of the "Times," with whom he was on anything but good terms.

The news reached London on the 21st of October. All the morning papers of the 22nd—except the "Times," which was incredulous—contained biographical notices of him, disagreeable truths predominating in them all. The "Times" held back till the 24th, when—fully convinced, according to some, of the truth of the report, and according to others knowing full well that Brougham was alive and merry—Mr. Barnes favoured him with a biographical notice, every line of which was written with a pen steeped in venom and gall.

Antiquaries have often been experimented on by hoaxers. In 1756 a wag had engraved a print representing a stone bearing the following inscription:

BENE . A . TH . TH . ISST . ONERE . POS . ET . H .  
CLAUD, COS . TER . TRIP . E . SELLERO . F . IMP . IN .  
GT . ONAS . DO . TH . HI . S . C . ON . SOR . T . I . A . N . E .

This, which does not look unlike a Latin inscription relating to the Emperor Claudius, was dedicated by the author to "the penetrating geniuses of Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, and the learned Society of Antiquaries." For some time many of these sagacious gentlemen were puzzled, but the author of the hoax was at last good enough to enlighten them by publishing a key, which pointed out that the inscription, read without regard to the stops, capital letters, or divisions of the words, is simply as follows: "Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe-seller of Impington, as doth his consort Jane."

A French hoax of a somewhat similar description was played by a student on the antiquaries of Paris in the beginning of this century. The student pretended that he had found on the heights of Montmartre a weather-beaten stone bearing

the inscription "CE . STI . CI . LEC . HEM . IND . ESAN . ES." Many members of the "Académie des Inscriptions" are said to have fallen into the trap. The more they cudgelled their brains the farther they wandered from the right interpretation. The letters read straight on would have told them that "C'est ici le chemin des ânes"—This is the road for donkeys.

George Steevens, the Shakespearean commentator, once played a trick on Gough, the director of the Society of Antiquaries of London, against whom he had a grudge. He obtained the fragment of a chimney-slab, and scratched on it an inscription in Anglo-Saxon letters to the effect that "Here Hardcnut drank a wine horn dry, stared about him and died." Having imparted to his work an appearance of antiquity, he placed it in the corner of a broker's shop frequented by Gough, giving out that the precious relic had been discovered on the site of the palace of Hardcanute in which the royal Dane had died in a fit of intoxication.

The trick was perfectly successful. Gough purchased the slab, and brought his fancied prize as a great historic curiosity under the notice of the Society of Antiquaries. A paper on the subject was written by one of the ablest of the members, and the inscription was carefully engraved and published in the sixtieth volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine." Before publication, however, the fraud was luckily discovered, and the plate on which it appeared would have been cancelled had it not contained other subjects. As it was, a note of warning was appended. Steevens gave an account afterwards of the success of his hoax, glorying in Gough's simplicity, and in the impossibility of his "wriggling off the hook on which he is so archæologically suspended."

This was far from the only hoax of which Steevens was the author; a host of tricks of a similar character have been laid to his charge. "Were the secret history of his life known," says Isaac Disraeli, "it would display an unparalleled series of arch deceptions." Unfortunately, even in the playfulness of his invention, "there was usually a touch of personal malignity, and the real object was not so much to raise a laugh as to 'grin horrible a ghastly smile' on the people hoaxed."

One of his inventions was the marvellous narrative of the poisonous upas-tree of Java. This hoax he gave to the world in the "London Magazine," pretending that it was an extract from a Dutch traveller. The extract, however, was never

discovered in the original author, and it is simply to Steevens's love of mischief that we are indebted for the account, which passed into literature and was long generally credited, of "the effluvia of this noxious tree, which through a district of twelve or fourteen miles had killed all vegetation, and had spread the skeletons of men and animals, affording a scene of melancholy beyond what poets have described or painters delineated."

Amongst hoaxes which have proved really useful we may put one invented by Dean Swift. He caused to be printed and circulated some "last words" of a street robber called Elliston, purporting to be written immediately before he was hanged, in which the repentant thief is made to say:

"Now, as a dying man, I have done something which may be of good use to the public. I have left with an honest man—the only honest man I was ever acquainted with—the names of all my wicked brethren, the places of their abode, with a short account of the chief crimes they have committed, in many of which I have been their accomplice, and heard the rest from their own mouths. I have likewise set down the names of those we call our setters, of the wicked houses we frequent, and of all those who receive and buy our stolen goods. I have solemnly charged this honest man, and have received his promise upon oath, that whenever he hears of any rogue to be tried for robbery or housebreaking he will look into his list, and if he finds the name there of the thief concerned, to send the whole paper to the Government."

The dean's trick was so successful that for many years after the publication of these "last words" street robberies were almost unknown.

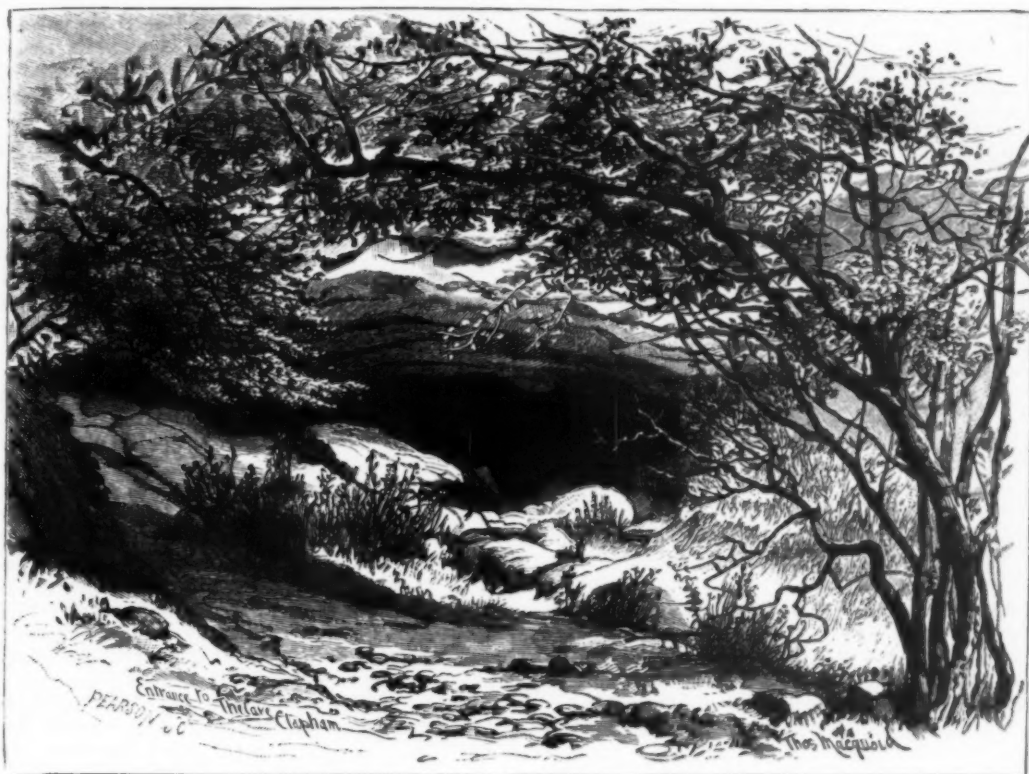
To these hoaxes we might add the story of the sailor who puzzled the Royal Society with an account of his broken leg cured by applications of tar-water and oakum, but who after a while wrote, "I forgot to tell your honours that the leg was a wooden leg!" Then the tale might be repeated of Inghirami, the author of a costly work on vases, being hoaxed into the publication as genuine of an engraving of a purely imaginary Greek vase, in which Fame is represented as putting the finger of scorn to the nose of contempt, and exclaiming, "Be off, my fine fellow!" to a man in pursuit of her.

Besides these—but here we must make an end: a score of instances are enough at a time of men in mischief.

JAMES MASON.



## IN THE WILDS OF THE WEST RIDING.



ENTRANCE TO THE CLAPHAM CAVE.

**CLAPHAM**—not Clapham Junction, noted for its ceaseless roar and whirl of railway traffic and surly porters—but Clapham in Yorkshire, six miles from the old market town of Settle, and close to Lancashire, is a delightful little place.

We had heard of it for years, but we had never, until last autumn, got so far into the wilds of the West Riding.

It is but two hours by the Midland Railway from Leeds, and it is a little paradise in the midst of the grandest and most desolate scenery.

The morning after our arrival was wet. After the rain cleared off we walked about the village.

"How beautiful!" we exclaimed, at every turn. A village nestling against a mountain, and embosomed in trees—the cottages quaint and homely looking, most of them with charming little gardens in front. Over the cottages themselves were growing profusely, clematis, golden canariensis, roses, the large white convolvulus, and other creepers. To finish the picture, a gurgling sparkling beck, dashing over mossy stones, under picturesque and weather-beaten stone bridges, and forming every now and then delightful little cascades, flows right down the middle of the village. It was idyllic.

Not the least part of the fascination of the place is that it lies in such a wild and rugged district; yet it is so completely embowered in trees that you might almost fancy yourself in some soft and smiling Devon village.

Towering up above is the huge mass of Ingleborough, the grandest of all the Yorkshire mountains, though not actually the highest, for Mickelfell and Little Whernside both exceed it in height; but Ingleborough is so striking, so majestic and threatening is its black head, soaring up nearly 2,400 feet into the sky, and seldom free from clouds, that it arrests attention at once.

In the opposite direction lies Burn Moor, at this time a blaze of crimson heather, which glows all the more brilliantly in contrast to the bright green fields at its foot. All round, in every direction, are grand hills and moors.

In the afternoon we started for the famous caves. We applied for a key at the steward's house, which enabled us to walk through the squire's beautiful grounds. We went in at a white gate near the church, and kept on by the side of the beck, or rather by a series of artificial waterfalls made out of the beck.

Soon we came to a good-sized lake, also



artificial. The water of this is black and cruel-looking. We were told it is in places forty feet deep.

The way to the caves lies high up on the side of the hill, and is buried in trees and bordered with ferns. Mountain ashes, splendidly clustered with scarlet berries, were plentiful. As we walked on we had occasional peeps of the opposite hills through the trees.

Although any one, on obtaining a key, can go this way to the caves, these grounds are strictly private, and no one is allowed to stray from the path leading directly to the caves; but people frequently abuse the squire's kindness most shamefully, and wander about at their own sweet will stealing ferns and other plants.

After nearly a mile we came to another gate which led us into a beautiful grass-grown path by the side of the beck, now flowing close to us again, for we have been coming down hill for some little time past. Here are several tempting bits for the landscape painter. This sequestered valley must be lovely in spring when the wild flowers are in bloom. *Primula farinosa* and other uncommon ones are to be found. There is now on the banks of the beck a sprinkling of the delicate and fairy-like grass of Parnassus.

We soon see on the left hand a rather insignificant-looking semicircular hole in the rock. This is the mouth of the caves.

As we approach we see gleams of light coming apparently out of the bowels of the rock, then we hear voices, and at last some figures appear, headed by the guide. They are all carrying candles—tallow-dips stuck in wooden frames.

When we get close we see that the entrance to the caves is weird and impressive; an iron gate guards the mouth, a stream gushes out from the midst, the rocks are black and dripping and are much overgrown with green mosses and lichens. The place looks as if it might well be the entrance to some enchanter's stronghold.

At length the other party are disposed of, and we are free to enter. We had met two countrywomen on the way, one of whom now goes in with us.

The guide puts fresh lights into the wooden stands; he gives us each one, and puts two fresh candles into his own double stand. We walk on; the guide goes first, the stream flows in semi-darkness on our left. Presently we see some stalactites hanging from the roof, but they have dried long since and are black and dirty.

The cave takes a turn and we no longer see the daylight; the atmosphere feels very damp, yet it is not exactly cold; the guide tells us that at a certain distance from the mouth the temperature is always exactly the same; summer and winter the mercury stands at 58 degrees Fahrenheit.

"Take care," presently says the guide, a tough old Yorkshireman, "there is a pool of water here, it is three or four feet deep, and cold; it is best to remain on the top," he adds, grimly, as he holds down his candles to show the planks laid across. The reflection of the lights in the water has a fine effect.

We soon reach the New Cave, which was discovered in 1837—the old cave has been known from time immemorial. The new cave when discovered was full of water, and the entrance to it was blocked up by a thick barrier of hard stalagmite. The present squire, Mr. Farrer, and his brother caused the barrier to be cut through; at that time the water was from two to ten feet deep; the rocks were blasted at certain points to let it escape more freely. The height to which the water formerly reached can be plainly traced on the rocks.

Mr. Farrer and his brother thoroughly explored the place, and ran great risks in so doing. They were constantly in the caves for many hours together, sometimes at a distance of half a mile or more from the opening. Had a storm come on while they were there, they must have been drowned by the volume of water which fills the caves at such a time.

The stalactites and stalagmites in the new cave are much finer and whiter than those in the old cave; some of the stalactites hang down from the roof like glittering cream-coloured icicles, others are so thin that they are transparent, and when the guide holds his candles behind them they have the appearance of tortoise-shell. Occasionally the guide enlivens the proceedings by ringing a chime of "bells" on these thin stalactites with the handle of his stick; he sets about it most solemnly, and when he has finished, turns round to us with a triumphant expression as much as to say, "Did you ever hear such sweet music as that?"

The "jockey cap" is a notable specimen of the stalagmites. It is a great white round lump, made by the droppings of water from the roof. The "elephant's legs" are remarkable combinations of both stalactites and stalagmites. But the "pillar," which is some eight or nine feet high, and supports, as it were, the roof, is perhaps the most striking formation.

The roof in parts is extraordinarily level, and looks as if it had been carefully laid in limestone planks.

There is one ghastly part of the caves called the "abyss," where the water disappears into darkness.

Then there is the creeping-place, where the roof is so low that it is necessary at first to stoop a good deal, and then almost literally to creep on hands and knees, for the roof gets lower and lower, and finally is scarcely more than two feet in height. The length is about thirty yards. Half way through this the countrywoman got frightened. "Ah've a'most stoock in t' middle, Ah must go back," she cried, "Ah don't like it."

We told her it would soon be over, but she had got a scare and nothing would induce her to come on, so she turned back—this was perhaps as well, for she was getting uncommonly red in the face.

At the extreme end of the caves is a pool. They extend a good way farther, but this part is no longer shown. I heard water falling near me in profound darkness.

We were not sorry to emerge once more into the daylight, for, interesting as the caves are, the

atmosphere after a time becomes decidedly oppressive, and rather suggestive of the tomb.

Just beyond them is another hollow in the rock, out of which the water wells. The grass-grown path onwards grows more romantic, it is more thickly shaded by trees and fringed with ferns.

A third of a mile or so farther on we come to Trow Gill, a wondrous chasm in the rocks; no way through is visible until you are in the middle of the cleft, and even then so narrow is the opening that the torn rocks almost meet. A steep and stony path leads up through the gap.

On the next day the sheep-dog trials took place. These trials are held annually in different places. They are open for competition to the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Lancashire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire. This was the first time that the meeting had been held at Clapham, and it took place in some moorland fields. Bowsber Thwaite is the name of the locality.

The spot was well adapted for the purpose; it formed a sort of amphitheatre, and the views of the surrounding hills, moors, rocks, and woods were superb. The day was splendid—bright sun, blue sky, and keen, bracing wind. The course lay through five grass fields; in this part of the world stone walls do the duty of hedges, and breaches had been made in the stone walls to enable the sheep to pass through as they were driven. The course was about a mile. There were to be some forty trials in all—Local Stakes, All-Aged Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Puppy Stakes; money prizes for the best dogs in each set.

The judges stood on some raised ground in the middle of the course. A number of wild mountain sheep were huddled together in a pen in a corner of the first field; they had been specially selected for their wildness from the neighbouring moors.

At ten o'clock the trials began. Three sheep, two ewes and a wether, were taken out of the pen. The shepherd, who stood near the judges, sent his dog, by a signal, to begin the work of driving the sheep round the course.

Sometimes the dog would take his sheep through the four fields and into the fifth in no time, and almost without a hitch. At other times the sheep would be refractory or the dog incompetent, and a general stampede would ensue, the sheep scattering into different directions, and the dog wildly trying to bring them together. In some of these stampedes one, or perhaps two, of the sheep would jump over a wall, while the third would remain behind, to the great bewilderment of the dog as to how he was to reunite his scattered forces; and after nearly half an hour's hard work the hapless collie would find himself and his sheep almost exactly where they started.

But even when the sheep were driven quickly to the last field there still remained the difficulty of finally housing them in a small pen in the middle. This pen was nearly triangular, and had a narrow opening at one end, only large enough to admit one sheep at a time. At this stage of the proceedings the shepherd was allowed to come down to help his dog, but neither the man nor the dog was allowed to touch the sheep.

The sheep were, almost without exception, very obstinate about this pen. They went round and round it; they stood huddled in a mass at the opening, looking as if they were all trying to squeeze in at once, then they broke away from it suddenly, sometimes running in all directions, and giving the shepherd and dog endless trouble to bring them together again. Occasionally a specially pugnacious sheep would turn and set viciously at the dog, which long-suffering animal was expected to grin and look as if he liked it. Several times this final penning had to be given up in despair. As it was, some of the puppy stakes were postponed until the next morning, owing to want of time.

Soon after seven o'clock the prizes were given away, and a few speeches were made. An additional prize was given to the handsomest dog. It was amusing to see all the dogs drawn up in orderly array for their good looks to be decided upon. There must have been above a thousand people present, and all seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly.

The following morning looked so promising that I thought I would take advantage of the fine weather and make the ascent of Ingleborough. I started with a friend at two o'clock. We mounted gradually. As we got higher the country spread out behind us most strikingly. It was a sunny afternoon, and the fresh breeze blowing made it the very day for a walk.

After a while we drew clear of the woods, and our path grew wilder and more exposed at every step, though the constant low limestone walls enclosing the grass fields made some of the landscape monotonous. Ingleborough lay on our left; we could not as yet see the top. The limestone becomes more plentiful around us—the whole scene grows more bleak.

And now we come to a wonderful spot. A large amphitheatre of ridges of limestone rises up abruptly; below this is a dreary flat waste of limestone giving a sense of utter desolation. The bleak hills, rocks, and moors surround us; no sign of life or human habitation is visible; even the sheep appear to avoid this spot.

We walk on. Ah! there is Pen-y-gent, perhaps the most picturesque of the Yorkshire mountains, rearing its conical and shapely head; it takes beautiful colours in the afternoon sun; the soft fleecy clouds throw purple shadows upon it as they sail by.

But what is this to which we come suddenly? We have scarcely a moment's warning. What is this awful yawning chasm right under our feet?

The place grows more hideous as we approach. It requires a slight effort to venture on the rickety bridge stretched across it. But once on this bridge, and looking down, I am fascinated. I instinctively cling to the railing, the sight is so ghastly. Where can I be? Am I dreaming?

I see that I am supported by a rickety wooden bridge over an abyss. The mouth is oval-shaped, about one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide; the sides of the cavity are black, intensifying in gloom the lower they go. Delicate ferns grow near the top, as if luring on to the yawning terrors

below; the ferns seem to merge into greeny black oozing slime; no bottom is visible, but after some two hundred feet the hole loses itself in the densest blackness. At last I realise where I must be, and now I can understand why this place is fitly called Helln Pot, or the Mouth of Hell.

From here we strike up directly towards the top of Ingleborough, but it is a good way off yet, and there is some stiff walking before us.

Presently we are mounting to the top of the great hill itself. My companion goes first.

"Oh, how beautiful!" he cries.

I look where he points and have a glimpse as of heaven. We are on the side of the hill and the intervening country is hidden. On the extreme horizon I see an expanse of wondrous light—this gleams and flashes like a plain of opals. Am I dreaming again, I wonder?

"It is Morecambe Bay," says my friend. And then I know that I am looking on the distant sea under the setting sun.

After a pause we hurry up to the top before the sun gets too low. What a magnificent prospect all round! The panorama is complete for miles and miles.

There, nearly due south is the cumbrous mass of Pendle Hill—famous in history and romance—it looms out grandly in the evening sky. The eye travels eastwards till it rests on the heights above Malham; Penygent then boldly breaks the landscape. To the north is Mickelfell. Quite near at hand Little Whernside turns its shapeless but lofty back towards us; north-west lie the lake hills, dim and blue. Still more to the west is the lovely bay of Morecambe with the glorious sea beyond. The Lune, running like a silver thread, we can trace almost as far as Lancaster.

It is all splendid beyond conception—for grandeur, wildness, and variety, the scene cannot be inferior to anything of the kind in England.

The wind on the top is blowing half a gale and we can hardly hear each other speak. We shelter for a few moments behind the remains of a stone erection. There is said to have been a British camp on the top of the hill, but the indications of it (if any) are very slight.

But we could not linger. The sun was sinking fast, clouds were beginning to gather, and some light ones came floating along quite close to us. As we descended it was interesting to watch the various sun and cloud effects in different parts of the country, some places clouded over and stormy-looking, others bright and sunny.

We came down on a different side to that by which we had gone up, and turned almost straight towards Clapham. About a mile before we reached the caves we came abruptly to Gaping Ghyll, another of those fearful holes in the earth, or "Pots" as they call them in these parts. This one is, if possible, more terrible than Helln Pot. There is no bridge over it, and only those with strong heads can look into it at all. The mouth is much smaller than that of Helln Pot, but the depth is supposed to be greater. People say it is five hundred feet; water flows at the bottom, and, it is stated, eventually finds its way into the caves.

We threw in some stones; we heard them reverberating down for several seconds, for the sides are rugged and full of ledges. People and animals have at times been lost in these fearful chasms during the thick mountain mists, which often come on quite suddenly.

As we approached Clapham it began to rain, and by the time I reached the inn it was falling fast.

One day there was an auction at one of the houses, the tenant of which had become bankrupt. We went to look over the things beforehand. We found that every rag and stick belonging to the unfortunate man was to be sold, even down to his tobacco-pipes. At one o'clock the auction began. It took place in the garden, under a sycamore close to the house; beneath the tree was placed a table, on the table was a mat, and on this was a chair to serve as the auction box. The things for sale were all or nearly all spread out on the grass; the rest of the little side garden was half filled with intending purchasers.

The auctioneer, a stout, genial, ruddy-faced man, got into his improvised box. He made his opening speech, putting everything of course in the best possible light, and implying that rarely, if ever, had there been such a select assortment of articles offered to the public. The auctioneer then warmed to his work, and the whole thing was going swimmingly. All at once came a check. In the midst of the most animated biddings over a bottle-jack, and just when the auctioneer was leaning forward, eagerly trying to take sixpenny bids in seven or eight places at the same time, he suddenly disappeared—there was a crash, cries of alarm, and for some seconds nothing was to be seen but a confusion of arms and legs struggling in the air. Whatever had happened? Had the man been seized with a fit?

No, not a bit of it. He was on his legs again—on the table—beaming, and saying, as cheerfully as if nothing out of the common had occurred,

"It is not often, ladies and gentlemen, that you see an auctioneer knocked down."

After loud roars of laughter at this sally, the auction went on as briskly as before. It appeared that the auctioneer's chair, or the mat on which it stood, had been put too near the edge of the table. Leaning forward too much in his enthusiasm, he had lost his balance and toppled over. The accident might have proved serious, but luckily he had not far to fall, and the grass was soft.

I walked back by the murmuring beck to the inn, ruminating on auctions in general, and on the *savoir faire* of auctioneers in particular.

From Clapham there are numerous excursions to be made. Of these, perhaps the most interesting is that to Weathercote Cave and Chapel-le-Dale, celebrated by Southey in his "Doctor."

Weathercote Cave is very beautiful; a fine fall of water breaks out from the middle of the rock and dashes into the depths below.

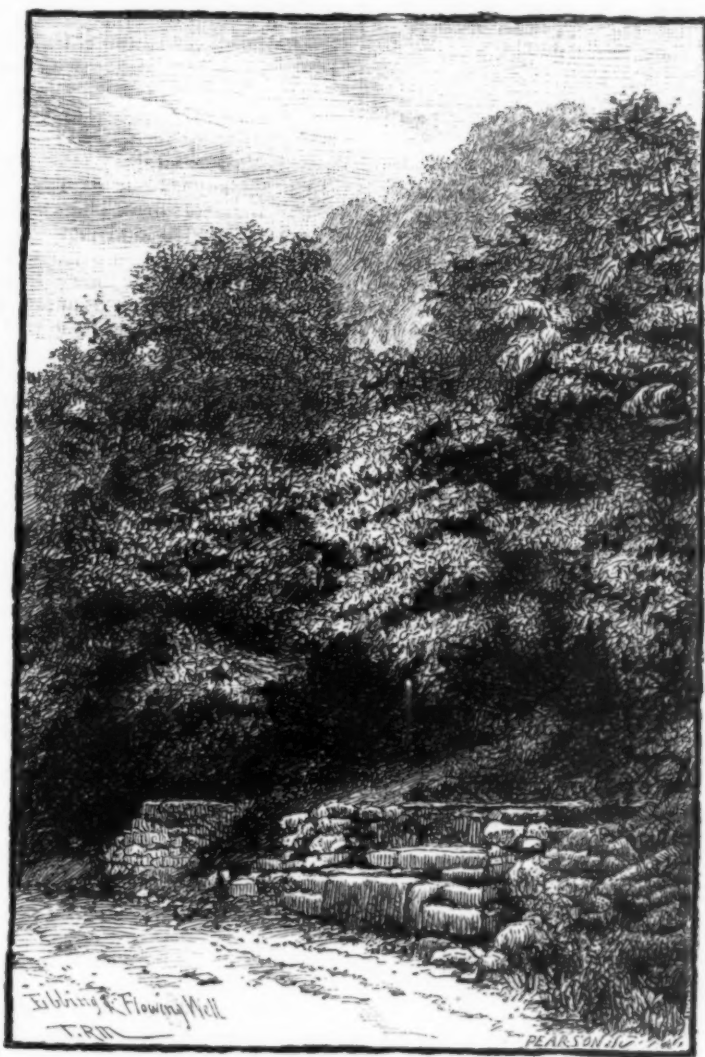
The neighbourhood is quite the Switzerland of Yorkshire. In every direction there are fresh walks and drives, each one more full of charm and variety than the other. The road to Settle is

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a succession of beautiful views; on the way is the extraordinary ebbing and flowing well; it is on the left of the road, about a mile before Settle; it is in a square stone basin; the water actually rises and falls several inches while you are looking

grammar-school, lies close to Settle. From the market-place at Settle, the tumble-down shambles and Castleberg rising behind them, make a picturesque group. There is good fishing to be had at Clapham.



THE EBBING AND FLOWING WELL.

at it, but at certain seasons it varies much more rapidly and constantly than at others; indeed, you may at times spend hours in watching without seeing any variation, while on a more fortunate day you will see several fluctuations within half an hour.

Quaint-looking Giggleswick, with its curious old church and churchyard, and famous for its

We returned to London by way of Ilkley. As we mounted the steep hill from the railway-station, a delicious breeze came dancing down from the ever-glorious moors just above. We spent a few delightful days wandering over the beautiful heather, bracken, and playful mountain streamlets. It is an attractive place alike for bracing air and splendid scenery.

GILBERT S. MACQUOID.

## DONNYBROOK FAIR.

THE Irish fairs are fast losing their barbarous character, and reverting to the original purpose of buying and selling. There was never a fair that did not end with a savage faction-fight, or if there were no faction-feud at the time, with a general fight and scrimmage. Some lives were almost invariably lost, and the list of maimed and wounded was always large. The alpeens, ash saplings loaded with lead, were murderous weapons, not to speak of the missiles which darkened the air in the thick of the *mêlée*. Women joined in the affray, and in the drunken madness of the combatants not even the priest's interference was of any use. The faction-feuds are not extinct yet, for not long since there were fatal encounters in various counties, especially in Limerick, where a poor fellow was brutally murdered by some members of a hostile faction, a woman taking part in the foul deed. The ruffians, tried for murder, were convicted of homicide. The unusual public notice attracted to the case proved that these disgraceful scenes are becoming rarer. At no distant period many such murders, quite as deliberate and savage, passed unnoticed: although the continuance of faction-feuds reveals a spirit as barbarous as the Corsican Vendetta. Both at fairs and at "patrons" or saints' *fêtes*, the kermes of Ireland, the fun nowadays is of a less sanguinary kind, an improvement due partly to the increase of education, partly to the influence of power and of law, and partly to the better example of the higher classes, who were not so very long ago just as reckless in their way as the unlettered peasantry.

Donnybrook Fair is gone, like our own St. Bartholomew, and the Irishman is no more to be seen there in all his glory, with his sprig of shillelagh, "his heart soft with whisky, and his head soft with blows." There is a peaceful "Citizen omnibus" starting for Donnybrook every twenty minutes from College Green, by which the tourist can go to the scene of which Irishmen used to be proud, but are now mostly ashamed. On the way to Glendalough and the Vale of Avoca we are also shown the oak plantations whence the shillelaghs were cut for battle in the eastern counties, as alpeens were in other parts of the island. But Donnybrook Fair is only a symbol of many other things that are passing into history.

It is not so long since "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles O'Malley" were accepted as faithful portraits of Irish life and character. The rollicking, reckless, fighting, fox-hunting squire or squireen; the half-pay captain of dragoons, professional duellist, gambler, and scamp; the punch-imbibing and humorous story-telling priest; the cringing tenantry and lawless peasantry; how unreal and unrepresentative all these characters seem now! Before Charles Lever died last year most of his pictures were out of date. It is Ireland of the past that he depicted.

The intemperance, the improvidence, the reckless jollity, the duelling, the fighting at the dinner-table, or at funerals, in short, the savagery of Ireland, in the upper classes quite as much as in the lower, is becoming a tradition. Yet Charles Lever was a true artist of days not long gone by. I have met with men who have fought duels, and assisted in abductions, and hunted bailiffs, and taken part in scenes which would now seem strange in the wildest book of fiction.

Carlton's sketches of Irish peasant life are equally out of date. The hedge schoolmaster, the bare-headed and bare-footed scholars, the swarms of troublesome beggars and the lunatics at large, are all becoming dissolving views. We want an Irish Dean Ramsay to gather up the traditions and stories of the past generation. We can scarcely imagine the Munster bar, or as many of them as remained above the table, singing the lewd ballad of "The Rakes of Mallow," or an Irish judge singing his own song of "A bumper, Squire Jones," or a parish priest chanting "An Cruiscin Lán, the love of my heart is my little jug, An Cruiscin Lán" (Cruiskeen Lawn).

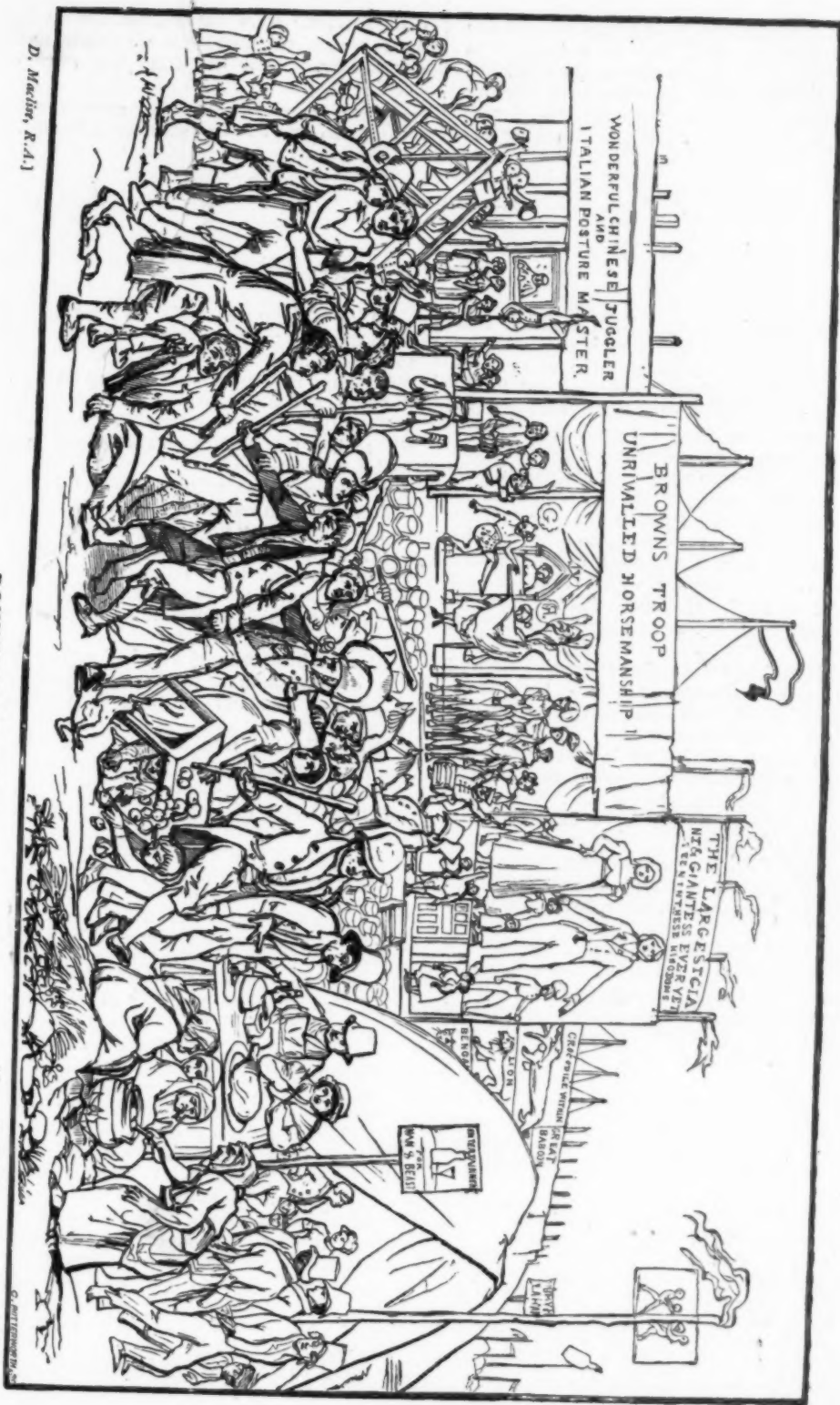
The "Monks of the Screw" were not so indecent and discreditable a set as our English "Monks of Medmenham Abbey," but even that noted Irish club could scarcely now be joined by the statesmen and judges and gentlemen of Dublin, any more than the chiefs of the Parliament House at Edinburgh could now take part in the high jinks and drunken revelries described by Sir Walter Scott. All these things and many more are passing away.

Sir Robert Kane tells how "in Ovoca, on pay-days, where two thousand men were employed when he wrote, five hundred gallons of whisky used to be bought by the miners, and drunk upon the works. The men spent the night in fighting, whilst their wives and children begged in vain that some of their wages should go for provisions and for clothing. There is now upon pay-days no whisky whatsoever sold. The wives of the workmen receive their wages for them, and quarrelling is unknown." Of another village he says, "On pay-day it presented a scene of strife and drunkenness, which always required the intervention of the police, and often rendered the position of the superintendents dangerous. At present nothing of the sort is known. There is a temperance hall for quiet social meetings, and extensive schoolrooms for the education of the children, and the same workmen are able to earn £300 per month more than they formerly received, by the greater steadiness and attention to their work which accompany their improved domestic habits." It was in referring to these and similar cases which had come under his notice that Sir Robert Kane used words which have often been quoted, and which cannot be too widely known. "I do not hesitate to assert that the existing generation in this country is half a century in

D. MacIntyre, R.A.]

# DONNYBROOK FAIR.

[From the Sketch at South Kensington.]





advance of that which is dying off, and that the generation now at school will be a century in advance of us. We were reckless, ignorant, improvident, drunken, and idle. We were idle, for we had nothing to do; we were reckless, for we had no hope; we were ignorant, for learning was

denied us; we were improvident, for we had no future; we were drunken, for we sought to forget our misery. That time has passed away for ever."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> From "The Truth about Ireland," by Dr. Macaulay.

## THE LITTLE BIRD.

A YOUNG married couple lived together in a pretty little house, and they were as happy as happy could be. Behind the house there was a garden with splendid old trees and lovely flower-beds which the wife tended. One day the husband was walking about the garden, looking at this flower and that, admiring the gorgeous colours and revelling in the sweet perfume which rose from the blossoms. His own contentment kept welling over, and he said to himself: "What a fortunate man I am, to be sure, no one could be happier, and wife is the dearest, prettiest soul a husband ever was blessed with—the sweetest flower of them all!" He bowed his head as for very gratitude and, lo! something was moving at his feet.

Now this husband was rather short-sighted, and bending lower he discovered a little bird which probably had fallen from some nest overhead and had not yet got its wings.

He took it up carefully from between the geraniums and gillyflowers, and looked at it sagely, after which he ran with it to his wife.

"Darling mine," he cried, "I have caught a little bird; I do believe it's a young nightingale!"

"Nonsense," said the wife without even looking at the fledgeling, "how on earth should young nightingales be about here when there is never an old one!"

"Well, but I think I am right, nevertheless. In fact this reminds me that I did hear some nightingales hereabouts not so very long ago! I am going to try and rear the little thing; how delightful it will be to have it singing by-and-by."

"Why, you old silly," said the wife, "it isn't one, I tell you!" Not that she had examined the bird, being rather busy with her knitting, and she had just dropped a stitch.

"But it is," reiterated the husband, "just look at it!" and he held up the little bird close to her face.

Now the wife did look at it, and with her own rippling laughter she cried: "Husband dear, don't you see it's a young sparrow!"

"Wife," said he, and his colour was rising, "do you think me such a booby as to mistake a common every-day little sparrow for a young nightingale? Women know nothing of natural history, and I had a whole collection of moths and beetles when I was a boy."

"Now, husband, natural history or not, was there ever a nightingale with such a broad beak and round fluffy head?"

"Indeed there was, and I tell you this is one!"

"But I am morally certain it is not; just listen to its poor little 'peep! peep!'"

"Young nightingales say, 'peep! peep!' you just wait, and it will be singing presently."

Thus they went on, quarrelling more and more, till at last the husband walked away angrily to look for a cage.

"You are never going to keep this wretched little sparrow in our pretty house," cried the wife as he returned. "I'll not allow it!"

"I hope I am still master here," retorted he, and lodged the little creature in its cage; after which he sent for ant's eggs and carefully fed the young bird, which took to the food kindly enough and appeared comfortable.

But the husband and wife had supper in silence that evening, and, the meal over, he took his newspaper and she her knitting, each sitting in a corner apart.

The following morning when the sun peeped through the shutters the wife turned round to her husband as he opened his eyes, saying in an aggrieved sort of tone: "Now, dearest, I hope you have come to see how ridiculous you were yesterday, not to say how unkind to me! I looked at your little bird carefully, and assure you it is nothing but just an ordinary young sparrow. I hope you will let me turn it out to-day."

"You shall not touch my nightingale," cried he; "I mean to rear it, I tell you!" And after that he never gave her another word.

A fortnight passed, and all happiness and peace appeared to have flown from that little house. The very garden seemed forsaken, the wife forgetting to tend the flowers, and the husband never caring now how sweetly they bloomed: rain and sunshine doing their own part in silence. The husband did a good deal of grumbling, and the wife was busy with her tears. But the little bird regardless of it all thrived amazingly on his daily portion of ant's eggs, its wings growing visibly; and soon the little creature began to try them with a good deal of self-confidence too, hopping about unabashed in the cage, crying "peep! peep!" ruffling its feathers and blowing them up exactly like a cocky young sparrow, if it was not one! And every time the wife saw it, it gave her a stab to the heart.

One day the husband had gone out, and the wife sat mournfully by the window where the flowers looked in; and her thoughts went threading the past, calling up to her the happiness that

seemed gone. How tenderly her husband had cared for her—"but it is all over," she said, "since this wretched creature has come to the house."

And jumping up as with a sudden resolution, she opened the cage, and the bird, seizing its opportunity, was out and away to her own surprise.

She was still staring after it when the husband entered.

"My dear," she cried, not daring to look at him, "I have had a mishap, the little bird escaped me!"

"Escaped you!" returned he wrathfully, "escaped you indeed! You turned it out, I'll be bound, just to spite me. I should never have believed it of you, and I'll never, never trust you again!" He had been flushed with anger, but grew white now with the thought of how utterly mistaken he was in his once beloved wife.

She turned and looked at him, and was not sure but that she saw a tear in his eyes, or something like it, and it smote her heart, showing her how wrong she had been to send flying the little bird. And with a great sob she rushed out into the garden to see whether she could not catch it again. It was there right enough, fluttering among the flower-beds, for its wings were not yet strong enough to carry it far.

With a cry of delight almost the wife was after it, but the bird was not caught so easily; in and out between the flowers it hopped, and in and out between her geraniums and gillyflowers darted the wife, never caring how she hurt the blossoms in her great anxiety to catch hold again of the bird. At last, after a great deal of chasing on the one part, and of escaping on the other, she caught it, and holding it fast in the hollow of her hands, she flew back into the house with a heightened colour and prettily dishevelled hair. Her eyes were

shining, and something more than excitement was beating at her heart.

"Husband, darling, I have got your nightingale all safe again," she cried; "now don't be angry any longer, I am really sorry I let it out!"

And for the first time in all this sad fortnight the husband looked fully at his wife; and as he looked he could not help seeing how sweetly pretty she was. He took the bird from her, and holding it up once again to his own short-sighted eyes, he examined it suspiciously. "H'm!" he said. "Child, I do believe that after all you were right. The creature has got its feathers now, and I can see it is nothing but a sparrow. It is strange how mistaken one can be sometimes!"

"Husband mine," cried the wife eagerly, "you only say this out of kindness now, I am sure. I rather think it may be a nightingale; let us keep it and see!"

"No! no!" laughed the husband, having looked at the bird closely all this time, "it's just nothing but an ordinary sparrow!" And kissing his wife with his own old affection, he thrust the bird into her hand and said, "There, let it out again among the flower-beds, which is almost too good a fate for a wretched sparrow over which we quarrelled and were miserable this fortnight."

"No, dearest," said the wife, "I could not be so cruel to the poor little thing. It cannot use its wings yet, and would be sure to be caught by some prowling cat. Let me feed it a few days longer, and then, yes, if you like, it shall have its liberty."

But the moral of this little story is: if your husband has caught a sparrow and believes it to be a nightingale, do not keep telling him how mistaken he is; but leave him to find out for himself, which he is sure to do presently.

*From the German by Julie Sutter*

## THE LESSON OF THE STARS.

THE danger is over, the patient is to take up the thread of life once more; weak as the new-born babe in hand or foot, strong as the new-born year in hopes for the future.

Desolation has been spared to his house, but spared by so narrow a plank, that security cannot be realised yet; the sense of peril must first be felt in its stern reality; thankfulness and relief must abide their turn. Who that has ever escaped sudden death by a hair's-breadth, but can comprehend this?

It once occurred to a woman, till shortly before that time a petted child; but then compelled by an overwhelming sea of conflicting troubles to act for herself; the necessity occurred of crossing a mighty, busy river, and seeking a person upon weighty business, on a wild, stormy Sunday evening, in midwinter, and alone. The way was un-

familiar; unfamiliar also the fact of walking through the streets of a town unaccompanied, and at night. The wind howled in her face; sheets of cold, sleety rain drove upon each blast; every step was a struggle, and, upon her return, she lost her way. Applying to a policeman for direction, he civilly informed her that she had passed the turning to the ferry by some distance, but that she might yet catch the next boat if she took the nearest street on the right, which would lead her to the same point, though by a less frequented road. Time was of consequence to her, so, thanking him, she proceeded as directed. Holding her dripping umbrella low down before her face to gain greater purchase over it from the storm, her feet heavy with mud, and her skirts swishing around them, soaked through and through with rain, she proceeded, utterly unaware that the

street ended abruptly in a quay overhanging the river, and wholly unprotected. She did not know how short the way was, nor how near the end; she expected to have found the river at least twice as distant; and she proceeded till, between her wet cloak and her wet umbrella, she saw water gleam, deep down, black, tossing, silent, and deadly. One foot was actually on the last possible step of solid ground, the other was raised, and, if set down, would have been set down upon vacancy, and she must have been plunged headlong in that surging tide.

In that instant the value of her life to certain helpless ones dependent upon her flashed upon her mind as it had never done before while working and struggling for them. By instinct, by practical habits, by Providence, she said to herself instantaneously, "I walked straight here upon firm ground," and she ran backwards three steps. Then a mighty horror rushed over her, trembling seized her limbs, indecision took possession of her nerves, and she dared not move to the right or to the left, forwards nor backwards. "Every one would have said that I had destroyed myself on purpose," was her thought; "they would have said that trouble was too great for me, and I could not bear it, and the stigma would have been attached to the children for ever."

She shook with dread at that thought; the idea of eternity for herself never came for long afterwards. The idea of the mistake under which the world would have laboured struck her with ridicule, and hysteria was imminent. She thought of what an object she would have been when drawn out of the filth and mud, with the salt water running from her hair—she, so daintily and scrupulously clean by custom. "It would have been such a dirty death," said she, with the laugh on the verge of a scream.

But she was a proud woman, and a man's footstep tramping down the road roused her to common sense in the same moment. Not for worlds would she have made a scene in public. A hasty prayer, "Let me keep my senses for the sake of those at home," an immediate answer to it mercifully granted, and calmness was once more in the ascendant, which enabled her to nerve herself, to make her way to the stranger's figure, and put one point of her umbrella against the back of his.

That poor innocent man never knew the comfort which he unconsciously was to that lady. She followed behind in that manner, passed the pay-gate, walked down the slippery stones of the wet pier—where the waves, washing up on either hand, had so nearly found a ghastly toy to toss, in her body—and was safely ensconced on board the ferry steamer, seated and secure, but not daring to think. That would never do, thought would bring either the laugh or the tear; and, whichever it were, the other would follow. She counted the oranges in the basket of a poor woman beside her; she looked at the wet coat of a man who sat opposite, and wondered if it were his best one, and whether his wife would be able to dry it for him before morning, or whether he would put it on damp. She looked up at the

sky; there was a lull in the rain, the wind was driving the storm-rack wildly athwart the heavens, and stars began to peer out behind. Their steadiness soothed and quieted her.

"The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," she said. "Storms sweep before them; what do they reck? They stand there; they move in their orbits; they shine undisturbed whatever intervenes; the same hand which guides them guides us. How can we feel insecure in sight of such security? How whirl with doubts and fear, with such witnesses before our eyes of the peace which passes understanding?"

No more did the world of every day seem unreal, presided over by those everlasting witnesses. They said their quiet say; and, by the time when the cab dropped her at her own door, she was able to appear calmly before those who must not be alarmed by sign or token of precariousness as to *her* life. She could stoop to kiss the rosy face which rushed to clasp her wet knees; she could smile and say, "How comfortable!" when the invalid pointed to the blazing fire made up for her return; she could even descend, dry and warm in her old familiar garments, and eat the toast made for her by loving childish fingers, and praise it, while keeping her secret with the faithful stars.

Those stars have been her confidants since then, many a time and oft, and now again imminent peril has come to her door; not to her own life—only of a broken heart for her—but the dread visitor has hovered brooding above her home for many days, nor is the shadow of his dusky wings afar off yet.

"You must sleep," said the doctor, "or you will break down, and all will be lost."

"I cannot sleep," said she.

"Take a little fresh air when you can be spared," said he. "No one can go on much longer without sleeping."

So the patient lay quietly in sweet oblivion, and she stole out into the tiny suburban garden to pace the path beneath the stars, wrapped in her warm shawl.

How night beautifies the commonplace! The ordinary little homely garden, all its gay flowers sleeping beneath the sod, not a daisy to be seen, lay shimmering in the pure moonlight; the frosty rime upon the grass, the shadows of evergreen shrubs lying upon its silver. Above the myriad stars shone, in clusters, in groups, alone, by thousands, one differing from another in glory, serenely indifferent to the sorrows and sobs and sadness beneath them, sedately significant of the glories above. Did they shine there, separate worlds, in which other souls wept and mourned? Or was the poet's fancy true, and were they revelations of the splendid glory hid from us by the "tent's thin woof," but revealed in part through the rents made in it by the flying footsteps of the merry clouds, "the beat of whose unseen feet only the angels could hear"?

There Orion slowly sank, the Christian warrior, keeping his sentinel watch for ages. There the steadfast Pole Star maintained its significance of perpetuity; there Mars glowed with passionate



heat; and there the sweet sisterhood of the skies, the six Pleiades, ever mourned the tender heart of their Merope, who loved a mortal man, and was content to have her celestial radiance dimmed forever for his sake. Ah! but that was heathen love. Love, with the solid background of the Christian's hope, can never shine dim in heaven. Let it be as faint and feeble as that of the most distant of those orbs of light, it is still a shadowing forth of greater love, whose image and reflection it is; a

leading towards the fulness of glory and radiance, only concealed behind our "tent's thin woof."

As the stars once preached peace to that poor woman's heart, so now they preached patience; as once they soothed, so now they exalted it; as once they calmed, so now they ennobled it, and gave her strength to bear. She returned to her anxious watch; her beloved slept; and sleep fell, like the dews of heaven, upon her over-wearied senses and soul.

G. N.

### LORD IDDESLEIGH.



*Iddesleigh*

FEW recent events have so startled and saddened society as the sudden death of the Earl of Iddesleigh. But the world moves very fast in these days, and before these pages can lie in the hands of the reader the melancholy occurrence will already have faded far into the background. Public life, however, does not present to us so many examples of statesmen of Lord Iddesleigh's type that we can afford so readily to let slip the memory of them; and, moreover, the few weeks that have elapsed since his death seem only to have afforded unexpected opportunities of learning the real worth of the man.

The harshest things that his severest critics ever said about him while he lived, or have ventured to express since his death, have amounted merely to this—that he was too gentle, too sensitive, too scrupulous, too modest, and, in the very best sense, too high-minded for the requirements

of ruthless party warfare. But nobody ever spoke or wrote or thought of Sir Stafford Northcote in connection with anything that was mean or self-seeking, unscrupulous or vulgarly ambitious; while everybody who came in contact with him recognised the geniality and gentleness of his nature, the chivalrous magnanimity of the "fine old English gentleman."

Lord Iddesleigh's fortune and lot in life, so far as onlookers might judge, appear to have been almost ideal. Born of an old "county family," educated at Eton and Oxford, where he made many of the influential friendships of his after life, he succeeded just in the prime of his early manhood to the title and estates of his grandfather, Sir Stafford Northcote, seventh baronet. Thus, at two or three-and-thirty years of age we have him with an ample income, a handsome estate, and a title, placing him at once in a prominent and influential position.

Sir Stafford Northcote—or Mr. Northcote, as of course he was in his younger days—appears to have been one whom prosperity but ripens. In the opinion of those who knew him best he was amiable by natural disposition. "There is," said Mr. Gladstone, in the House of Commons, "a courtesy, and a delightful courtesy, of the man of the world founded upon his knowledge of society and upon his knowledge of what is necessary to the social intercourse; but the temper and courtesy of Lord Iddesleigh lay at the very foundation of his character." He was by nature kind and gentle and courteous, and his life-long delight in intellectual pursuits and the quiet of a country life tended only to the development of his inborn amiability. He started with a high-class education. In 1839 he took his B.A. degree at Oxford, obtaining a first in classics and a third in mathematics, passing on to his M.A. degree in the usual course.

But the whole life of the man was, apparently, in more than a usual degree, a continued education. This will be very apparent to any one who will turn to the charming lecture on "The Pleasures, Dangers, and Uses of Desultory Reading," delivered before the students of Edinburgh University, of which he was at the time Rector. This, of course, was one of his later efforts, and is full of ripe

wisdom and graceful charm; but it also reveals in a very interesting way some of the influences which went to form a statesman respected and beloved by both parties of the political world at a time when party spirit ran exceptionally high. "It is not only," he said, "perhaps it is not so much, a question of what you read, as of how you read it. Undoubtedly there are great and noble works which are qualified to produce a great effect, and to lead the soul and the intellect distinctly heavenward, while there are undoubtedly some which have a decidedly noxious and baneful character. But the great mass of books are, like the great mass of men, a mixture of good and evil, and are neither to be blindly followed nor blindly neglected. It would but narrow the mind in the first place, and depend upon it that from narrowing to perverting is but a short step. Hear the advice of a very wise counsellor, especially to youth, the late Dr. Arnold,"—and Sir Stafford Northcote proceeds to quote with cordial approbation a passage from the illustrious Master of Rugby, advocating wide and varied reading as a means of acquiring broad views of men and things.

That his own reading was of a very miscellaneous character was often evident in his public speeches, especially on occasions such as that of this address to the students of Edinburgh, or his appearance before the Exeter Literary Society, of which he was president, when he gave a clever and charming address upon "Nothing." But though his reading was extensive, he was, says one who appears to have known him well, an appreciative rather than an omnivorous reader. Few busy men probably have had a wider acquaintance with general literature, but he always seems to have been on the look-out for the purest and the best. "We cannot escape from the knowledge of good and evil," he said; "we have it forced upon us. Our aim and object must be, not to escape or to close our eyes to it, or to keep it out by the method of the wiseacre who shut his park gates against the crows, but to neutralise the evil by seeking out the good, and to strengthen our minds by sound discipline and purify our taste by the loving study of literature of the nobler type, so that we may instinctively reject that which is mean and unworthy."

That Sir Stafford Northcote was a very busy man everybody knows. His first step in political life was taken when he became private secretary to Mr. Gladstone in 1843. That distinguished statesman had then just assumed the Presidency of the Board of Trade, which he held from 1843 till 1845. Mr. Northcote, as he was then, served under him during the whole of this time, and in 1847 was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and became legal secretary to the Board of Trade. In 1851, as has been said, he succeeded to the title and estates of his grandfather, and about the same time was appointed one of the secretaries of the first Great Exhibition, his services in connection with which were rewarded with a Companionship of the Bath. He was next engaged in a lengthy inquiry into the condition of the Civil Service establishments, and it was mainly owing to the report which he and Sir Charles Trevelyan

presented at the close of their investigations that the system of nominations for appointments under the Crown was abolished, and the public service fairly thrown open to competition. He first entered Parliament as the representative of Dudley in 1855, and two years later offered himself to the electors of North Devon. The Devonians on that occasion, however, rejected him, but in 1866 he had the satisfaction of being returned by his own county, and he represented North Devon ever afterwards. Without going minutely into the particulars of his career, we may observe that he had been Financial Secretary to the Treasury, President of the Board of Trade, Secretary of State for India, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Greatly to his honour, he was a member of the Joint High Commission for the settlement of the dispute between this country and America, which arose in connection with the Alabama. The American claims were recognised, and in 1871 was signed the Treaty of Washington, by which the difficulties were finally adjusted.

As a leader of his party, and as one burdened with official work and responsibility, as well as with innumerable claims upon his time and attention, Sir Stafford Northcote was usually a very busy man, and there is every reason to believe that, like most people who throw their whole energy into their work, he thoroughly enjoyed it. But those who knew him best affirm that it was always with the keenest satisfaction that he laid aside official work in London and hurried off to his charming home in the midst of the woods and lanes of Devonshire, where he would assume most completely the rôle of the genial active country squire. "He learned the dialect of Devonshire," says the Rev. Prebendary Barnes, "in order that he might converse with the common people as one of themselves, and his feeling was one of warm attachment and quiet concern for their welfare." His great forte, adds the same authority, was conciliation. "People of all classes used to seek his aid, and to the common people he delighted to discuss matters with them in their own tongue." He had a great fund of humour, and told Devonshire stories in the drollest manner, and with a power of facial expression which greatly enhanced their effect.

Altogether, Sir Stafford Northcote seems to have been an English country gentleman of the highest type, happy in his estate, on the best of terms with his tenantry and his neighbours, sharing in the services of his church, and keenly interested in all the intellectual and social movements around him. There is a passage in one of his speeches at Edinburgh which throws much light on his motives for entering on the arduous path of politics and the spirit in which he pursued it.

"Party spirit," said the newly-inducted Rector of the University, "among the young men of our national seats of learning may easily be abused and may become mischievous, as is the case with all good things; and unquestionably there is a kind of party spirit—that which refuses to do justice to opponents or to see any merits except on its own side—which is much to be deprecated.

and discouraged. But," he continued, "I confess that I value so highly the training of our youth for political life that I would rather see among you a little exaggeration, and even a little temporary misdirection of your partisanship, than a dull indifference upon a question of high importance, or a selfish insensibility to the interests of your native country. You all remember the beautiful and touching words of the Greek orator and statesman: 'The taking of the youth out of a State is like taking the spring out of the year.' They were words which he applied to the loss sustained by the State in the premature death of those who were cut off by war or disease. But they might with equal truth and force be applied to the loss which it suffers when the flower of its youth withdraw themselves from active political life to devote the energies which should be employed for their country's benefit to selfish objects,

or to allow them to become enervated by indolence or luxury."

The writer of this note was almost startled by the worn and worried look of the earl as he stood, shortly after his elevation to the peerage, among the brilliant assembly gathered together at the wedding of the Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenburg, at Whippingham, last July twelvemonth. His bent form and his recently silvered hair, and the weary expression of a face meant to be so sunny and genial, told a tale that it was useless for formal speeches and set newspaper articles to contradict. From that time to the day of his death his course beyond all question was clouded by political disappointments. His sudden death came as a tragic end, but if it has blazoned out in brighter lustre the signal virtues and graces of the man, even such a stroke will not have fallen in vain.

## • NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

### LIGHTHOUSE IMPROVEMENTS.

THE recent disastrous gales lend special interest to the reconstruction of lighthouse arrangements which is proceeding on nearly every coast. The Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses have recently introduced the electric light into the tower on the Isle of May, near the mouth of the Firth of Forth. The beam of light which is now projected from this well-known and ancient beacon is the most intense ever shown from any lighthouse. It is equal to about three million standard candles. It is now about eighteen months since the preparations were commenced for this new illumination of the Forth. A gully which intersects the island crosswise, at some distance from the light tower, has been chosen as the site for the new dwellings and the engine-house. Two steam-engines, each of sixteen-horse power, and made by Messrs. Umpherston, Leith, have been placed for driving two dynamos, which were supplied by De Meritens, of Paris. As a rule, only one engine and one dynamo will be used at a time, the duplicate being provided to guard against accident. The dynamos are of the alternate current type, and of the largest size hitherto made by M. De Meritens, having sixty permanent horseshoe magnets arranged round a centre, in twelve sets of five each. The electric lamps are of the most improved kind. The carbons, which are fully one and a half inches in diameter, have a small core of pure graphite running through the centre. These are found to burn with great steadiness and regularity.

The light-giving apparatus is of a novel make. It is constructed on the condensing principle successfully introduced into the Scottish lighthouses by Messrs. Stevenson thirty years ago, and since then largely adopted for similar purposes. It gives a group of four flashes, with dark intervals

of thirty seconds, and has been so arranged as to admit of the beams of light being dipped to show the nearer surroundings of the lighthouse during dense fog. Messrs. Chance Brothers, of Birmingham, made the dioptric apparatus, and Messrs. Milne, of Edinburgh, the revolving machine.

The principle of dipping the light from towers much elevated above the sea, and thus illuminating the rocks and shallows at the base, whilst the central lens is still directed to the far horizon, has been successfully carried out with new apparatus at Macquarie, South Australia, and at Tino on the Italian coast. One of the problems was to reduce the volume of the dipping light to a small fraction of the amount sent out to the horizon, otherwise its effect would be excessively dazzling. At Macquarie, where the light-giving apparatus is 346 feet above the sea, the following arrangement is found to meet the requirements: The central lens and the three rings above and below direct their light to the horizon without vertical divergence, except what is due to the size of the arc; the light for the nearer sea is obtained from the remaining ten lens-segments. From half to three-quarters of a mile the sea receives light from one element of the apparatus; from three-quarters to one and a quarter mile from two elements; from one and a quarter to two miles from three elements; from two to two and a half miles from four elements; beyond two and a half miles from six elements. The upper and lower totally reflecting prisms come in aid at about five miles. The main power of the apparatus is hardly attained till a distance of eight or ten miles, and the glare which is then obtained is seen at a distance of sixty miles.

At Tino, where the same engineer (Dr. John Hopkinson, F.R.S.) has introduced an apparatus of the same kind, but where less illuminating power is required, the light was well observed



through rain when distant thirty-two nautical miles, and although below the horizon the position was precisely localised, and the triple-flash distinction unmistakable. At eighteen miles distant the illumination of the flash upon white paper was sufficient to make out letters marked in pencil one and a quarter inches high, and when fourteen miles distant it was easy to ascertain the time from a watch. The light was frequently seen at a distance of fifty miles, near to Genoa.

In both these instances the optical apparatus is on a larger scale than that hitherto adopted in light-houses, and the success which has been achieved marks a new departure in the use of the electric arc light for the prevention of shipwrecks.

#### ELECTRIC GLOW LAMPS.

At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, Major-General C. E. Webber read a paper on incandescent or glow lamps, which, as distinguished from the arc electric light, are found to be preferable for the lighting of interiors. Speaking of the nature of the light and its optical effects, he said that inasmuch as the surface of the incandescent filament in its egg-shaped glass is much smaller than that of a gas flame, its brilliancy, when giving an equal light, is such that it produces a sudden slight paralysis of the receptive powers of the eye. The result is that persons often complain of the want of light in a room fitted with glow lamps, although the illumination is actually greater than it would be with gas. The remedy for this is, that glow lamps should be invariably shaded from the eye, and be placed as near as possible to the object to be seen.

#### DEEP-SEA PHOTOGRAPHY.

The electric incandescent light, which has been applied to the taking of photographs in caverns and mines, is now to be tried by MM. Boufante and Massouneuve for photographing the sea bottom, sunken vessels, and submarine works. Divers may be employed in the work, inasmuch as sufficient knowledge of photography can be obtained nowadays in a few lessons. Moreover, by suitable electrical arrangements, the "negatives" may be taken from above water, and the camera manipulated from a distance.

#### THE FORMS OF CLOUDS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

Mr. A. F. Osler, F.R.S., through Professor Balfour Stewart, has published the results of many interesting observations tending to explain the origin of the leading cloud-forms. The first-born primary cloud, the "cumulus," so familiar an object of our March and April sky ("When clouds are large," as the Poet-Laureate long since remarked in "In Memoriam"), is thus explained. The initial cause is the diminished specific gravity of the air when more or less charged with invisible vapour. It is produced when there is so

much vapour in the lower atmosphere that the vapour-laden layer projects upwards within the limits of condensation. During the formation of the cumulus, calm is supposed to prevail. When the atmosphere is in motion, a change in the form of the cumulus begins. Its horizontal movement produces the first important modification. Retarded by friction and other causes, the lower portion of the cumulus moves more slowly than the upper, and the cloud sheers over into a slanting position, and ultimately becomes the "cumulo-stratus." A young cloud is thus distinguishable from those that have travelled even a short distance. In this climate large well-developed cumuli, though common in early summer, are seldom seen in the cold season. The majority of the clouds of the first stage seen here are born in warm latitudes, and, coming as travelled cumuli, show more or less the condition of the "cumulo-stratus." The invisible vapour is subject to this same sheering motion, and far-travelled water-vapour will, on its rising, as it does in this climate, to the height necessary for condensation, at once take the shape of the "stratus."

In the next stratum above, Mr. Glaisher's investigations in his balloon ascents show a rather rapid change to a drier atmosphere. Here are found the "cirro-cumulus," and "cirro-stratus." The differential motion of the atmosphere, though diminished, is still an important agent, and produces results that are not possible in the more bulky and dense clouds of the lowest range.

When the sun's heat expands the lower atmosphere, the upper cloud-stratum will be lifted, flattened, and broken into patches, the result being a mackerel sky. Should, however, the expansion of the lower atmosphere take place very slowly, it is possible that the cloud, though thinned, will remain unbroken. Rapid motion of the atmosphere will elongate the cloud in the direction of motion, and if accompanied by expansion from below will rupture the cloud into ribs or bars at right angles with the current. If the mass of the cloud is stationary, or moving slowly, prominent parts may be drawn out into "mare's-tails." It is in his views of the dynamics of cloud-form that the originality and value of Mr. Osler's paper consists.

#### THE MOON FROM THE NATAL OBSERVATORY.

Her Majesty's Astronomer for Natal, Mr. Edmund Neison, has recently published some new and remarkable observations corroborating the views of the lunar surface set forth in his standard and classical work, "The Moon," published some eleven years since. The fact that Mr. Neison's later studies of the moon's surface have been pursued in the highly favourable atmosphere of South Africa, where, perhaps, the best photographs of the celestial bodies are secured, lends great importance to his newest utterances on the subject, as found in his illustrated handbook just issued for popular use.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Astronomy." By Edmund Neison, F.R.A.S. Ward, Lock, and Co.

Referring to the notions of a now almost past generation, and the view that the moon is to all intents an airless, waterless, lifeless, unchangeable desert, Mr. Neison says an entirely different opinion is held by those astronomers who have systematically studied the lunar surface. Only those observers who assiduously piece together, through many years of persistent study, all the information which is revealed as the moon presents its successive and varied aspects, are able to obtain a true conception of the nature of the different lunar formations. They seek for instances for changes in the surface of the moon, such as landslips and avalanches, and they find instances where such have occurred in recent times. They look for places where portions of the steep walls of the lunar ring-plains have fallen with terrific energy into the interior, filling it up with ruins and *débris*, and they find such instances; they search for representatives of terrestrial volcanoes, and they find them. These they critically watch, and they find more than one case of suspected change in them, whilst at least two new ones have made their appearance. They seek for changes in the tint of the lunar surface, such as might be caused by some kinds of vegetation, and they find large tracts undergoing periodical changes in colour as the lunar day progresses, and exactly corresponding to the changes which would be visible from the moon in the more arid portions of the earth as vegetation gradually flourished and waned with the seasons. And thus they are led to believe that the moon is far from being the unchangeable, arid, volcanic desert of the text-books. Finally, says Mr. Neison, the moon is no copy of the earth, but the differences are merely in degree, not in kind.

As Mr. Neison is the most eminent British student of the moon, his latest description of the great level plains, which lack water, like the beds of dried-up oceans and seas, will be read with interest. These great tracts—the *maria*, as Hevelius termed them—are at full moon distinctly visible to the naked eye as dark grey spots. They are generally bordered by lofty ranges of rugged cliffs, broken here and there by ravines, indented in places by bays and gulfs, and projecting into long promontories. At other times the border is formed either by gently rising slopes or by long series of low parallel ridges. When attentively scrutinised many traces can be detected of erosion and disintegration all round these coast-lines; moreover, frequent evidences of alluvial deposits can be clearly perceived, all pointing to the fact that in these dark grey *maria* we find the dried-up beds of the ancient lunar oceans.

These *maria* constitute about two-fifths of the entire lunar surface. They are most numerous in the north and east, smaller towards the centre and west, and entirely absent from the south. They help us to map out the former terraqueous surface from pole to pole in one of the lunar hemispheres. The principal are the Oceanus Procellanum, and the Mare Tortinum, Mare Serenitatis, and Mare Tranquillitatis. They are usually from three hundred to five hundred miles in diameter.

Maps of the moon are now published in popular

form, mounted on cardboard, at low prices, and with the aid of a binocular glass (in the absence of the three-inch telescope now so much in vogue with amateurs) enough can be made out to reward the observer and appetise him for further study.

#### SUBMARINE BOATING—THE "PEACEMAKER" AND THE "NAUTILUS."

Important experiments in the new science of submarine boating have recently been made, both in the United States and in England. Rumours of extraordinary projects of the kind have been rife in engineering circles for some time past, and men of eminence have not hesitated to prophesy that submarine ships will shortly be able to navigate such stormy waters as the English Channel with complete immunity from sea-sickness and absolute security, the vessel moving fully forty feet below the wave action at the surface, and travelling as smoothly as a railway train.

The new American torpedo boat *Peacemaker* has made some successful experiments in submarine travel. This vessel is a cucumber-shaped cylinder 30 feet in length, with an 8-foot beam and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet depth of hold. Her hull is of iron. The pilot looks out through a dome 1 foot high and 14 inches in diameter, with narrow lights in its circumference, enabling him to scan the surface of the sea when the boat is up, when down he is compelled to steer by compass. The interior is lit with the electric light. The boat is hermetically sealed at every point, and access to the interior is afforded through a manhole near the stern.

The method of propulsion adopted is a surprise to most English engineers, steam and not electricity being the motive power. The *Peacemaker* is a screw propeller, having a Westinghouse vertical engine of 14-horse power. Caustic soda is used as the most rapid means of generating heat, and meets all expectations, the gauge showing 30lb. in a few minutes; indeed, a pressure of 140lb. has been attained, driving the boat eight knots an hour forty feet below the surface, the screw making 350 revolutions per minute. Fifteen hundred pounds of caustic soda of 95 per cent. strength runs the boat five hours. The boat contains a compressed air-pump, and the crew can remain below for twenty-four hours without inconvenience. The pilot can tell what depth he has descended beneath the surface by looking at the pressure gauge.

At the first trial of the *Peacemaker* she dived to a depth of forty-five feet, and steamed under water for a distance of two miles and a half, being under perfect control, and manœuvring admirably. On the approach of a big river steamboat she dived under her at the rate of fifteen knots an hour amidst the cheers of the passengers, who watched her rise to the surface on the other side. The trial is said to have proved that the *Peacemaker* can safely descend to any necessary depth, and there be intelligently directed by compass, and under her own steam could steer under an enemy.

The Peacemaker is the result of the studies of Professor J. H. L. Tuck, a well-known mineralogist and mining engineer of San Francisco.

Another submarine boat which has attracted considerable attention is the British-built craft Nautilus. This vessel differs considerably from the Peacemaker. She is a cigar-shaped vessel,

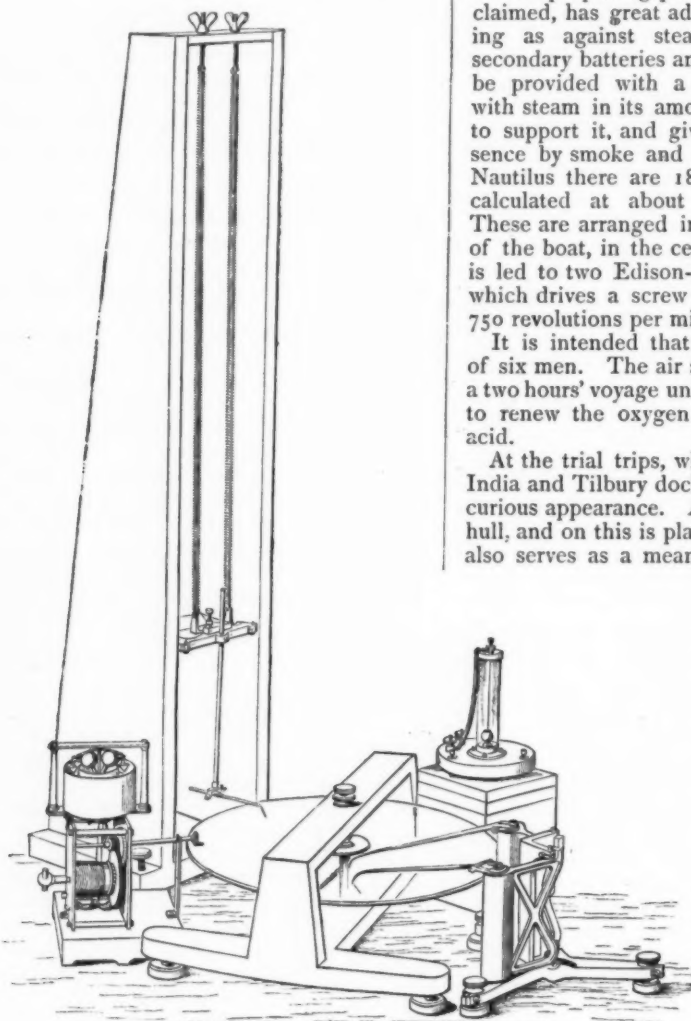


FIG. 1.—PROFESSOR EWING'S PENDULUM SEISMOGRAPH RECORDING EARTHQUAKE MOTION.

60ft. long by 8ft. in diameter. Instead of descending below the surface of the water at an angle of fifteen degrees, as is the case with the Peacemaker, she is submerged with an even keel. The immersion and emersion are effected by lengthening or shortening the boat telescopically. For this purpose there are provided on each side of the vessel four horizontal cylinders, which can be protruded beyond the skin, or withdrawn into the hull, according as it is desired to rise to the surface or descend below it. The corresponding cylinders on the opposite

sides form a pair, and are operated simultaneously, so that their motion has no effect on the trim. Fore and aft, however, the cylinders can be worked separately, and by this arrangement the keel may be deflected from the horizontal, and made to stand at an angle in order to fire a torpedo upwards against the bottom of a vessel.

The propelling power is electricity, which, it is claimed, has great advantages in submarine boating as against steam-power. By the aid of secondary batteries and electro-motors a boat can be provided with a power which can compare with steam in its amount, and yet requires no air to support it, and gives no indication of its presence by smoke and sparks. In the case of the Nautilus there are 180 Elwell-Parker cells, each calculated at about four horse-power hours. These are arranged in two rows, one at each side of the boat, in the central portion. The current is led to two Edison-Hopkinson motors, each of which drives a screw which, at full speed, makes 750 revolutions per minute.

It is intended that the boat shall carry a crew of six men. The air she contains is sufficient for a two hours' voyage under water without any means to renew the oxygen or to absorb the carbonic acid.

At the trial trips, which took place in the West India and Tilbury docks, the Nautilus presented a curious appearance. A short deck rises above the hull, and on this is placed a conning-tower, which also serves as a means of access to the interior.

For certain purposes she was sunk until the deck was just a-wash, for others she travelled entirely beneath the water. The depth attained was 28ft. at the level of the deck, or about 38ft. at the keel. The hull is made strong enough to bear a pressure of fifty feet of water. It is built of one-third inch Siemens-Martin steel plates. At the last trial trip Lord Charles Beresford and others went down in her. The Nautilus was many times submerged to the bottom of the dock, and brought up again on a perfectly even keel. The inventor is Mr. Campbell;

the builders are Messrs. Henry Fletcher, Son, and Fearnall.

It seems clear that, apart from her primary object as a torpedo boat, the Nautilus will be found invaluable for diving purposes.

#### EARTHQUAKE RECORDERS.

The importance of the seismograph, or earthquake recorder, is now generally recognised in scientific circles, and the announcement that Pro-



fessor Ewing's form of this ingenious and sensitive instrument is to be placed at the Meteorological Observatory on Ben Nevis has been received with much satisfaction. Progress in seismography has been rapid of late years, chiefly owing to the fact that British residents in Japan, where earthquake tremors on an unusual scale occur nearly every day, have made excellent use of their opportunities.

The old form of seismometer consisted of a number of upright cylinders of gradually diminishing size, standing in two rows at right angles to each other. Mr. Miln's experiments in Japan prove that this method was practically useless for determining the direction of the earthquake shock, the same earthquake having caused the columns to fall in various directions. It was soon found that earthquake motion is of a very complex character. However simple the first impulse may be, its effects at the surface of the earth are greatly complicated by the heterogeneous character of the strata through which the wave passes. Hence the necessity of a recording instrument of great delicacy, and capable of accurately registering at least two components of the shock.

The figure shows Professor Ewing's pendulum seismograph for automatically registering the motion of the ground during earthquakes. A revolving plate of smoked glass to receive the record is seen pivoted to a frame, with two horizontal pendulums, or recorders, to the right hand. These pendulums stand at right angles to each other; on the left is a clock which drives the plate at a uniform speed, and is generally started by an electro-magnetic arrangement in connection with the small Palmieri seismoscope which is seen in the woodcut behind the plate. During the preliminary tremors of the earthquake, the seismoscope, which is extremely sensitive, is the part of the apparatus to be first affected, causing the plate to begin revolving before the principal motions are felt. A record is traced in the form of two undulating lines which may continue without intermission throughout two or three revolutions of

pair of long spiral springs, with a bar at the bottom. These springs enable the bar to oscillate vertically. The record is made upon the smoked plate by means of the jointed index, as shown.

The figure below is an example of a small part of the record of an actual earthquake, as given by a horizontal pendulum seismograph, magnifying six times. The straight dotted lines mark seconds of time. From a record of this kind the velocity of the shock, or displacement, and the rate of acceleration of a point on the earth's surface, may be determined, as well as the direction of each displacement.

Professor Ewing's seismographs were originally designed for the Seismological Observatory of the University of Tokio. The forms here shown, as well as a "Duplex Pendulum Seismograph" for registering the whole horizontal motion of the ground, contain many improvements in detail suggested by experience of earthquake measurement in Japan. They are manufactured by the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company, at St. Tibb's Row, Cambridge.

#### CYCLONES AND ANTI-CYCLONES.

Some of the terms used in the infant but rapidly-growing science of meteorology have lately been under public discussion, with the view of gaining for them a clearer signification, especially in connection with the daily reports of the weather. "Cyclone" and "anti-cyclone" are perhaps the two most familiar designations used in the weather charts issued by the Meteorological Department. The word anti-cyclone has been called in question, and in order to make clear its meaning the original word to which it is meant to be opposed has been explained and illustrated by Mr. Ralph Abercromby with interesting descriptive details.

The value of the words "cyclonic" and "anti-cyclonic" can only be appreciated by remembering the circumstances of their origin. When weather charts were first made it was soon discovered that certain lines called isobars (*isos*, equal;



FIG. II.

the plate. The record is preserved by varnishing the plate and using it as a "negative" to print photographs.

So far we have only dealt with that portion of the seismograph which records the earth's horizontal motion. The same plate is used to record the vertical component of the motion during a shock. To the left of the figure will be seen a

*baros*, weight) always took one of a certain limited number of shapes or configurations. Some of these shapes enclosed areas of low pressure and bad weather, which are generically known as depressions; others areas of high pressure and fine weather, for which we have no general name, but of which the anti-cyclone is the most important and distinctive species.

A rapidly-moving river, with its descending eddies and whirlpools, and its backwaters in which the water is rising upwards, will serve as an illustration of these two opposite movements of the atmosphere. A descending eddy (anti-cyclone) is accompanied with a high pressure of the atmosphere and is always dry; an ascending eddy (cyclone) is accompanied with low pressure and bad weather. In short, a cyclone has been called a wet eddy and an anti-cyclone a dry eddy.

The distinction may be put in another form. A true cyclone is a well-defined oval or circular area of low pressure, round which many striking manifestations of weather are grouped; there is no essential difference between a tropical hurricane and the most ordinary type of British breeze except intensity. Though a cyclone does not necessarily involve a gale, there is always more or less rain in front; but in rear, after the mercury has begun to rise and the wind has gone round to the west, a beautiful sky and bracing weather often follow. In winter cyclonic weather blows away the fogs.

Turning now to areas of high pressure, the only important phenomenon is that which is denominated anti-cyclone. The propriety of the word consists in the fact that it describes an oval or cir-

cular area of high pressure, round which the wind rotates in the opposite manner to that in a cyclone, and in which the weather generally is exactly "anti" to that in a cyclone.

At the same time there is a limit to the use of figurative language in meteorology. Much of the common language about gradients and depressions is construed literally, and leads persons to figure to themselves huge saucer-shaped depressions in the upper surface of the sea of air in which we live and move. That is not the exact state of the case. The centre of a cyclone is an area of low atmospheric tension or pressure, but not of diminished height of atmosphere. So the centre of an anti-cyclone is an area of high tension or pressure, but not a place above which the atmosphere is piled to an abnormal height. In each case the essence of the matter is the circularity of the motions of the atmosphere, involving certain concomitant conditions of barometric pressure. A humorous contributor to the discussion remarks that railway directors should desire cyclonic weather in winter to blow away the fogs, and anti-cyclonic weather in summer to keep off the rain and let the sun shine, which Sir E. Watkin once said was worth £500 a day to the shareholders of the South-Eastern Railway alone.

## Varieties.

### A German Report on Japan.

Mr. Kreitner, the Consul for Austria-Hungary at Yokohama, has published in a Vienna journal an elaborate and interesting report upon Japan, from which we take a few extracts.

The kingdom consists of 3,100 islands (including the Kurile and Liu-Kiu groups), the vast majority of which are of submarine volcanic creation, while only the four larger ones, viz., Yesso, Nippon, Shikoku, and Kiusiu, have been detached from the continent by depressions and inundations. The best harbours are—Matsmai and Hakodadi in Yesso; Idsu, Yokohama, Schimidzu, Toba, Matoya, Nūgata, Kobe, Nagoya, and Mitaroi in Nippon; Jakamatsu and Sanuki in Shikoku; Kagosima and Nagasaki in Kiusiu. Fusi Yama, 12,200 feet in height, has been inactive since 1707, when a terrible eruption occurred, spreading destruction far and wide; similar catastrophes are recorded to have happened at intervals of 170 years since 286 B.C., and it is a general belief, therefore, that a fresh outburst is imminent. Earthquakes, though frequent, never lose their terror; it is calculated that at least one entire town falls a victim to their ravages every seven years, and in 1855 Tokio suffered a loss of 16,000 houses and an equal number of inhabitants.

The difference of climate in the northern and southern isles is as great as that between Iceland and Sicily, and though nowhere is it absolutely inimical to the health of Europeans, yet its extreme humidity and mutability are a source of serious discomfort.

The coal mines are now worked on modern principles and with improved machinery. The output in 1881 was 700,000 tons. Foreign vessels can always get a sufficient supply at Nagasaki. The existence of petroleum has been known for centuries, but began to be in use only fifty years ago. It would be of the very best quality if properly cleansed. In 1883 1,300 new wells were opened, at depths varying from 30 to 300 yards. Mines are Government

property. They are let out to natives at high royalties, and are, moreover, subject to exceptionally heavy taxation. Foreigners are excluded from all participation in them except as engineers.

Gold mining and washing have proved unremunerative, and more than 100 placers now stand idle. Although gold and silver were discovered in the eighth and ninth centuries, the Japanese are still so unskilful in separating the two metals that their gold has invariably an alloy of silver. Owing to a glut of the precious metals in Japan in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the ignorance prevailing of their current value in the rest of the world, more than 1,000 millions of gold gulden were drawn from the country by the Portuguese and Dutch within the period of 100 years. The conditions are now so changed that Japan is obliged to supply her want of the precious metals by importation from Corea, China, America, and Australia. Copper was discovered and employed for coinage earlier than gold, viz., in the seventh century. Notwithstanding the abundance of iron ore in the country, its manufacture is so clumsy and costly that it fails to compete with the foreign article. Steel, however, of the very best quality, especially for sword blades, is turned out, but the secret of its manufacture has not been divulged. Few precious stones, and those only of inferior order, are found. Asbestos of an excellent kind comes from the province of Hiuga.

Of plants, the camphor-tree ought to furnish a useful export for trunkmakers, as the wood is an effectual preservative against moths. The manufacture of camphor oil from the leaves of the tree is known to the Japanese only in its ruder stages; the refining processes take place in China, and are a speciality of that people. The culture of the lacquer-tree occupies many thousands in the fields and many more in the workshops, preparing its sap for the famous lacquer ware. The latter is a most delicate and difficult operation, whose secrets are but little known beyond the circle of the guild. The preparation of the fruit of the wax-

tree is another of the cherished monopolies of Japan. It requires unceasing care and attention, and the result is a very valuable item in commerce.

Japanese agriculture has undergone little change for centuries; only one-tenth of the whole land, about one-fourth of the so-called fertile parts, is cultivated. A recent attempt on the part of the Government to exploit the island of Yesso in an agricultural sense has been abandoned, the severity of the climate being the main cause of failure. Tobacco was introduced into Japan by the Portuguese a few years after Raleigh brought us that soothing and taxable weed. It is now widely grown and largely exported to England. The tea-plant was first brought from China early in the thirteenth century. It is now cultivated as far north as the 39th degree of latitude and in nearly all the inhabited islands. It is very hardy, and produces continuously for sixty or seventy years. Near Kioto specimens are shown which have been prolific for two hundred years. The mode of preparation differs a good deal from that of the Chinese; black tea, such as that prepared for export in China, is unknown. The United States have hitherto been the chief purchasers of Japanese tea. The young tree produces twelve months after planting.

**Recent and Approaching Comets.**—Since we last referred to the subject of comets several others have been discovered, two of them in the autumn, which raised the whole number observed in the course of the year 1886 to six. The two in question were detected respectively on the 26th of September by Mr. Finlay at the Cape of Good Hope, and on the 5th of October by Mr. Barnard, of the Vanderbilt Observatory, Nashville, Tennessee, United States. The latter of these bodies was the brightest of the two, and became about the end of November visible to the naked eye before sunrise. It passed its nearest point to the sun about the middle of December, but as its orbit has been found to be parabolic, or nearly so, we cannot look forward to ever seeing it again. Not so with the other comet, which we have mentioned as having been discovered by Mr. Finlay. Calculation showed that it was really an old friend returned after a long absence, during which it had met with some adventures which had somewhat altered its course. It was, in fact, in all probability the same comet which was discovered by De Vico at Rome on the 22nd of August, 1844, and became for a short time visible to the naked eye. (That astronomer died in London in 1848 whilst about to proceed to America a second time and take up work at the Observatory of Georgetown College, near Washington.) The comet was calculated by Professor Brinnow to be moving in an elliptic orbit with a period the length of which amounted to only about five and a half years. During no part, however, of its course at its next return did it come into a favourable position for observation; and since then it has undergone changes in its motion through the attraction of some of the planets to which it made near approaches. In consequence of this the period became somewhat lengthened, amounting to about six years; and the comet, which is a faint object at best, was not seen (with one doubtful exception) after 1844 until its rediscovery by Mr. Finlay last autumn, when it was at first supposed to be a new one, but subsequently recognised as the long-lost comet of De Vico. Astronomers will look forward to seeing it again in the year 1892.

This year three comets have already been discovered. Two of these were found on the 22nd and 23rd of January respectively by Mr. Brooks, of Phelps, N. Y., and Mr. Barnard (already mentioned as having discovered the last new comet of 1886), of Nashville, Tennessee. But the most remarkable of the three was discovered in South America by Mr. Thome, at Cordoba, on the 18th of January, and seen shortly afterwards at several other observatories in the southern hemisphere. It had a very long tail and its appearance was altogether very peculiar, reminding those who saw it of the comets which made such near approaches to the sun in 1880 and in 1882. It will be remembered that a scare was started on the latter occasion owing to a theory that those comets were identical with each other and with one observed in 1843; that its period was rapidly shortening owing to its passing so near the sun, and that the ultimate consequence might be a rush into that body, producing a tremendous outburst of heat fatal, perhaps, to all life in the solar system. The resources, however, of mathematical astronomy were sufficient to show that this theory was untenable and

this alarm as needless as that felt (probably also from a comet) by some of the Israelites in the time of Jeremiah (Jer. x. 2). The truth appears to be that there exists a sort of cometary system or series of comets moving at unequal distances from each other along the same orbit, which carries them all very close to the sun at one portion of their course; and that the comets of 1843, of 1880, of 1882, and the recent one all belong to this system. The last passed its nearest point to the sun about the 11th of January, a week before its discovery on the 18th; after which it became fainter so rapidly that it soon required a telescope to see it, and it was never visible without one in any part of Europe.

Of the known periodical comets, only one is due to return in the course of this year; that known as Olbers's (discovered in 1815), to which we referred in the "Leisure Hour" for last May as one of the three "septuagenarian," or seventy-year period, comets. The period of this comet, according to the best determination of its path, amounts to about seventy-two years; but the observations made at one appearance are never sufficient to enable astronomers to calculate this very exactly. Should the comet return, as is most probable, before the end of 1887, it will then be possible to determine its orbit with much greater accuracy than has hitherto been possible.—W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

**Extinct Animals.**—It is stated that the quagga, the beautiful wild striped ass of South Africa, has suddenly ceased to exist. The bootmakers of London and New York wanted his skin for a particular kind of sportsman's boot, and he consequently passed away out of zoology. There may be a few left on the highest and wildest plateaus, but the Boers, tempted by the high prices, have extirpated the herds which only ten years ago existed in South Africa. That will be the fate of the elephant, too, and possibly of the crocodile. It takes whole provinces to supply ivory for one advertising firm in Oxford Street, the price is fourfold the price of a quarter of a century ago, and the beasts are hunted with a persistency which in no long time must be fatal. The Indian Government is making efforts to protect the Asiatic breed; but they will all be futile. Animals which when dead are exceedingly valuable, contract a habit of dying, and laws establishing close-time are powerless when it is worth while to run the risk of breaking them. The crocodile's skin is used by smokers and purse-makers, and so he will disappear. Whatever Europe wants, Europe will have; and if the fashion of turning tigers' claws into brooches had developed and spread to America, tigers would have perished out. There will soon not be a bird of paradise on earth, and the ostrich has only been saved by private breeders. Man will not wait for the cooling of the world to consume everything in it, from teak-trees to humming-birds, and a century or two hence will find himself perplexed by a planet in which there is nothing except what he makes. He is a poor sort of Creator.—*The Spectator*.

**Cheddar Cheese.**—Mr. Moore's suggestion that a Jubilee prize should be given for the producer of the best Cheddar cheese has elicited a characteristic letter from Archdeacon Denison, who has long been the watchful champion of "real Cheddar." He says: "The only conclusion I am able to arrive at is that Mr. Moore does not know yet, and perhaps never will, what Cheddar cheese is. If he did, he could not talk of 'the Cheddar cheese of the world.' There is no such cheese in existence, never has been, and never can be in the nature of things. You might just as sensibly talk of 'the Johannesburg of the world,' or 'the Taunton cider of the world.' Somerset has the natural monopoly of what has been known for many years by the local name of 'Cheddar cheese,' just like other cheeses at home and abroad. No doubt you may imitate Cheddar cheese after a fashion out of Somerset; but no man can make Cheddar cheese out of Somerset. He has not got the herbage that produces it. Every imitation has only proved, what all men might have expected, a signal, ridiculous, and unsavoury failure. Some two years ago an old Nottinghamshire friend told me that very good Cheddar cheese was being made out of the Trent meadows. I wrote to the maker and asked him to send me a cheese. When it came I laughed as I looked at it, thinking once more how easy it is to take people in and make them pay well for their foolishness. I tasted it once, not twice; I smelt it once, not twice. I never tasted or smelt



anything more nasty. The price was 9d. The best true Cheddar was selling at that time for 7d. I remonstrated, but did not get any reduction of price. Nobody in the house would touch it or go near it. I did not inquire about the pigs. This is the invariable case with all 'the Cheddar cheese of the world.' It will not stay. It is never a sound article from first to last; at last it tells its own tale unmistakably. But most people buy only wedges of cheese, and eat it up before they find out how nasty it is. I have a piece of Cheddar cheese not 'of the world' lying under a glass on my hall table. It was made forty-one years ago. It is hard now; but it is quite sweet. I never heard of any 'Cheddar cheese of the world' which was sweet at one year. True Cheddar is always best at two years. If Somerset cheese-makers would revert to the old ways, and make the genuine and prime article, there are always plenty of people to give the best price for what is an article of food not to be surpassed in any country of the world. The necessary operation of free trade in the case of a natural monopoly has let in spurious imitations at a low price; and the Cheddar of Somerset has fallen before 'the Cheddar of the world.' The effect is ruin to the producer, loss of all repute to Cheddar cheese everywhere, and the substitution of about the unsoundest and nastiest article I have any knowledge of."

**The Cost of Poverty.**—At present the labouring classes, purchasing only in small quantities, pay the highest price for the lowest value. Take fuel to begin with. The price of coal in poor districts is 1d. for 7lb., or 14lb. for 1½d. At the former rate the poor man is paying 27s. 6d. per ton for coal which I can buy anywhere at 16s. to 17s. per ton. And in many instances the 1d. and 1½d. customer has the worst of the bargain at the scales. Butter in these districts is frequently bought a pennyworth at a time. The samples I have seen are butterine, and taking the short weight generally given to small purchases this comes out at 1s. 6d. per pound. I can buy it in the market at 9d. or 10d. Tea is bought at 1½d. and 2d. an oz., but in bad times I have been in the shops and seen customer after customer come in for a "ha'porth." Some that I sampled was simply the sweepings of the warehouses. For this the poor are now paying at the rate of 2s. 8d. per pound. I can buy the same tea at 1s. 4d. per pound.—G. R. Sims, in the "Daily News."

**Gordon's Views of the Congo Scheme.**—In a letter written by Sir Gerald Graham after he had seen General Gordon for the last time, he tells of the conversation on the Congo scheme during the voyage up the Nile, when on the journey to the Soudan in 1884: "This single-minded Napoleon developed to me his Congo scheme, which is nothing less than founding a great State in the centre of Africa under the auspices of the King of the Belgians, who is ready to give £100,000 a year towards it. He now proposes to take the Bahr Gazelle and Equatorial provinces and incorporate them with his Congo State, by which means he hopes to suppress a good deal of the slave trade. He finished by saying, 'A capital plan, I will write to the King of the Belgians tomorrow' (it was then 11 p.m.). Gordon is a prompt, rapid worker, and the next morning on entering the saloon he handed me a long letter to the King of the Belgians, finished off with a neat sketch, setting forth all his views, and touching delicately on the necessity for obtaining a recognition of his flag. I believe that one element in his scheme particularly pleasing to Gordon is that by his proposed arrangement he need not return to Cairo, but may go straight from the Soudan to the Congo. It was also in Gordon's mind at this time to get the assent of our Government and of the King of the Belgians to the incorporation of the whole of the Eastern Soudan into the Congo State, his Majesty's £100,000 to be administered by Gordon as ruler of the Soudan and Congo under the King of the Belgians."

**Journalism in Japan.**—The Chamberlain of Prince Komatsu, who has been staying for some time in Paris, has furnished some interesting particulars to "Le Figaro" with respect to the progress of newspaper enterprise in Japan. He says that the first political journal appeared at what was then Yeddo, but is now called Tokio, in 1833, and contained merely extracts from the English and Dutch newspapers published in the Indies. Up to this date the only sort of newspaper which appeared was a Japanese print called the

"Shimbun," which gave rough drawings, with text to match, of crimes and accidents. The revolution of 1865 brought about a great change, and newspapers soon became plentiful, one of the first being a Government paper called the "Kampo," which still appears and which publishes all kinds of official documents. Upon the 18th of June, 1871, the first daily paper, the "Mainichi Shimbun," was brought out at Yokohama, and this journal, now published at Tokio, has done very well. It has seventy contributors, six of whom write leading articles, and its daily circulation is about 15,000. The other leading papers in Japan are the "Nichi Shimbun" ("Daily News"), the "Choya Shimbun" (organ of the Government and the people), and the "Jiji Shimbun" ("Times"). These three journals have about the same number of contributors and the same circulation as the "Mainichi Shimbun." The "Choya Shimbun" is in the habit of distributing a great many copies in the villages for the purpose of "enlightening the people." The "Jiji," or Japanese "Times," was founded in March, 1882, and its editor is M. Fukusawo, who publishes some well-written letters from correspondents in the principal capitals of Europe. The "Yubin Hochi Shimbun" is a small paper published at three-farthings, and also containing a good deal of European news. Most of these papers appear either at Yokohama or Tokio, and contain plenty of local news. Most of the small towns also have a print of their own. Tokio also has two monthly reviews, and half a dozen illustrated journals, which are much appreciated by the public, especially when they give sketches of military reviews and Court ceremonies. The best of the literary reviews is one called the "Remaji Lashhi," which, as its title indicates, is printed in Roman characters.

**Manual Training.**—Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., of Liverpool, a zealous friend of emigration, advocates more special training for young emigrants. He also says that our unpractical and exclusively literary education is a main cause of the alarming number of the destitute and dependent class in this country. Mr. Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, said long ago that our system of education was the worship of inutility, and he never said a truer thing. We are slowly finding it out, but our eyes are only half opened, and till we make manual training an important element in the education of all classes we shall struggle in vain against the social evils that afflict our country.

**Word Competitions.**—To find all possible words from the letters of a given word has of late been a favourite amusement, and has been even used (by requiring entry fee) as a means for collection of funds for charitable purposes and other objects. For example, out of the word *Anecdotes* at least 115 words can be extracted. Let our readers try to find a word of nine letters out of which a larger variety of words can be obtained.

**The Paris Savings Bank in 1886.**—The returns of the Paris Savings Bank for the year ending on the 31st of December last show that there was received in the course of the twelve months a total sum of £2,028,208, the number of depositors being 421,635, of whom 45,715 opened fresh accounts. Upon the other hand, a total amount of £1,967,057 was drawn out by 206,067 depositors, 23,402 of whom closed their accounts. At the close of the year the Savings Bank held a total of £4,688,644 for 532,270 depositors, showing an increase of 20,351 depositors and of £215,662 as compared with the close of 1885. The population of Paris in 1886 was about 2,256,400; that of London about 4,150,000.

**Royal Humane Society's Gold Medal.**—Besides the many local benefits conferred by the agencies of the Royal Humane Society, its honorary awards of medals and certificates do immense service by keeping alive, in every land where the record is published, the admiration of noble deeds of heroism or self-sacrifice. It is surprising how the Society gets the tidings of such deeds in every region of the world. At the last annual meeting, one part of the business was the consideration of the silver medal cases, in order to arrive at a decision as to which was the most deserving recipient of the Stanhope Gold Medal, awarded by the late Captain C. S. Stanhope, R.N., for the "most deserving case" of saving life in the year. After some discussion and considera-

tion of the cases, this most coveted honour was awarded to Captain H. N. M'Rae, 45th Rattray's Sikhs, for the following act:—At 5 a.m. on the 5th of October, 1886, a trumpeter of the Royal Artillery was crossing the compound of Captain Holme's bungalow at Rawal Pindi when he fell into a well. On hearing the alarm, Captain Holmes, Captain M'Rae, and Lieutenant Taylor proceeded to the spot. On arriving they found that Mr. Grose had preceded them, and had let down a well-rope which was of sufficient length to reach the soldier and capable of sustaining him for a time. Both Captain M'Rae and Captain Holmes volunteered to go down, but as the former was a light weight it was decided that he should make the trial, Captain Holmes demurring, as he wished to undertake the risk himself. The rope being very weak, it could not possibly have borne Captain Holmes's great weight. Captain M'Rae was accordingly let down by means of a four-strand tent rope, and on reaching the water found the soldier practically insensible; he therefore decided to go up with him. Captain Holmes was at the head of the rope, and his strength enabled him to lift both completely. At every haul the amount gained was held in check by the other persons above. After hauling up about 10ft. or 15ft. the rope broke, precipitating Captain M'Rae and his charge to the bottom of the well. A second attempt was then made, and both were brought to the surface. The depth of the well was 88ft., of which 12ft. was water. It was quite dark at the time. Very great personal risk was incurred by Captain M'Rae. Captain M'Rae served in the Afghan War of 1878-80, and for his gallant conduct at the capture of Ali Musjid and in other actions was mentioned in despatches and received the medal with two clasps.

**State Colonisation.**—I believe in the expediency, in certain places, of emigrating not only individuals or separate families but small communities—villages, with traditions, a history, and an already organised life of their own. It is a partial return to the earliest theories of colonisation, and in many of its modern characteristics it is very applicable to a system of State emigration.—*Lord Carnarvon.*

**Ultramontanism.**—Mr. Gladstone, who has little hostility to the Roman Catholic Church, says of this modern development of it: "Ultramontanism has been very busy in making controversial war upon other people with singularly little restraint of language; and has far too little of the truth told to itself. Hence it has lost the habit, almost the idea, of equal laws in discussion. Of that system, as a system, I must say that its influence is adverse to freedom in the State, the family, and the individual; that when it is weak it is too often crafty, and when strong tyrannical."

**The American Working Man.**—Mr. David Carnegie, the Scotchman who lately presented to Edinburgh £50,000 for establishing a free library, speaks highly of the general character of "the working man" in the States, especially in Pennsylvania, where he has made his fortune as an iron-master. He says: "Among his amusements is found scarcely a trace of the ruder practices of British manufacturing districts, such as cock-fighting, badger-baiting, dog-fighting, prize-fighting. Wife-beating is scarcely ever heard of, and drunkenness is quite rare. During all my experience among working men I have rarely seen a native American workman under the influence of liquor; and I have never known of any serious inconvenience or loss of time in any works resulting from the intemperance of the men."

**The Severn Tunnel Springs.**—An effort is being made to utilise the 14,000,000 gallons of water per day which the Great Western Railway Company are pumping at the Sudbrook springs on the Monmouthshire side of the Severn Tunnel and at present allowing to run to waste, while it costs them nearly £10,000 a year to pump it into the Severn estuary. The water has been submitted to analysis and has been declared to be the purest spring water, entirely free from organic matter, and the finest water that could be desired for domestic purposes. The Mayor of Bristol presided over a town meeting in the Guildhall in favour of a scheme for using this spring as a further water supply for Bristol by bringing it across the Severn by a tunnel beneath the bed of the river. It was stated that the company formed for this purpose consisted of influential Bristol citizens, and as a

desire had been expressed that the corporation should have the control of the water supply of the city, the Bill which had been drafted contained a clause enabling the corporation to exercise all the powers of the Act on payment of the cost and expense incident to obtaining it and sums expended by the company in exercise of its powers, with 5 per cent. interest. The capital was £480,000 in 48,000 shares of £10 each, with borrowing powers to the extent of £120,000. At present, with the exception of private supplies, the population of Bristol is dependent on one company, of which the chairman and one of the original founders, Mr. Francis Fry—the possessor of the famous Tyndale Library—died last year. If the corporation could arrange with this company they would possess the whole water supply, a step advantageous to the health as well as the finances of Bristol.

**Zululand.**—Mr. Chesson, secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society, has published in the "Times" a literal translation of the letter of the Zulu delegates to Queen Victoria after the arrangement made by Sir Arthur Havelock with the Boers at Maritzburg as to Zululand.

"Nov. 11, 1886.

"To the Great Queen Victoria.

"Object of Reverence,—

"We are thine own children, and in approaching as we do now we come as your children who have been betrayed and wounded by the evil deed done to our native country.

"We cry aloud and testify by our present words that this setting and defining of boundaries, this cutting up and down of our native land, was done unknown to us. Not only were we ignorant of any such arrangements, but we have been denied the slightest chance of being present to enter a protest or to discuss the matter. We have been wholly ignored.

"Receive such a decision we may not peacefully, seeing it is a thing come and compassed arbitrarily, if not mischievously—a deed done high-handedly and unjustly.

"It is our wish, O Queen, that these our words—this our protest—may not vanish with our utterance, but may be a fixed and permanent record for all time.

"We must now return to our country. We must go and tell our countrymen of this threatened destroying of the Zulu people. The reply of that people we may not anticipate, but they assuredly will send envoys bearing their speech to your Majesty.

"SHINGANE + his mark.

"MTSHUBANE + his mark.

"USIBANE + his mark."

The poor Zulus! From a groundless fear that they were about to attack the Natal Colony, they were invaded, conquered, and disarmed, their territory divided, and the nation thus left at the mercy of the Boer filibusters of the Transvaal. The "reserved territory" was not sufficient for the support of those who wished to be under British protection. Mr. Chesson says "the well-known colonist who sends the above translation expresses the opinion that the measure short of the establishment of British authority throughout Zululand will either meet the justice of the case or secure peace."

**Oliver and Boyd's Almanack.**—This standard book, the best authority on all Scottish statistics, and also with much miscellaneous matter, has grown from its original size of sixteen pages (a century and a half ago) to 1,126 pages. It has more than doubled its bulk since the accession of Victoria.

**Publications of the Year 1886.**—The number of new books published in the year was 3,984, and of new editions 1,226—a total of 5,210. This is a falling-off of more than 400 from the publications of the year 1885, which were 5,640 in number. They are divided into 14 classes, and the numbers of each are as follows:—Theology, including sermons, 752; educational, 572; juvenile works and tales, 445; novels, 969; law and kindred subjects, 33; political and social economy, trade and commerce, 246; art, science, and illustrated works, 178; voyages and travels, 221; history and biography, 350; poetry and the drama, 93; year books and serials, 294; medicine and surgery, 171; belles-lettres, essays, and monographs, 479; and miscellaneous, 407. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. show in their table the number of publications issued every month, from which it appears

that January was, in this regard, the weakest of all the months in the year, producing only 205 books. The number rose, with considerable variations, to 445, or more than double, in June, fell continuously to 258 in September, and then rose with a bound to 602 and 642 in October and November, and finally reached its highest limit—852—in December. Most of the 14 heads into which the table is divided show a decrease. The new novels, however, increased from 455 to 755. Those classified as juvenile tales, on the other hand, fell from 671 to 390.—*Publishers' Circular*.

**Madagascar and the Almanac de Gotha.**—In this venerable almanack for 1887, Madagascar has been removed from the list of "Independent States," and is classed under the Protectorate of France. This is insulting to the Malagasy nation. We should have expected the Almanac de Gotha to be above official pressure.

**Welshmen and the Queen's Jubilee.**—The Duke of Westminster is setting the initiative in North Wales in an interesting movement in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee. At the celebration of the Jubilee of George III the loyal inhabitants of North Wales subscribed to erect a tower on Moel Famau, a most conspicuous landmark in North Wales. The winds and frosts have since almost destroyed the tower, and the present movement is to rebuild it in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee.

**Friendship of England and America.**—"The hostility of England to the United States, during our rebellion, was not so much real as it was apparent. It was the hostility of the leaders of one political party. England and the United States are natural allies, and should be the best of friends."—*General Grant*.

**Velocity of Light.**—The best determinations made by the refined and accurate observations of modern times make it about 186,300 miles a second. It takes light, therefore, about 8m. 19s. to reach us from the sun when at its mean distance; and when we are observing Neptune, the most distant planet of our system, we see it by light which has left it somewhat more than four hours previously. This will enable us to express the distances of some even of the enormously distant fixed stars by small figures. It has become customary to call a light-year the distance which light will travel in a year; this amounts to nearly seven billions of miles. The nearest fixed star (a Centauri, so far as is known) is nearly thirty billions of miles distant from us, which corresponds to about four and a half light-years—light taking about that length of time in reaching us from the star in question.—*Lynn's Astronomy (Stanford)*.

**How to Make Good Coffee.**—Mr. Shirley Hibberd, the well-known authority on gardening, has taken up his pen on the great coffee question, and contributed the following valuable letter to the "Times": "Valuing coffee as a great aid in hard work, I made a resolve to have the real thing on my table daily. Thereupon I entered upon a series of experiments that were at least amusing if not particularly profitable. I bought every kind of coffee I could see or hear of, and tried every possible way of making it, having the assistance therein of a diligent and clever cook. One striking result was the discovery that all ready-ground coffees sold in canisters, packets, and other 'convenient' parcels are bad—some very bad, a few infamously bad. After trying innumerable samples without noting one that was worth trying again, I concluded that canister coffee is an unmitigated cheat, consisting usually of a mere shadow of the real thing, with a great bulk of chicory and more or less of what is termed 'colour,' this being burnt sugar to give factitious strength. To place good coffee on the table is a simple and inexpensive business, but it cannot be done at a penny a cup, as some folks are in haste to aver. At for 1s. to 1s. 8d. per pound a good coffee in berry is always obtainable, and 1s. 4d. may at the present time be considered a fair family price. It is best to roast and grind as wanted, but the grinding is the one important point, because ground coffee quickly parts with its aroma, and there is a great charm in having it made immediately from the mill. In some houses the trouble of grinding is thought much of, but as a matter of fact it is almost nothing, and a mill costing only a few shillings will last a lifetime. Coffee should

never be boiled, it should be made with soft water at boiling heat, but if hard water must be used it should not be made to boil until wanted, for boiling augments its hardness. A common tall coffee pot will make as good coffee as any patented invention, but a *cafetière* is a convenient thing, as it produces bright coffee in a few minutes, and thus enables us to secure a maximum of the aroma and dispense with the use of any rubbish called 'finings.' Every one to his taste, we will say, but as careless people make the coffee too strong one day and too weak the next, the ground coffee and the boiling water should be both measured, and it will always take as much as four cups of water to make three cups of coffee. For the breakfast-table the addition of about one-eighth of chicory is an improvement, but for the dinner-table coffee should be made without chicory, because it dulls the piquant flavour of the genuine article. Two points in coffee-making deter people from using it—the trouble of grinding and the boiling of the milk. The grinding, however, must be done, and it is really nothing; but the boiling of the milk may be advantageously evaded by using Swiss milk, which harmonises perfectly, and by many well-trained palates is preferred to fresh milk heated. Good coffee is such a grand help to men who work hard that I shall hope to be pardoned if I have said a word too many on the subject."

**Official Folly.**—In 1867 a poor man called at Grosvenor Square and told Lord Shaftesbury that he had overheard, at a public-house, some Irishmen plotting to blow up Clerkenwell prison. He gave Lord Shaftesbury the information, to use as he thought best, only with the condition that his name should not be divulged. If it were his life would not be worth an hour's purchase. Lord Shaftesbury went instantly to Whitehall. The authorities at the Home Office refused, on ground of official practice, to attend to the information without the name and address of the informant, and the fatal explosion took place!—*Murray's Magazine*.

**Balloon Society.**—Whatever may have been the original object of this society, its members do not now confine themselves to light or speculative subjects. Among recent papers discussed were "The Denizens of the Aqueous Kingdom," by Mr. Carter, of the National Fish Culture Association, and on the expedition for "Relief of Emin Pasha," by M. J. T. Wills. Dr. Rae, F.R.S., the veteran Arctic explorer, presided at the meeting when these papers were read.

**Lunar Society.**—The mention of the Balloon Society recalls one of greater fame during last century, which included in its membership Dr. Priestley, Erasmus Darwin, Dalton, James Watt, Boulton, Smeaton, Day, Edgeworth, Wedgwood, Baskerville, and other illustrious men of their time in Birmingham and the Midlands. As many of them lived far apart, and roads were rough, dark, and dangerous, the monthly meeting was at the "full moon." Hence the name of the society, and the playful nickname of "The Lunatics," just as the learned members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science are irreverently styled "The British Asses"—especially when, at one of their informal meetings, some of them pretend to clothe themselves in lions' skins and roar at "the Red Lion Dinner."

**Colliery Explosions and Safety Lamps.**—The deaths by explosions in mines in 1886 were 125—a smaller number than in any year since 1851. The deaths through defective machinery or other accidents have been larger than usual. At the same time the total output of coal in 1886 was 160,000,000 of tons—three times the output of thirty-five years ago. The exports in the same period have increased eightfold. Mr. Ellis Lever, of Bowdon, Manchester, says that the deaths from explosions may be greatly lessened. The use of naked candles is still common, and the so-called "safety" lamps are proved by experience to be little trustworthy. But by the use of electric lamps, and substituting a safer explosive for gunpowder, there is prospect of safer times for miners. Mr. Lever says: "I firmly believe that instead of 1,200 deaths in coal mines annually we shall not exceed 200; and instead of 90,000 miners being injured every year the number may be reduced to less than 10,000. The better light afforded to the miners, the greater their degree of safety."



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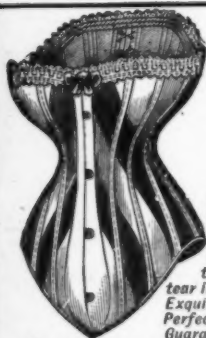
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